

PN
2001
P6
v.9

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



"THE GREAT ADVENTURE" SOUVENIR

THE
PLAYGOER
AND **SOCIETY**

ILLUSTRATED

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE THEATRE."



PENCE

MONTHLY

VOL. 9
NEW SERIES

Mr. HENRY AINLEY.

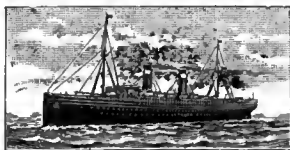
No. 49

PN
2001
P6
v.9

AMERICAN LINE

Southampton — Cherbourg — New York Service
United States Mail Twin Screw Steamers

ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL



NEW YORK
Philadelphia

SOUTHAMPTON to NEW YORK every Saturday
at noon, calling at Cherbourg
Special Trains from London and Paris on morning of sailing.

AMERICAN LINE

Canute Road, Southampton
Cockspur Street, London, S.W.
38 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

9 Broadway, New York
N. Martin, Agent,
9 Rue Scribe, Paris

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE

THE
Popular
Pioneer
Line to
Canada

EXPRESS SERVICE from

Liverpool, Glasgow,
Londonderry,
London and Havre

Special facilities for Theatrical Parties.
Through rates to all parts. Shortest
sea passage to Canada and Western
States. Wireless Telegraphy.

Apply ALLAN BROS. & Co. U.K. Limited

Liverpool—19 James St. London—
Glasgow—25 Bothwell St. 14 Cockspur St., S.W.
Londonderry— 103 Leadenhall St., E.C.
50 Foyle St. Also at Paris

TRAVEL IN LUXURY TO SOUTH OF FRANCE. ITALY, EGYPT, COLOMBO

and

AUSTRALIA

by

Orient Line



New and Palatial
12,000-ton Steamers

Fortnightly Sailings
From LONDON

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.; ANDERSON
ANDERSON & CO.,

Fenchurch Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

West End Office - - 28 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

WHITE STAR LINE

TRIPLE-SCREW R.M.S.

"OLYMPIC," 45,324 Tons

IS THE

Largest Steamer in the World

ISMAY, IMRIE & CO.

NEW YORK, LONDON and LIVERPOOL

UNION CASTLE LINE

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

Weekly Service via the Cape
Monthly Service via the Suez Canal

Calling also at Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena
and Lobito Bay. For all information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO.,
Managers, London & Southampton.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool,
Manchester and Glasgow.

THE ABERDEEN DIRECT LINE OF STEAMERS

LONDON TO NATAL, DELAGOA
BAY AND BEIRA

SAILINGS EVERY TEN DAYS.

FINE ACCOMMODATION
CHEAP FARES
HIGH-CLASS CUISINE

For full particulars, apply to —

Owners:—**JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO.**
4 EAST INDIA AVENUE. Or Agents.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

The Best Known

CHINA TEA

in the World

"TÉ CELESTIAL"

L. & H. NATHAN

*Have provided Costumes
and Uniforms for*

**"LOVE AND
LAUGHTER,"**

**"THE GIRL IN
THE TAXI,"**

**And other important
productions.**

17 COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY, W.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE PLAY OF THE MONTH		THE PLAYGOER'S GUIDE -	24
"The Great Adventure" - - -	1-14	WHAT THE PLAYGOER PAYS -	25
Story of the Play - - -	2 & 3	LA BELLE CONSTANCE	
DRAMA OF THE MONTH		By Alfred Barnard - - -	26-29
"Androcles and the Lion" and "The		THE VARIETY THEATRES -	30-31
Harlequinade," "Joseph and His Breth-		THE PICTURE PLAYGOER -	32-33
ren," "The Adored One" and "The		PLAYS FOR PLAYGOERS -	34-37
Will," "The Ever Open Door," "Years		ADVICE TO AMATEURS	
of Discretion," "Sealed Orders," "Mary		By Willy Clarkson - - -	38
Goes First," "This Way, Madam," and		MY LANDLADY'S LAST	
"The Pearl Girl" - - -	15-19	HUSBAND	
GADABOUT'S GOSSIP - - -	20	By Mark Melford - - -	39
IN THE BOUDOIR			
By M. E. Brooke - - -	21		
PEOPLE I'VE MET AT THE			
PLAY			
By F. J. Randall - - -	22-23		

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

Tailor-Made Sports Shirts

Guaranteed cut and finished by expert men tailors, and altogether different from the ordinary so-called tailor

shirt. The shape and fit are quite perfect. Stocked in five sizes, namely:—13, 13½, 14, 14½, and 15-inch necks.



GOLF SHIRT (*as sketch*) in heavy Pyjama silk, buttoned down front with white cherry buttons, and finished black bow. Loose cuff to allow arm to be raised. Stocked in five sizes, namely: 13, 13½, 14, 14½, and 15.

Price 21/9 Also in striped all-wool flannel. Price 14/9

TAILOR SHIRT (*as sketch*) in heavy Pyjama silk, with large crochet buttons, and piped armholes specially cut to give plenty of scope for raising arm. Stocked in five sizes, namely: 13, 13½, 14, 14½, and 15.

Price 21/9 Also in heavy Crêpe de Chine. Price 49/6

Debenham & Freebody

DEBENHAMS, LTD.

WIGMORE STREET AND WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



Photo.]

[Foulsham and Banfield.

MR. HENRY AINLEY AS
ILAM CARVE IN "THE
GREAT ADVENTURE."

PRESENTED WITH No. 49 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED."
SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

Vol. IX. (New Series). No. 49

Published on 15th of each month

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

A Play of fancy in four acts by ARNOLD BENNETT.

Produced at the Kingsway Theatre, London, on March 25, 1913.



Photo.]

Miss Wish Wynne
as Janet Cannot.

[Daily Mirror Studios.

Mr. Henry Ainley
as Ham Carve.



Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author.

NEVER be born a genius. If ever you should have aspirations in that direction, stifle them at once—that is, if you are a victim to excessive shyness—or they may lead to disastrous results and even involve you in a charge of bigamy.

Such a fate indeed befell Ilaun Carve, a celebrated artist, who, to escape from an idolising public, sought refuge on the Continent, returning to England surreptitiously only when occasion demanded. It was during one of these fleeting visits to London that his valet died, and when the doctor, called in hurriedly, mistook the master for the man, the former, seizing upon the opportunity thus presented of escaping the penalties of fame, took on the personality of his servant.

The Press went into delirious headlines over the demise of the living artist, and the dead valet was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Complications quickly arose. One of them was

“The Great Adventure.”

Play in Four Acts.

By
ARNOLD BENNETT.

Produced at the Kingsway Theatre.

The Story of the Play.



[Photos.]

[Annan.]

Mr. Granville Barker, the producer.

Janet Cannot, with whom the deceased valet had corresponded through the columns of the "Matrimonial News," but had never seen. Janet called upon Carve with the view of arranging a match, and the artist, careless over trifles, took up the negotiations where they were left by his former servant. Discharged from service by the artist's unspeakable cousin, who came to administer his relative's estate, Carve secured rooms in a hotel, where he got an attack of the "flu" and was nursed for two days and nights by Janet.

It was an unwise thing for Janet to do and might have severely compromised her. In the ordinary way the heroine of such an adventure would have undergone many tribulations. There would certainly have been a scene and there might have been a tragedy. But "The Great Adventure" is no ordinary play. At the end of her self-imposed task, Janet simply left Carve her telegraphic address and walked out of the hotel unscathed.

Meanwhile the artist developed symptoms of *le grand passion*, and two years later found the pair happily married, living in a cosy nook on the £80 annuity the artist had left himself and the £3 a week income which his wife enjoyed. Art, however, like murder, will out, and it was not long before Carve wielded the brush again. He

sold his pictures to a furniture dealer, who disposed of them to an expert, and he in turn sent them to an American collector, receiving £500 apiece for them as genuine "Carves." The Yankee discovered that the pictures were painted after the artist's alleged death, and began an action against the expert for fraud.

Then along came another complication. In his not irreproachable past the deceased valet had had a wife, whom he deserted. She came to claim her husband, her twin sons, both curates, of the accepted pattern, acting as moral supports. Mr. and Mrs. Carve received their visitors with wonderful equanimity, considering that the young artist was threatened with a conviction for bigamy, while Janet displayed intense solicitude for the comfort of the lady who came to supplant her. Carve had long since declared his identity, but nobody would believe him, least of all Janet, who is at length convinced beyond all question. Finally, Carve disposed of all doubts by the simple



Photo.]

[Histd.]

Miss Lillah McCarthy, Manageress, with
Mr. Granville Barker, at the Kingsway
Theatre, and of season at the
St. James's Theatre.

process of removing his collar and exhibiting a couple of moles on his neck. In deference to people in "influential quarters," who foresaw the ridicule in which the Abbey would be involved, should the facts come to light, Carve consented to remain legally dead, and in another land to perpetuate the personality of the valet.

The Distinguished Patient.



Dr. Pascoe (Mr. CLAUDE KING): "This the patient!"



Photos.]

Janet: "Perhaps that's a bit dear. Here's another. Not a boarding house. . . . What about that?"

Daily Mirror Studios.

A rival claim to the illustrious dead.



Looe (MR. ACTON BOND): "Then what was he?" *Carve*: "Nothing in particular."
Looe: "Then I claim him—then I claim him. . . . Honor a'!"



[Photos.]
Honoria (MISS LYDIA BILBROOKE): "Poor dear! he's not himself."

[Daily Mirror Studios.
Carve: "That's just what I am!"

Warned
off!



Janet :

"Well, it's like this. I'm his cousin. We aren't exactly engaged to be married——"

Honoria (icily) :

"Oh, I see.
Good afternoon."



Photos.]

Carve : "Supposing I had a relapse?"

Janet : "You won't if you do as I tell you."

Carve : "But supposing I do?"

Janet : "Well you can always telegraph, can't you?"

[Daily Mirror Studios.]

A Domestic Fib.



Photo.]

Janet (stiffly) : "So you've not been to sleep, either?"
Carrie : "Oh, yes. Had an excellent night in this chair."

(Daily Mirror Studios.

An Unappreciative Subject.



Ebag (Mr. CLARENCE DERWENT): "A brilliant likeness." *Janet*: "Who of?"
Ebag: "Why, madam—yourself!"



Photos.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

Janet (handing James a slice of bread on a toasting-fork): "Just toast this for your mother, will you?—and mind the bars."

Janet unable to resist the opportunity of meeting a real live Lord.



Photo.

Carre : "Now, listen, Jane. What earthly good can it do? I shan't go."

Janet : "I shall. So there! Six dukes in the family! I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Daily Mirror Studios.

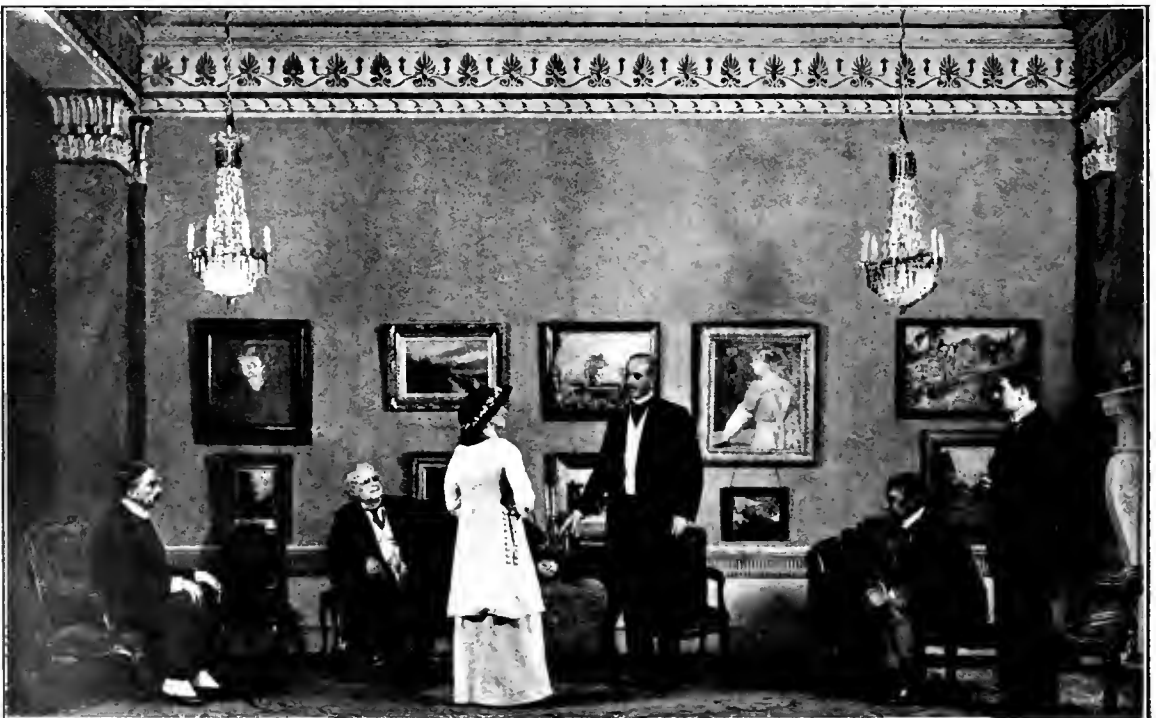
Janet convinced.



Janet : " So it's true, after all? "

Ilan : " What? "

Janet : " All this rigmarole about your being Ilan Carve? "



Photos.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

Ilan : " I have an idea I can. But—the fact is, not in the presence of ladies."

Janet : " Oh, if that's all——" (*walks away in a huff*).

Carve resigns himself to the inevitable.



Photo.]

Carve: "The artist is always beaten."

(Daily Mirror Studios.



Photo.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

Miss Wish Wynne.

About the Players.

MR. HENRY AINLEY has had an extensive career, and during his 16 years on the stage has played nearly a hundred parts. He is an old Bensonian and was a member of that famous company for two years. He made his first appearance in London at the Lyceum, in the February of 1900, as Gloucester in "Henry V." Just two years later he was engaged by Sir (then Mr.) George Alexander for Paolo in "Paolo and Francesca," a part for which he was acknowledged on all sides to be physically and otherwise admirably suited. The following year Mr. Ainley went to America, where he was leading man with Miss Maude Adams. On his return to England, he appeared at the Duke of York's with Miss Robson as Lancelot in "Merely Mary Ann," 1904; and he was the Little Billee in a revival of "Trilby" at His Majesty's a year later. Then came many parts in Shakespeare, and modern plays and performances for the Stage Society. Under Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, at the Court, he played Neanias in "Pan and the Young Shepherd," Orestes in "The Electra" of Euripides and Hippolytus in "The Hippolytus" of Euripides. He joined Miss Lena Ashwell as leading man when she opened the Savoy, April 19, 1906, with "The Bond of Ninon," and after a number of other engagements succeeded Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as Raffles in the play of that name at the Duke of York's. He was at the St. James's under Mr. Edward Compton's management, in "The Eighteenth Century," and appeared as Joseph Surface in a revival of "The School for Scandal," and Orlando in "As You Like It" at His Majesty's, in 1907.

A lapse of three years or so, during which he enacted rôles of remarkable variety, brought him again to His Majesty's, where he sustained a succession of Shakespearean parts. His Gabor Arany in "The Concert" at the Duke of York's was among Mr. Ainley's more notable parts. He was the hero of "Proud Maisie" at the Aldwych, and at the Savoy during Miss McCarthy and Mr. Barker's season of Shakespeare he displayed his remarkable versatility by appearing as Malvolio in their noteworthy revival of "Twelfth Night." Mr. Ainley plays golf and cricket.

Miss Wish Wynne.

The "discovery" of Miss Wish Wynne by Mr. Granville Barker was one of the events of the spring season. Miss Wynne had been entertaining music-hall patrons at the highest-class halls with her clever cameos of character when her

great abilities as an actress attracted the attention of the astute manager mentioned, and he engaged her specially for the part of the volatile and resourceful Jane CANNOT, who, though so completely different in style and accomplishment, proved to be the "affinity" of the great but bashful artist.

Miss Wynne was in vaudeville for only a little over two years. She tried writing little sketches and character studies for the "halls," and after an uphill struggle managed to get a trial week at the Old Palace, Greenwich. The first money she got for these little sketches was two pounds ten shillings a week—it was for just the same show as that which she had on at the Pavilion before she went to the Kingsway—and then she suddenly found a great desire on the part of managers to book her up until she had no dates free until 1918.

She has played her little sketches in America and South Africa. They are just human little studies like that of the little girl who minds the baby in a back street, and the lodging-house slavey and her troubles, and their appeal is the same everywhere.

Wish Wynne is no assumed name. When she was a little girl, her mother used to call her "Wish," because she had a trick of beginning everything she said with "I wish."

Society at the Kingsway.

A long list of notable people has been attracted to the Kingsway Theatre during the remarkably successful run of "The Great Adventure." The King and Queen have both seen and enjoyed the play, and other Royalties who have honoured the production are the Princess Royal, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Teck. Distinguished visitors have also included the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners, Countess Benckendorff, Countess Feodora Gleichen, Lady Glenconner, Lady Ashbourne, Mr. and Lady Valda Machell, Lady Hayward, Lady Margery Duckworth, Lady Renshaw, Lord and Lady Granard, Lady Brabourne, Lady C. Fitzmaurice, Lady Johnson, Lady Buxton, Lady Wachter, Lady Meyer, Lady Mond, the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby, Lady Morant, Baroness Rothschild, Lady Latymer, Lady Lester, Lady Helen Gordon, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Lord Lonsdale, Sir James Smith, Sir George Hastings, Sir Edward Boyle, Sir T. Robinson, Sir Philip and Miss Sassoon, Sir William Evans-Gordon, Sir John Collay, Sir Charles Mathews, Sir Henry Park, Sir William Young, Mrs. Asquith and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, The Speaker and Judge Sculley.

Mr. A. E. Drinkwater.

Manager of the Kingsway.

MR. ALBERT E. DRINKWATER was educated at Magdalen College School and Merton College, Oxford. His debut on the professional stage was made at the Opéra Comique as Ascolti, in "A Fool's Revenge." He appeared with the late Hermann Vezin at Toole's and the Opéra Comique, and has fulfilled important engagements at the Globe, the Adelphi, Royalty, New Theatre, St. James's, Duke of York's, and other



[Photo.]

[Hoppé.]

West End theatres. Mr. Drinkwater figured in "Leah Kleschna" at the New, and was in John Hare's company at the Criterion and other theatres. He has played innumerable parts in Shakespeare, drama, old comedy and modern plays, ranging from Jim Dalton in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" to Bluntschli in "Arms and the Man," from Digby Grant in the play of that name to Sir Peter Teazle, and from Friar Lawrence to Sir Toby Belch.

Mr. Drinkwater is also a dramatist and has turned his pen to excellent purpose in "Two in

a Trap," played at the New Theatre in front of "Brewster's Millions" and still being played on tour, "A Legend of Vandale," and "Afterthoughts," which was successfully produced at the Coronet in 1905 and subsequently found its way into the evening bills at the Comedy and Garrick Theatres. For some years Mr. Drinkwater was secretary of the Incorporated Stage Society, a position he resigned on his appointment as manager of the Little Theatre, from which he was transferred to the Kingsway.

A corner in Assyrian and Hebrew music is evidently being created by "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majesty's, where the management has received several requests to furnish the addresses where gramophone records can be obtained of the various Eastern melodies and choruses played and sung off the stage before each act. At present no such records are in existence. Two of the best-known International music publishers are negotiating with the management to publish the beautiful old airs which are such a feature of "Joseph and His Brethren," and which have helped so materially to convey the grandeur and mysticism of the past. A flattering invitation from the directorate of one of our leading concert halls for the appearance of the magnificent mixed choir at a special concert is also under consideration, but an offer from one of the principal music halls to interpolate the weirdly beautiful Bacchanale of the third act, the scene of which is laid in Pharaoh's Palace, into one of the coming Revues, had to be declined.

Miss May De Sousa, who will be well remembered in musical comedy in London, is to be congratulated on the fact that she is able to preserve a sense of humour under difficulties. According to a New York correspondent, she has just become a bankrupt, and in her list of liabilities she has entered the sum of £130 "due to His Majesty, King George of England," a sum which, she explains, represents income tax in England which she has not paid.

"Oh, I Say!" is bringing back the palmiest days of the Criterion. It is of just that light character which entertains without making a great call on one's brain power, and makes an evening of sheer delight. Mr. James Welch is in his element as the badgered bridegroom and is seldom absent from the stage—a circumstance that means continuous merriment on the part of the audience.



"Androcles and the Lion."

By Bernard Shaw.

St. James's Theatre. September 1, 1913.

Messrs. Leon Quartermaine, Ben Webster, O. P. Heggie, Edward Sillward, Donald Calthrop, Hesketh Pearson, Alfred Brydone, Misses Clare Greet, Lillah McCarthy, and others.

If the public took Bernard Shaw seriously they would take offence at "Androcles and the Lion." But they don't! And as the author does not take himself seriously there is no harm done, and his latest "fable" play may be put down as good fun.

Androcles withdraws the thorn from the Lion's foot and soothes him with "baby-talk" during the operation. When next Androcles meets his friend the Lion—in the arena—they indulge in a delightful "two-step," to the consternation of the Emperor and his suite.

Through the mouths of many of his characters the author voices his own opinions, or what he may or may not believe to be his own opinions, on the subject of Christianity, first indulging in profound philosophy and then in ridicule. As a religious controversy would be out of place here, it must rest with the individual playgoer as to how he or she accepts the sentiments expressed.

There were some very excellent examples of acting in the performance. To Miss Lillah McCarthy was entrusted the part of Lavinia, and a very interesting and human Lavinia that actress presented. Mr. Ben Webster's Captain was, as usual, a finished study, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the Emperor displayed a thorough grasp of the character in all its rich humour. To Mr. O. P. Heggie, as Androcles, much of the success of the play was due. Mr. Heggie's keen sense of humour must have gladdened the heart of the author as much as it obviously pleased the audience.

"Androcles and the Lion" was preceded by "The Harlequinade."

By Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker.

Music by Morton Stephenson.

Messrs. Nigel Playfair, H. O. Nicholson, Leon Quartermaine, Herbert Hewetson, Ralph Hutton, Arthur Whitby, Donald Calthrop, Misses Cathleen Nesbitt, and Sheila Hayes.

Quite a delightful little play, bringing with it the atmosphere of youth and the scent of pure air. It is full of cleverly-worded touches of sarcasm, and there are many ideas pretty enough to form plays of themselves.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as Alice Whistler is a charming little girl, and gave a performance that ladies would describe as "simply sweet." Mr. Leon Quartermaine as A Hero, Mr. Arthur Whitby as Alice's uncle Edward, Mr. Donald Calthrop as Harlequin, and Miss Sheila Hayes as Columbine were all admirably fitted to their parts.

"Joseph and His Brethren."

By Louis N. Parker.

His Majesty's Theatre. September 2, 1913.

Sir Herbert Tree, Messrs. Philip Merivale, H. A. Saintsbury, L. B. Hurley, Hubert Carter, Howard Rose, Bernard Storrs, Richard Neville, Stanley Howlett, J. W. Mollison, Cyril Swarder, George Relf, Alfred Willmore, Henry Vibart, Owen Roughwood, Bassett Roe, Roy Byford, Misses Cynthia Brooke, Frances Torrens, Georgina Milne, Rhoda Symons, Hilda Antony, Jessie Winter, Alice Phillips, Maxine Elliott, and others.

In his pageant plays Mr. Louis N. Parker admits that the unities of time and locality go by the board, and are replaced by the unities of idea and of personality. With this knowledge in view, "Joseph and His Brethren" may be regarded as a history of the life of Joseph and his brothers, written and conceived upon the

lines of the sacred original. The author of the play owes much of the material used to the Koran and the Talmud. In both, for instance, is Potiphar's wife named Zuleika. The misinterpretation of Pharaoh's dream by the priests and soothsayers is recorded in the Talmud, as is also Joseph's prophecy of the death of Pharaoh's firstborn and the birth of his new son. Mr. Parker also quotes Sir J. Gardiner Wilkinson as his authority for making Usertesen I. Joseph's Pharaoh.

"Joseph and His Brethren" was written and finished seven years ago. It was produced at New York in January of this year, and is presumed to be the first English Biblical play licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

The play opens with a view of the tents of Shechem, and Joseph is sent to follow his brothers. At the wells of Dothan Joseph is thrown into the well and is rescued, being then sold to Zuleika for twenty pieces of silver. The brothers return to their father's tent and Reuben displays the blood-stained coat of many colours to the stricken Jacob.

In the second act we find Joseph the favourite of Zuleika and her maidens. Potiphar is commanded by Pharaoh to exterminate bands of rebels, and leaves Joseph in charge of Zuleika and his household. Zuleika is in love with Joseph, but he is in love with Asenath, and in the garden of Potiphar the two overhear a conversation between Ranofer and Serseru in which the latter declares he will wed Asenath. But they also listen to a plot against Pharaoh! Later, Joseph is summoned to Zuleika's presence, where she tempts him, but he resists.

When Potiphar returns he exalts Joseph, but Zuleika denounces him and he is stripped, taken away in captivity, and cast into the dungeons with Imhotep and Serseru. Here Joseph interprets the dreams of his fellow prisoners. Some time after Joseph is taken from prison to interpret Pharaoh's dream. This he does, and honours are bestowed upon him by Pharaoh.

Meanwhile, Jacob and Joseph's brethren are reduced to poverty. Jacob, now grown very old, still mourns the loss of his favourite son, Joseph. So the brethren repair to Joseph for seed for their land and food for their children. How Joseph tries them and tests their repentance is known by everyone who has read the narrative in the Bible, here closely followed in the play.

The final scene is devoted to the recognition of Joseph by his brethren and to the meeting between the aged Jacob and his long-lost son.

In such a cast and with so much action it is difficult to praise the work of any one member of the company. Every detail is studied and perfect representations of every character are given. Sir Herbert Tree and his leading lady,

Miss Maxine Elliott, fitted with parts that seemed to be written expressly for them, aroused considerable enthusiasm, and had to respond to many calls.

The whole play was acted with a dignity, a reverence, and a perfect understanding that made "Joseph and His Brethren" one of the most remarkable productions ever seen on the stage.

The setting, a feast of colour, has never been equalled for magnificence, even at His Majesty's—the house where one looks for splendour in theatrical effect.

"The Adored One."

By Sir J. M. Barrie.

Duke of York's Theatre, September 4, 1913.

Sir John Hare, Messrs. Eric Lewis, Godfrey Tearle, Frank Denton, W. Farren, Charles Trevor, John Kelt, R. Haigh, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Misses Helen Haye, Mary Bastow, and Gladys Calthrop.

An improved version of Sir James Barrie's play is now being presented. In the first version Leonora was a widow with seven children. One of these had a bad cold and an objectionable man in the corner of a railway carriage in which they were travelling insisted upon keeping the window open. Fearing that the draught might have an injurious effect upon the child, Leonora opened the door of the carriage and pushed the man out. He fell on the line and was killed, Leonora being charged with the murder.

Then followed a series of triumphs for Leonora. She is, above everything, a woman, and her femininity overcame her difficulties. She was so sure that what she did for the sake of her child was the proper and only thing she could have done that she convinced the judge and jury of her innocence and was allowed to go free.

In a new act the author made it clear that the preposterous scene in Court where Leonora rules both judge and jury was only the baseless fabric of a dream on the part of Captain Rattray, who has fallen in love with the lady and proposes to her over the witness box. An exquisite love scene between the Captain and Leonora, who is shown to be a woman of tender sentiment and feeling, is added, and does much to render the play acceptable.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Leonora was fitted with a part rather different from those we have been accustomed to see her in. She was delightfully feminine, never losing sight of the fact that where the maternal instinct is in a woman it predominates. Sir John Hare, who played Mr. Justice Gorindyke, is as polished an actor and able elocutionist as of yore. Mr. Godfrey Tearle gave another of his strong impersonations as Captain Rattray, R.N., and some very good work was put in by Miss Helen Haye, Mr. Eric Lewis and other members of a capital cast.

"The Adored One" was preceded by a play in one act, also by Sir James Barrie, entitled:

"The Will."

Messrs. O. B. Clarence, Frank Denton, Sydney Valentine, Lichfield Owen, Charles Trevor, John Kelt, and Miss Helen Haye.

A piece of real Barrie sentiment, but tinged with a cynicism that comes new to us from such a source, "The Will" took immediate hold of the house and kept it. The action passes in the last three reigns, and covers a period of some thirty years. The scene is a lawyer's office throughout, and hither come a young couple in the first year of their marriage, the husband to make his will, leaving all his modest savings to his wife, and the latter to shed tears at the bare thought of losing him. Some 15 years later the husband, now grown rich, comes to alter the will, and the wife, deplorably changed in her affection, to insist that she gets her proper share. Another lapse of time and the husband arrives alone, his wife having died. His son and daughter have brought disgrace upon him and he comes to cut them out of his will, and to dispose of his immense wealth he knows not how. He derives some consolation from the old solicitor, who talks of the "black spot," presumably avarice, which spreads like a cancer and unless checked in time destroys man's happiness.

The little piece was superbly acted. Mr. O. B. Clarence's study of the amiable solicitor of the first scene and the senile old man of the last was truly admirable. Mr. Sydney Valentine was powerfully effective as the husband, and Miss Helen Haye as the wife acted artistically. The playlet had a rapturous reception.

"The Ever Open Door."

By George R. Sims and H. H. Herbert.
Aldwych Theatre. September 6, 1913.

Messrs. Frederick Victor, Charles Weir, Edward Jephson, Stephen Adeson, Jack Haddon, Ernest Selig, H. Matthews, Misses Hilda Spong, Ruth Bidwell, Moya Nugent, Joy Chatwyn, Janet Alexander, Dulcie Greatwich, Kathleen O'Connor, Nora Nagel, Gwen Trevitt, Mabel Mulvaney, and others.

There is plenty to interest and amuse the particular public Mr. George R. Sims caters for in "The Ever Open Door."

The story is written around a young slum urchin who is really a lord—Lord Dereham. There can be no mistake about the ending of the play from its beginning.

Lady Dereham is a wealthy widow, and her wicked cousin has persuaded her that during a period of insanity she murdered her child Robbie some fourteen years ago. Lady Dereham is now the life and soul of a certain Mission Home in Westminster, and in an adjoining court lives Robbie, her own son, the child she is supposed to have killed. Her cousin, who is the villain

of the piece, is keeping mother and son apart, for he will benefit if Lady Dereham dies childless. He therefore pays a wretched old woman to keep Robbie in poverty and in ignorance as to his own position in the world. This old hag, Mrs. Dundon, has a husband who has been in jail, and when he comes out he at once starts operations again as a burglar. A certain church is to be broken into, and Robbie is selected to enter a window and unbolt the door. But Robbie refuses to become a thief, and, in fact, he enters the church to hide the plate Mr. Dundon contemplates stealing. Dundon finds him there and shoots at him, but misses him and bolts.

Of course the lad is put in charge of Lady Dereham, and an old sweetheart of the wicked cousin divulges the secret of Robbie's identity and denounces the villain who has caused all the trouble. So everything ends happily, as it should.

Miss Hilda Spong, who has been away from London far too long, played Lady Dereham to perfection. The audience loved her, and rightly so. Robbie was played by a clever actress, Miss Ruth Bidwell, just as well as any girl could play the part of a boy! Mr. Charles Weir had the thankless part of the villain to account for, and his work drew forth the customary and highly-flattering "boos" and hisses from the audience. The play was capitally staged.

"Years of Discretion."

By Frederick Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton.
Globe Theatre. September 8, 1913.

Messrs. Aubrey Smith, Lionel Atwill, Philip Cunningham, Gerald Lawrence, Stafford Hilliard, E. W. Garden, Misses Sybil Carlisle, Dora Sevensing, Winifred Willis, Alice Rossiter, Katie Yates, and Ethel Irving.

Mrs. Farrell Howard is a widow with a son twenty years old. She suddenly discovers that she is not so old as she thinks she is; that the love of her dead husband and the respect of her living son are not what her heart is yearning for. So she leaves her home and comes to town.

Mrs. Howard transforms herself; she becomes a made-up but quite charming young thing in society. Three men propose to her—an Irishman, an anarchist, and a millionaire. The millionaire is not so young as he would like to be, but he longs for "one last fling," and the widow accepts him.

On their wedding day they discover that they are both growing old after all. So they decide to settle down and continue to grow old gracefully together. She changes her "flighty" frocks for well-cut, smart, "middle-aged" costumes and he puts on his skull-cap and spectacles and settles down cosily in his armchair.

The plot or central idea seemed a little bit

thin for three acts, but the interest was sustained by the really wonderful acting of Miss Ethel Irving. The part was one that suited this accomplished actress to the letter, and she made much out of it. Mr. Aubrey Smith, too, as the millionaire, Christopher Dallas, had a part that seemed to have been written for him. Mr. Gerald Lawrence played the anarchist, and gave an interesting study of this rather weird and confusing person, while the part of the Irishman, Michael Doyle, was allotted to Mr. Lionel Atwill, who played it with a delightful brogue. The other parts were well taken care of.

"Sealed Orders."

By Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton.
Drury Lane Theatre, September 11, 1913.

Messrs. Hale Hamilton, Edward Sass, C. M. Hallard, Langhorne Burton, Julian Royce, Robert Ayrton, E. H. Kelly, Gerald Ames, Laurence Caird, Clifton Alderson, E. W. Royce, Misses Fanny Brough, Madge Fabian, Myrtle Tannehill, Alice Chartres, and others.

The story of the piece may be summed up in the phrase: The adventures of a packet labelled "Sealed Orders." Admiral Lord Gaveston had secret orders given him by his Government and he is to break the seal and act upon the instructions contained therein immediately the word of command is given him. A foreign Power is very desirous of gaining possession of those sealed orders, and the Admiral's wife accepts a bribe of £70,000 to get them for that Power. This lady's brother took the guilt upon his own shoulders.

Matters are further complicated by the relations between the heroine's father, who is in the secret service of the foreign Power, and the hero, who jumps overboard to save the lady from a watery grave. Of course, the hero is successful and the famous orders, still with their great seal unbroken, are discovered in the heroine's pocket!

The outstanding feature of a Drury Lane drama is the mounting. On this occasion the play has been given a setting never before equalled at this historic house. The wonderful airship scene—around which the play appears to have been written, is surely the last word in stage effect! Up amongst the mist and clouds two men fight to the death in the carriage of a great airship, while the guns from Portsmouth throw deadly shot and shell around them. Even as the airship falls, two struggling forms are to be seen fighting in the basket.

"Sealed Orders" is a mass of thrills. There are fifteen scenes, and a long thrill or more in every one of them!

To be anything at all in a play such as "Sealed Orders," one must be an accomplished acrobat. There are some well-known names in the cast—

Drury Lane favourites—and that they were as welcome as ever was evidenced by the rounds of applause that greeted their entrances. All acted their parts with the proper spirit, and secured the admiration of the audience throughout.

"Mary Goes First" at the Playhouse.

Comedy, in Three Acts and an Epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones.

Produced at the Playhouse on September 18.

Messrs. Kenyon Musgrave, Charles V. France, W. Graham Browne, George Shelton, Herbert Ross, Richard Lluellyn, John Alexander, Horton Cooper, Misses Hamley Clifford, Margaret Brühling, Claire Pauncefort, and Marie Tempest.

One of the most entertaining performances of the day is provided at the Playhouse, where the production of "Mary Goes First" has brought forward again the eminent playwright, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. The dramatist has drawn liberally upon his fund of sarcasm, and out of the vexed question of precedence in society has evolved a brilliantly amusing comedy.

Mary Whichello has been in the habit of leading the society of Warkinstall, and is far from pleased when a neighbouring magnate who has built a magnificent sanatorium for the town is rewarded for his patriotism by a knighthood, thus obtaining first place for his wife. So annoyed is Mary that in the course of conversation with a third party she refers to her ladyship in terms which cause the newly-made knight to threaten an action for slander.

Determined to regain her lost position Mary insists on her husband standing for Parliament as a Radical, hoping that the Prime Minister will reward his patriotism by including him in the list of Birthday Honours as a Baronet.

By means of clever strategy Mary disposes of the threatened law suit, and when her husband (who is quite unfitted for politics) resigns his candidature, she so contrives matters that it appears that for the sake of the cause he resigns in favour of a man more capable than himself. She makes him pay that man's election expenses, and contributes largely to the party funds, and in the end he is rewarded with the coveted baronetcy.

Thus Mary enters into her own again. To say just how charming Miss Tempest is as Mary Whichello is difficult. Let it simply be said that she is herself, and this being admitted, the success of the play is inevitable.

Sir Thomas Bodsworth, the local magnate with the new title, and his wife are played to perfection by Mr. Kenyon Musgrave and Miss Hamley Clifford. Mr. C. V. France gives a capital rendering of Mary's husband. Mr. George Shelton adds another excellent character-study to his already

POPE & BRADLEY

Tailors & Breeches Makers



Drawn from the Actual Coat made by us

THE ART OF PRODUCTION.

By original methods and perfect business organisation the House of Pope and Bradley has acquired the reputation it holds to-day.

Each garment produced is designed by H. Dennis Bradley, whose authority ensures its style, and by engaging only the cleverest cutters in the trade, who have the initiative to carry his ideas into execution, the note of distinction is created. Mr. Bradley has this season originated some new styles of Overcoats which will not be advertised or described in the press owing to the manner in which previous productions have been copied by unscrupulous plagiarists. These new coats make a distinct advance in character and style, and the materials from which they are made have been exclusively manufactured for us. The various models have been made in graduated sizes in order that our customers may try them on and judge the different styles before placing their orders.

Representing the highest example of the tailoring art, we are enabled by our system of trading upon a rigid cash basis only to supply our productions at extremely moderate prices. As an illustration our Overcoats and Lounge Suits range from 3½ to 6 guineas, and Evening Suits and Dinner Suits from 6 to 9 guineas.

Upon application we shall be pleased to forward our new catalogue dealing exhaustively with men's dress in every phase.

In both establishments our cutters are of the same high calibre and the materials and prices charged are identical

**14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.**

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

CRITERION THEATRE



Piccadilly
Circus.

GO and SEE the TWO FUNNIEST PLAYS IN LONDON.

'Phone: Gerrard 3844 and Regent 3365.



JAMES WELCH IN "Oh! I Say!!"

Adapted from the French of MM. Kéroul and Bané by SYDNEY BLOW
and DOUGLAS HOARE.

175th Performance, Oct. 29th.

NIGHTLY at 9 p.m.

MATINEE: Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.

Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 p.m. by

"The Dear Departed."

By STANLEY HOUGHTON.

AND AT

QUEEN'S THEATRE



Shaftesbury
Avenue.

Next to Globe, Apollo, and Lyric Theatres.

'Phone: Gerrard 9437.



MAURICE FARKOA and MISS MABEL SEALBY

(By arrangement with Mr. George Edwardes)

NIGHTLY at 9 p.m.,
and MATINEES
WEDNESDAY and
SATURDAY, at
3 p.m.



Maurice Farkoa.

"This Way, Madam!"

Adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Mitchell, by SYDNEY BLOW
and DOUGLAS HOARE, Authors of "Oh! I Say!!"

Preceded at 8.30 and 2.30 p.m. by **"STUFFING."** By GEORGE PASTON.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 3 p.m.

A Novel Entertainment.

A TANGO PLAY,

Including Parisian Tango Dancers and Grand Dress Parade by Boué Socurs, 39, Conduit
Street, W. £4,000 worth of dresses.

Seats 2/6, including Tea. Seats can be booked in advance, 6d. extra.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

crowded list as Mr. Tadman, the old solicitor; and Mrs. Tadman is artistically played by Miss Claire Pauncefort. Miss Margaret Brühling and Mr. W. S. Browne make a charming and romantic young couple.

"This Way, Madam," at the Queen's.

Farce, in Three Acts, Adapted by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare, from "Aime des Femmes," by Maurice Hennequin and Georges Mitchell.

Produced on Saturday, September 27.

Messrs. Maurice Farkoa, Henry Wenman, Arthur Chesney, John Tresahar, J. N. More, and Arthur Hatherton, Misses Edie Graham, Maud Cressall, Diana Durand, Doris Hurley, Desiree Hesse, Violet Ashton, Peggy Doyle, Mollie Seymour, Greta Lewis, Kitty Barlow, Diana Cortis, Dorothy Rundell, and Mabel Sealby.

Surprise and delight were occasioned on the first night of "This Way, Madam!" The play bore a name that suggested a new revue, but proved to be full of real love interest, and at the same time bubbling over with fun and frolic.

To see Mr. Maurice Farkoa taking himself seriously was a revelation, and to assist at his triumph in his new part was distinctly agreeable. He is Armand Desroches, the best-known couturier in Paris. At the opening of the play he is in the employ of a rival firm, but at the suggestion of Mr. Victor Catiehe, the sleeping partner, he is successfully wooed to join the firm of Bonnipard, Faribol et Cie. So much are his services desired by them that Armand is enabled to make his own conditions, and the principal among them is the right to absent himself from business on Wednesday in each week, for this is the day that he devotes to "entertaining" his special customers at his own flat. It soon becomes apparent that the extravagant clients of the now successful firm of Bonnipard, Faribol et Cie. are simply purchasing costumes in order that they may be "tried on" by the fascinating Armand.

One of Armand's chief rules is "strictly platonic relations with members of the firm," but this he is obliged to break at the instigation of the charming typist, Marie Ange, who is moved to revenge by the fact that the firm suggested that Armand should marry her. She is, moreover, one of the very few women who simply detest and despise the attractive Armand. She goes to Armand's flat to see that he flirts thoroughly with the wives of the two partners, who each imagines the other is being deceived by his better half, but ends by herself falling a victim to the genuine admiration and affection of Armand, who up till now has never met a woman who could resist him, and by the very rarity of

this circumstance has aroused in him for the first time a feeling of real love.

The second act, showing the dressmaking establishment in the Rue de la Paix, is the opportunity for the display of some really marvellous creations, and it is the idea of Armand that appropriate music is always played whilst frocks are being tried on: thus, for a walking costume a march is given; for a ball dress, a waltz, and so on.

The third act is of the regular Palais Royale order, and when it is mentioned that no less than five doors are in evidence in the apartment, one anticipates a lively scene with the frisky spouses when the inevitable discovery takes place, and that the anticipations are realised is proved by the hearty laughter to which the house is impelled.

Mr. Maurice Farkoa, as has been hinted, was inimitable as the fascinating Armand, of whose arts and graces he proved a perfect master.

Miss Mabel Sealby, as Marie Ange, the typist, was charmingly natural, and wore sweet but simple dresses with distinction. Mr. Arthur Hatherton made quite a hit as Jean, the servant at Armand's flat. Messrs. Henry Wenman and Arthur Chesney were in delightful contrast as Bonnipard and Faribol. To say anything in detail about the eight young ladies ("only two married") would be impossible, for we have a confused recollection of a galaxy of beautifully-dressed femininity, which filled the stage from time to time with the joy of their presence.

A word or two should be added regarding the dresses "Across the Footlights" in "This Way, Madam." Miss Edie Graham wears one of the copper-coloured twill taffetas, with a hem of pigeon breast taffetas, black lace being employed for the corsage and lamp-shade tunic. Miss Cressall assumes a white velvet suit lined with night-blue charmeuse; of the latter one obtains fugitive glimpses, as the skirt is slit up in front, the draperies being held in position by a blue and black ribbon medallion.

"The Pearl Girl," a musical comedy, in three acts, book and lyrics by Basil Hood, music by Hugo Felix and Howard Talbot, was produced at the Shaftesbury on Thursday, September 25. Dainty, tuneful and amusing, "The Pearl Girl" is a worthy follower of former successes at the Shaftesbury. It tells of the lady secretary of a firm of Bond Street jewellers who appropriates a string of pearls and figures as the "Pearl Queen" in English society for a season. She holds her own with the best of them, and in the end secures the hand of a duke.

Gadabout's Gossip.

THE season's new plays have come and have been judged upon their merits. Some have hit the public taste, others are in a precarious position in popular favour, and several have given up the ghost. Managers do not appear to be in a hurry to replace those productions that have been withdrawn, and it seems that until Christmas arrives first nights will be few and far between.

Autumn is already well advanced, but oversea visitors still form a fair proportion of the theatre audiences. I hope the majority find themselves more familiar with the French language than an American who sat close by me at supper after the theatre the other night. Pointing to a line on the menu he said to the waiter, "I guess I'll have some of that." "Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "but that's what the band's playing!"

Parisian playgoers are just now agitating their minds over the old question, "Was Hamlet fat?" The controversy is the outcome of the revival of Shakespeare's play at the Théâtre Antoine, in which the title-role is played by a lady, whose slinness does not satisfy those who attach importance to the famous passage at the end of the duel scene, "He's fat and scant of breath." One opponent of the "stout" theory declares that the word is a textual corruption of "faint." In that case, might I recommend to those who argue in favour of Hamlet's inclination to obesity the sentence, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

"My word, if I catch you—laughing!" The admonition comes from Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has taken exception to the conduct of the audience on the first night of "Androcles and the Lion." He has in as many words informed playgoers that if they want to enjoy themselves in the theatres they must "hold their silly noise." These are Mr. Shaw's sentiments as expressed to an interviewer: "How is a play to have any sense or continuity, or rhythm, or illusion, or charm when at the end of every speech, and sometimes three or four times in the course of it, the performer has to stop and wait until the spectators express their appreciation and amusement by making disgusting noises? You are going to tell me laughter is wholesome and healthy, that people go to the theatre to laugh. You might as well tell me that people must spit, that they must blow their noses, that they must yell when they are excited, and use foul language when they are annoyed. Rubbish!"

I must admit that I was among those who laughed at "Androcles," but whether it was where Mr. Shaw intended I should laugh I have no means of knowing. If he will insist on being so cryptically comic and subtly sarcastic, he must expect to have laughs in the wrong place. Can it be that he wants to suppress merriment altogether? I can hardly imagine that, because I have more than once caught Mr. Shaw smiling audibly from his box—and at his own plays, too!

Pathetic indeed is the death of Pélissier, who even while making audiences merry was suffering from the ailment that was so soon to carry him off. I was at a dinner to Mr. Edward Compton, at which the popular Folly kept those around him in the highest spirits, while his future wife, Miss Fay Compton, then fresh from school, was the admired of all. After the birth of her boy Mrs. Pélissier had a long illness, and anxiety on her behalf affected Mr. Pélissier's health greatly. He was passionately fond of his son and heir, who is now about 15 months old.

Pélissier began his career as a pierrot in 1894, and when he joined the Follies they were touring seaside resorts. With the arrival of the twentieth century they found fame in the West End of London, where they made quite a sensational success. Potted plays were the Pélissier speciality.

The Follies' experiences in their earlier days were often dreary but droll. "The worst house I ever played to," he was wont to say, "was at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. We were told that we should find business there excellent, but on arriving after a seemingly interminable drive, we failed to discern any signs of local excitement. When we did appear there were perhaps a dozen people in the hall all told. The performance had not proceeded long when a little girl rushed in and exclaimed: 'Oh, mumver, our house is on fire!'—on which the entire audience stampeded and never came back."

I have just room for a story that has been attributed to Mr. Rutland Barrington, and is, indeed, quite in that droll comedian's vein. With the object of purchasing the score of a popular opera with which he was long associated he went into a music shop and said to the young man behind the counter, "Mikado libretto." "I beg your pardon, sir," he returned. "Mikado libretto," Mr. Barrington repeated, with even more staccato. The young man flushed and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, sir, but we have no one here who speaks Italian." GADABOUT.



YOUR HAIR NEEDS 'WARNOL.'

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris, 1912.

Q Mr. WARNER OLIVER for years only gave private and individual treatment to clients; over 20,000 persons have been so treated. He was repeatedly advised by them to put a preparation on the market at store prices, and eventually he decided to do so. "WARNOL" (a title founded upon his own name) is the Preparation he has evolved for this purpose—a Hair Lotion that will be Beneficial and Cure cases of ordinary or general Hair Disorders, such as Hair Coming Out, Scurf, Irritation, and in addition Create Vitality and Colour to Faded Hair, with **GROWTH OF NEW HAIR.**

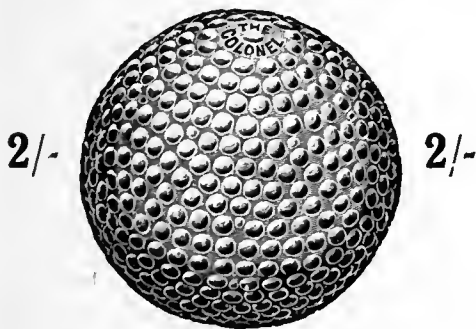
Miss FELICIA CARTON, the well-known Contralto, of Queen's Hall and principal London Concerts, writes, August 17th, 1913:—"Will you kindly send me another bottle of 'WARNOL' (2/6), also one of Lubricant (1/6)? I should like to mention that since using 'WARNOL' my Hair has improved wonderfully in colour and growth, and it has completely cleared my head of dandruff, from which I suffered before using your preparation."

"WARNOL" is an inexpensive Preparation of the Highest Class, sold at 1/-, 2/6, 4/6. All Chemists and Stores, or post free from Warner Oliver, Ltd., 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. (Consulting Specialists on the Hair. Individual Treatment if desired. Apply for terms.)

Call for **FREE SAMPLE** of "WARNOL"; by post 3d., to cover postage, packing, &c. **SAMPLE BOX** of 5 WARNER OLIVER SPECIALITIES FOR THE HAIR 9d. By post 1/.

Save Your Money!

BUY THE
'Colonel' Golf Ball



The Colonel is the most durable ball
made, therefore the most economical.

THE ST. MUNGO MANUFACTURING CO.,
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

London Office 37, WALBROOK, E.C.

By Special Appointment



to His Majesty The King.

W. CLARKSON

Theatrical Wig Maker and Costumier

CLARKSON'S LILLIE POWDER FOR YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The Greatest Beautifier in the World.

Three Shades, 1/- per box. Absolutely unrivalled for the
Complexion.

All the Wigs used in "LOVE AND LAUGHTER"
made by Clarkson.

[Copy of Letter.]

"Dear Mr. Clarkson,
"I have always been more than satisfied with the work you have
done for me, but I think this time you have really surpassed all
previous efforts.

"With very many thanks for your kind personal attention,
"Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) "EVELYN D'ALROY."

HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION—GOLD MEDAL.

Tel. No.: 612 Gerrard.
(2 Lines.)

Telegrams: "Wiggery, London."

W. CLARKSON, 41 & 43 WARDOUR STREET,
Leicester Square, W.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

PERSONAL ATTRACTIVENESS

HOW OBTAINED.

ONE of the most potent factors in the making of happiness is the wonderful power of personal attractiveness. It is that which smooths away difficulties and spurs to effort.

The woman who is personally attractive can influence the world around her. And the relentless logic of this influence of personal beauty is that every woman is bound to make the most of her personal appearance.

But beauty does not lie in regularity of feature alone. A woman with the classical features of a Grecian goddess would be hopelessly unattractive if her skin was wrinkled with "crow's feet" round the eyes, or was blotchy, freckled or had red patches, or was muddy and sallow.

True beauty lies in a true complexion—in the natural complexion of youth.

By the aid of Valaze, every woman can obtain and keep the lovely complexion of perfect beauty.

Valaze is a beautifier of the complexion—its restorer and preserver. It is a skin food which revitalizes the tissues, and gives a smooth, flawless skin. Its use ensures against wrinkles, skin blemishes, and ruin of complexion by sun, winds or cold. It keeps your skin beautiful, perfect, enviable.

Unaided by massage or rubbing—and only by mere contact with the skin—Valaze sinks down, down into the deeper layers of the skin, and stimulates, exhilarates and beautifies it.

When once you have the Valaze complexion, you can go out motoring, riding, cycling, walking, golfing—do what you please—and yet lose none of that soft, clear, transparent and natural beauty which Valaze alone can give to woman.

Valaze is supplied only by Madame Helena Rubinstein, the noted Viennese Face Specialiste, at the price of 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d. and 21s. a pot, and is only one of a series of facial specialities, each serving a particular purpose, which she places at the disposal of every woman who wishes to "look her best."

The following are particularly recommended:—Novena Sunproof and Windproof Cream, a marvellous invention which entirely prevents, as Valaze removes, freckles, sunburn,

tan, sallowness and chapping of the skin due to heat, wind or weather. Price 3s. and 6s. Baume Vert is in the nature of a balsam for those whose skin is supersensitive and becomes painfully tender when exposed to the wind or strong air. It makes also a delightful foundation for powder. The price is 10s. 6d. and £1 1s. Novena Cerate, a most effective and natural skin cleaner without the use of soap and water, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 12s. 6d. a jar. Novena Poudre, a "fa,"

powder for dry skins, 3s., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Valaze Complexion Powder for normal and greasy skins 3s., 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. Valaze Liquidine dispels undue redness of nose and face, and prevents black-heads and pimples by acting directly on the pores and freeing them of waste matter, grease and dirt which clog them, 10s. 6d. and 21s. a bottle. Valaze Lip Lustre, for dull, blanched lips, 3s. 6d. and 2s. Madame Rubinstein's establishments, the Maisons de Beauté Valaze, are located at 24, Grafton Street, London, W., and 255, Rue Saint Honoré, Paris, and there she practises her famous complexion treatments, which include the removal of wrinkles and crow's feet, by her exclusive methods, of remedying coarse and open pores, greasiness or dryness of the skin, puffiness of the eyelids, double chin, redness of nose and face, black-heads, etc., etc.

Her system comprises the most perfect methods for the cultivation, preservation and restoration of facial beauty.

Her advice is always at the service of ladies in search of personal charm, and it is for this purpose that she invites anyone to write and make an appointment with her, so that she may be able, personally, to advise as to the particular course which will suit best.



Dear Madame Rubinstein,

I find your skin food, Valaze, most pleasant to use, and it improves the skin wonderfully.

Sincerely yours,

Wish' W. Gurne

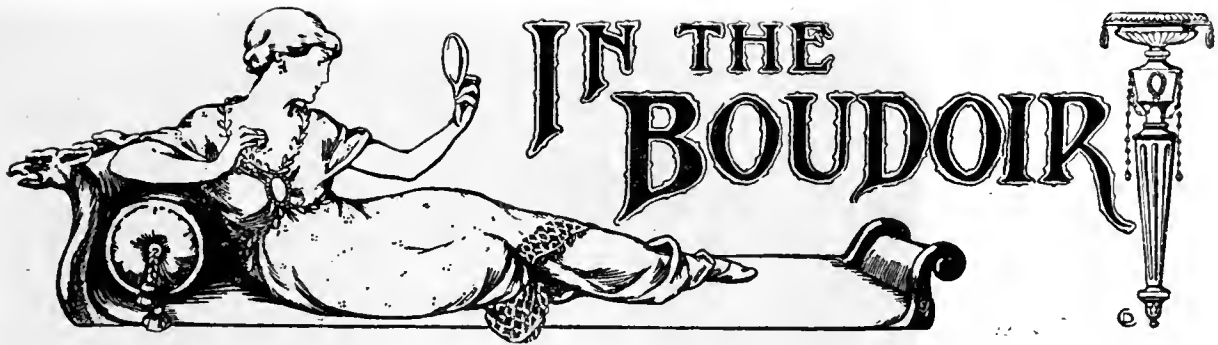
All orders, enquiries and applications for appointment should be addressed to

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN,

Maison de Beauté Valaze,

24, GRAFTON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



By M. E. BROOKE.

THERE can be no two opinions that the fashions at this date in the calendar are particularly fascinating. There are no freaks to chronicle, unless it be the colouring of furs vivid hues, which, after all, will remain the prerogative of the wealthy. Another strange conceit noticeable at a recent modistic reunion was that the mannequins wore transformations to harmonise with their costume. There was one attired in a wonderful lemon-coloured creation shading to orange, the hair being of a darker tone. A purple transformation was seen in conjunction with a toilette that was a study in mauve nuances. Furthermore, with a black and white gown white hair was deemed correct. Not only is the hair dyed to suit the dresses, but the complexions are likewise treated. As a matter of fact the number of shades of powder that are to be found at the various beauty specialist establishments is quite incredible. Among the latest to make its debut is one of a pale violet hue, which counteracts the unbecoming glare of the electric light.

Reverting to the modes of to-day a few words must be said regarding the charm of the tailor suits. They are divided into two distinct classes—the absolutely plain and the habillé. For the former velans as well as covert coatings of all kinds are extensively employed, all of which are very light in weight. Broches, silks, etc., are the favourite materials for the latter. Generally speaking, the coats are short, the back being cut square and semi-fitting. Some of them button from the throat, while the prominent rôle played by the belt and sash cannot be over-estimated. Particularly attractive is the new bolero provided with long sleeves and a deep basque; it terminates several inches above the waist in front, when a sash is visible. The Modified Curate coat on which Lily Elsie set her stamp of approval, has again been revived. It is now, however, trimmed with fur, which greatly enhances its charm. The Russian note is introduced in many

models, which, as will be understood, is a style that is never seen to greater advantage than when generously trimmed with fur. The military collar is noticeable on some of the more extreme models.

In the realm of evening gowns the tunic in many guises reigns supreme, and it is now quite an undisputed fact that those of the lamp-shade character will enjoy a period of prosperity. The skirts of the gowns are slit up in front, revealing a contrasting lining, while the tunics are of a diaphanous material edged with fur, or it may be a deep flounce of black tulle mounted on silver lace. It would seem to be the aim of the notable dressmakers to build a corsage of practically nothing, the fabricating medium being usually flesh-coloured tulle strewn with diamante and other similar gems. Flounces of all kinds are well represented, and there are signs on the horizon that the "bustle" in a modified form may be with us again, as already draperies are being bunched up at the back to give this effect.

Sashes and girdles are very important, and it is well worth noting that some of the beautiful Oriental tissues of which they are made cost from one to two guineas a yard, but, then, the colourings are so beautiful that they beggar description. Regarding the colours, the most popular for evening wear are the whole gamut of wallflower nuances, a particular blue known as toile, titi de negre, cerise, as well as amber.

The vogue for wearing amber is very pronounced. Miss Evelyn D'Alroy in "Love and Laughter" wears a string of the same with two jade pins in her hair, while her sash is of jade green embroidered with yellow, the material of her costume being pale blue charmeuse.

A smart combination of colour is shown in the costume worn by Miss Marie Tempest in "Mary Goes First" at the Playhouse. It is of sapphire-blue velvet, embroidered with gold and worn with a little coat of golden-hued broché trimmed with fur. The hat worn is a mass of ostrich feathers of a shade to correspond with the broché coat.

People I've Met at the Play.

By F. J. Randall,

Author of "The Harbottle Stories."

1.—THE BARKERS OF BERMONDSEY.

WE are at the gallery entrance, a mixed, perspiring crowd. I am not personally acquainted with the Barkers, but learn their name when it is publicly announced. A youngish gentleman immediately before me has inadvertently knocked a greasy bowler over the eyes of a gentleman immediately before him, and there has been a heated discussion to decide whether it was an accident or deliberate.

The owner of the bowler is an aggressive person with closely-cropped hair and a spotted neckerchief. His name is Barker, and he comes from Bermondsey, and he takes a pride in telling us so repeatedly. The announcement was first made for the benefit of the youngish gentleman, who has maintained, somewhat indifferently, that the displacement of the bowler was an accident.

"Which it was, you can bet," says Mr. Barker, "otherwise you wouldn't be standing there. Barker my name is, and don't you forget it!"

The youngish gentleman has lapsed into a dogged silence, and endeavours to appear unconcerned, in which he fails miserably. Mr. Barker lights a clay pipe with slow deliberation.

"You keep your 'ands off my tile, matey, that's all," he says.

"Leave 'im alone, Ted," says a stout lady in front, whom I divine to be Mrs. Barker; "you don't want to 'ave no row with the likes of 'im."

Mr. Barker takes this as an attempt to coerce him into keeping the peace, and sturdily resists the effort.

"Let 'im keep his 'ands off my tile, that's all," he repeats.

He turns a warlike eye on the youngish gentleman, who is staring stonily ahead, and then allows it to fall on myself, and on other peaceful citizens. We hastily avoid his gaze.

"Ted Barker," he says aggressively; "of Bermondsey."

There being no dissentient voice, Mr. Barker removes his greasy bowler, displaying a bullet head to the view of those behind.

"Accident," he jeers, examining his head-gear. "And that's what it was, too." He puts his hat on again. "Or you wouldn't be there where you are," he adds.

I endeavour to get away from this refrain by appearing to be unconscious of it, and look round on my fellow galleryites. There is a distinct nervousness prevalent in our near vicinity. Couples converse in whispers, fearful that the

sound of their voices may incur the displeasure of Mr. Barker and cause him to remind them of who he is and where he comes from. The youngish gentleman is painfully conscious of his position, and is being worked up to an explosive pitch by Mr. Barker's taunts. I am hoping that Mr. Barker is subdued when he nods his head and repeats:

"Keep your 'ands off my tile, that's all."

It sounds like a final adjuration, and we are just assuring ourselves that it is when Mr. Barker takes his pipe from his mouth, turns his head and says warningly:

"Don't forget; Ted Barker my name is——"

"Oh, shut up!" says the youngish gentleman, exasperated.

We cannot guess how Mr. Barker will take this rude retort, for a bolt is noisily withdrawn and the people in front bestir themselves. The doors are open. We surge forward, getting a foothold with difficulty. Those who are prepared clutch their shillings tightly, others make struggling efforts to reach their pockets on the way. Young men seize the opportunity to squeeze their sweethearts, husbands pilot their wives in front, and everybody is anxious to reach the pay-box. I observe that Mr. Barker is more intent on proving an obstacle to the advancement of the youngish gentleman than desirous of making progress himself.

Some slight trouble with a lady's skirt hampers my own advance, and I lose the Barkers until I find a seat inside. It has become my luck to get accommodation in a seat immediately behind the "tile" so much discussed. The Barker family, I discover, consists of four persons, the additional two being a daughter of seventeen and a boy, a miniature representation of the said Ted, bullet head and all.

The play is "Hamlet," and Mr. Barker has seen it before. I have the same advantage myself, otherwise I am sure I should wish him back in Bermondsey or some place considerably warmer.

"What's it abaht?" he says, in reply to a question. "Why Hamlet, of course. Ah, you ought to seen Ford Robinson play it, like I did!"

"I don't care much about these Shakespeer's things," observes Miss Barker.

"Not you," says Ted. "'The Bad Gel of the Fambly's' more in your line, I s'pose. You sit 'ere, you don't want no teachin' like that."

"Don't get a riling of 'er, Ted," says Mrs. Barker. "Billy, stop kicking your feet!"

Billy complains that he can't see, and the rise of the curtain is the signal for Mr. Barker to lodge strong objections to the "fevvers" of a lady in front. He rises to expostulate and is promptly ordered to sit down. Mr. Barker demands to know if he paid his money to see "'ats," and a wordy war brings an attendant on the scene. We hear again who Mr. Barker is and where he comes from, and the lady in front becoming the centre of attention removes her hat unwillingly and somewhat forcibly, and we get at the play.

Mr. Barker doesn't think much of the actor who is portraying Hamlet this evening, and his comparisons between this gentleman's acting and that of Ford Robinson are distinctly odious and unpleasantly audible. He airs his knowledge of the play in between by forecasting what is about to happen.

"Y'see, this bloke who's a ghost, has been done in by his brother, who marries his old gel after and sneaked the throne. You'll hear 'im tell 'Amlet all about it in a minute."

"Is that 'is brother with the long stockings right up 'is legs, Ted?"

"No, that ain't 'im, that's 'Orashus, 'Amlet's mate. You wait a bit, 'e don't come on till the next ack."

Mr. Barker has his merry moments during the play. His sympathies are clearly with Hamlet, and his advice to the Prince of Denmark when the king is present, is to "Dot 'im one!"

Hamlet's lunacy is the occasion of much mirth in Mrs. Barker, and her daughter follows the doings of Ophelia with a mixture of open-mouthed wonder and contempt. Polonius excites Ted to humorous comment, and the family are amused by a forecast of what would happen if he appeared in Bermondsey "in that long shirt."

Mr. Barker retires in search of refreshment after each act, becoming more bold and bellicose as the play proceeds. His wife and daughter retain their seats and eat oranges, which are supplemented by occasional swigs from a bottle Mr. Barker carries in his pocket, and which is taken away at each interval to be refilled. During the whole length of the play Billy Barker succeeds in making himself an unconscionable nuisance to everyone in his near neighbourhood.

"Now, in this ack," says Mr. Barker, as the curtain rises for the last time, "we get the fighting. 'Amlet gets killed and so does the other chap, Lavurts; and the king and queen, too. They fight a dool. But before that——"

"Order!" says a sharp voice in the rear.

Mr. Barker is in no mood to be called to order, and in his efforts to find his critic he loses some of the play, uses language, and manages to make a commotion. We have the attendant with us again, and their interview is of an unsatisfactory

character to all concerned, and to others. Mr. Barker looks upon himself as a wronged man. He tries to catch my eye but I am absorbed in the play. Mrs. Barker and her daughter by turns have to give him an attentive ear, and he succeeds in effectively spoiling their enjoyment of the finale.

Mrs. Barker is sulky as they troop out, and Billy follows howling as they go, with a stinging cut over the ear for bad behaviour.

I meet an acquaintance in the exit and get out with the stragglers. My last glimpse of the Barker family is got as they retire through the doors of an adjacent public-house.

The Actress at Home.

Every actress should have a hobby. It is part of her stage equipment, as it allows her artistic energy to renew itself while her mind is occupied with matters less exacting.

Few ladies have such a practical hobby as Miss Daisy Thimm, who prides herself on being a household expert. She loves "fussing about her little home" seeing that everything is spotless and in perfect order, arranging the flowers and doing all sorts of light tasks. Going to market every morning is a joy, and so is cooking! She claims to be a finished performer on the chafing dish, and her friends are enthusiastic over the savoury dishes she prepares.

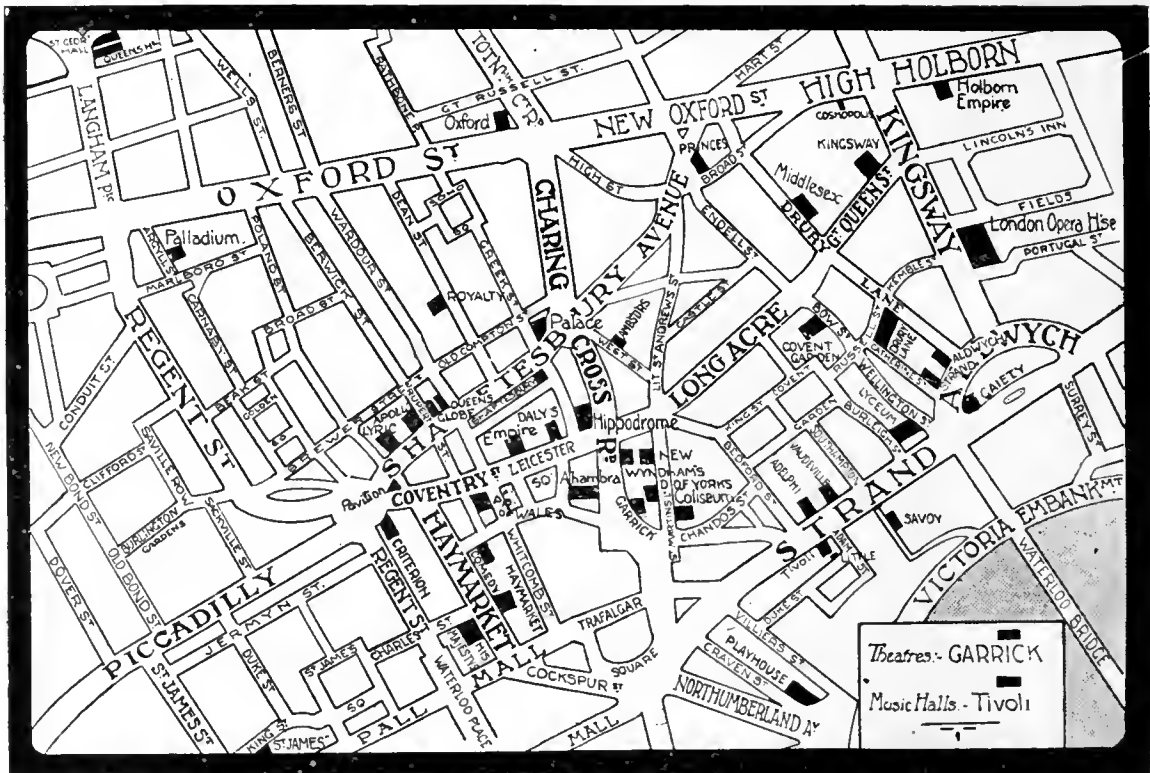
The love of housekeeping is by no means unusual among leading actresses. Many, of course, cannot be much in their homes, but after an actress has toured for some years and then finds herself established in London, Miss Thimm declares, she doesn't lose any time in taking a little house or flat and creating the home atmosphere. Moreover, she often does real housework herself for the fun of it.

The popular actress thinks women are born homemakers, whether they are actresses or not. She instances Ellen Terry as an example. In all her wanderings over the globe she has kept a home in one corner of it, and her house in the country now is perfectly charming. She takes as much pride in it as if she were not the great actress she is, but just an ordinary housewife.

That charming actress Miss Julia James rejoices in the fact that she is a bachelor girl. While in Paris a short time ago, where she sang in "The Arcadians" in French, she firmly declined to become either a French viscountess or marchioness. "I don't want to marry," she protests. "I've got my own little house in London, and I collect lacquer and pewter and old prints, and I'm desirous of achieving something in my profession."

The Playgoer's Guide.

Theatres and Music Halls at a Glance.



Current Attractions at the Theatres.

[The exact situation of the theatres in the following list will be found by a reference to the above map.]

Aldwych (Aldwych).—"The Ever Open Door."
 Ambassadors (West Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"I Love You."
 Apollo (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"Never Say Die."
 Comedy (Panton Street, Haymarket).—"The New Duke."
 Court (Sloane Square).—"Hindle Wakes."
 Criterion (Piccadilly Circus).—"Oh! I Say!!"
 Daly's (Leicester Square).—"The Marriage Market."
 Drury Lane (Drury Lane).—"Sealed Orders."
 Duke of York's (St. Martin's Lane).—"The Adored One" and "The Will."
 Gaiety (Strand).—"The Girl on the Film."
 Garrick (Charing Cross Road).—"The Real Thing."
 Haymarket (Haymarket).—"Within the Law."
 His Majesty's (Haymarket).—"Joseph and His Brethren."

Kingsway (Great Queen Street).—"The Great Adventure."
 Lyceum (Wellington Street).—"The Beggar Girl's Wedding."
 Lyric (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"Love and Laughter."
 New (St. Martin's Lane).—"The Laughing Husband."
 Playhouse (Northumberland Avenue).—"Mary Goes First."
 Prince of Wales's (Coventry Street).—"The Fugitive."
 Queen's (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"This Way, Madam."
 Royalty (Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Interlopers."
 St. James's (King Street, St. James's).—"Androcles and the Lion."
 Savoy (Strand).—"The Grand Seigneur."
 Shaftesbury (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Pearl Girl."
 Vaudeville (Strand).—"Collision."
 Wyndham's (Charing Cross Road).—"Diplomacy."

What the Playgoer Pays.

THE laws of supply and demand are hopelessly inoperative in the case of the theatre. The privilege of calling the tune proverbially belongs to the person who pays the piper, but never is the customer of the theatre permitted to regulate the amount of his contribution. The playgoer may certainly select his seat from a graduated scale of charges, but that only affects his comfort and convenience. The standard of prices remains the same whatever the quality of the goods. By the terms of an inexorable rule the West End theatre is committed to the system of half-a-guinea for a stall, with the other seats in proportion.

The playgoer pays. He puts down his money the same for the dullest play as for the most brilliant production, as much for the sumptuously mounted musical comedy, with all its wealth of splendour, as for the least costly entertainment put before him. Some productions there are, of course, that cannot be estimated at money's worth, but to most of them a market value can be attached.

No one wants to pay more for an article than is absolutely necessary. The millionaire is as keen to achieve a sound deal in motor-cars as the business man is to drive a hard bargain, or the housewife to replenish her larder at the lowest market prices. But the patron of the play has to take what is offered or leave it. And the theatres suffer accordingly. How much more remunerative for the stalls to be full at five shillings than empty at half-a-guinea!

Popular prices, as they are called, have been tried with encouraging success at the newer theatres. For a number of years the Lyceum has been running melodrama, Shakespeare, and pantomime with a 5s. stall and a sixpenny gallery, and the New Princes has done good business at the same tariff. Recently, the Aldwych has followed suit with every promise of prosperity.

The system of fees is one which would also bear amendment. When he has paid his entrance money, the playgoer's liabilities are by no means discharged. There are the cloakroom and the programme to settle for—6d. each in the better portions of the house, and in the former case the voucher often bears the warning that the management are not responsible for loss or damage to the property in their charge! Americans, who are much more liberally catered for, ridicule us. The other night, I am told, a millionaire from the States, after giving sixpence to the girl who showed him to his seat, sixpence for the programme, sixpence to the cloak-room attendant, and sixpence to the commissionaire who called

his motor-brougham, said to the last-named servant, "I walked along a strip of carpet just now for which I haven't paid; please hand this shilling over to the management!"

Is it any wonder that the effort to combat the competition of music hall and picture palace is often abortive? No less an authority than Mr. Cyril Maude, who himself houses his patrons hospitably, has told his brother managers that he did not see why theatres could not seat the public as well as the music hall did. He was beginning to be convinced that as long as the ordinary seeker after amusement found that he got a real comfortable seat at a continuous show for a small price, he would decline to pay four times that amount to sit on an uncomfortable padded bench.

I do not advocate so drastic a descent as some of the prices indicated above. It might be a 25 per cent. reduction, or it might be 75 per cent., but the playgoer should be able to say: "A seat in the upper circle of this theatre is worth 4s., but a seat in the same position at that theatre is worth 2s. and no more," and select the house most compatible with his views. A revision of prices of admission would be better for the play and better for the playgoer, and might often be the means of turning the ebbing tide of failure into the flowing tide of success.

POLONIUS.

The Drama League Bulletin.

The first bulletin of the Drama League, a newly-formed society designed to represent the interests of playgoers, is to hand. The "bulletin" is issued as a guide to the members of the League in the matter of selecting plays, chiefly in order that they may rally to the support of those which the League considers worthy, and possibly save them from an untimely end.

"Androcles and the Lion," at the St. James's, is treated in the September bulletin, and the committee thus declares: This production is very strongly recommended. The professional critiques, for the most part, were strangely misleading, and each member is advised to form an individual opinion regarding it. The acting is of the high standard playgoers associate with all Granville Barker's productions. It speaks a great deal for Miss McCarthy's artistic sense and the ability of Mr. O. P. Heggie (Androcles) and Mr. E. Sillward (the Lion) that her strong personality and outstanding charm and dignity, as the martyr Lavinia, does not destroy the balance of the play.

La Belle Constance.

By Alfred Barnard.

"**K** NOW many pro's?" asked Jack Engleton, who was supporting the outer wall of the New London Theatre with his right shoulder until such time as the management should think it advisable to open the pit door and let in the long, eager, waiting queue.

"Not many," replied his companion, a colleague in the office, named Algernon Charles. The tone indicated that he might be acquainted with one, a dozen, a hundred, or a thousand—but certainly not more. "The Nut," as Algernon was called by intimates in the office, intended Jack to believe that he was acquainted with not a few.

"I only know *one*," said Jack, not without a touch of jealousy.

"Who?"

"Dick Solariety."

"Who?"

Jack repeated the name rather nervously, as though not quite sure that he had been wise in mentioning it!

"Dick Solariety!"

"Never heard of him," said The Nut.

"Not heard of him! Why, he's one of the finest comedians I ever saw! He's *it*!"

"I've never heard of him, and there are few I don't know—at least, know *of*. What's he in now?"

"Well, I don't quite know," responded Jack, colouring slightly.

"Where was he last?" persisted The Nut, determined to probe to the bottom the mystery of the existence of a comedian whom he did not know—or, at least, know *of*.

"I saw him at Bargate-on-Sea during my holidays. Got to know him awfully well; had a couple of drinks with him."

"Bargate? Which theatre?" persisted The Nut.

"Well, he wasn't exactly in a theatre; he was the funny man in Walpole's Wimpernels—on the beach, you know."

The Nut stared at Jack Engleton in silence for a space. Then, with a touch of scorn, he said:

"I was talking about *pro's*, not *pierrots*. Why, I——"

"Well, Dick——" faintly protested Jack, feeling none the less uncomfortable because a very smart little girl, with "lady typist" stamped all over her, had ceased to converse with her companion just behind in order to listen to the manner in which The Nut was scoring over him.

"Lord bless the man!" broke in The Nut, mainly for the benefit of pleasing the typist, of whose attention he was conscious. "But buskers

ain't pro's. I mean *pro's*—like La Belle Constance, whom we're going to see to-night. I know *her*."

"Really!" returned Jack, trying to feel less uncomfortable, although the presence of the typist made that impossible.

"Yes"—with a glance over his shoulder—"my sister-in-law used to know her when she was eleven—when she first went on the stage at a pound a week. She's getting £150 now. She's *it*. Jolly fine. You wait till you see her to-night."

"I'm looking forward to it—rather!"

Jack was recovering his prestige in the eyes of the typist because he was a friend of the man who knew La Belle Constance.

"Yes, she's fine; but she's a devil."

"So? How?"

"Oh, she plays up everybody. Goes into a shop and turns the place inside out without buying anything—and all that."

"Phew!" whistled Jack. "Is that so?"

"Rather! Flings contracts in the faces of managers because her dressing-room isn't just what she thinks it ought to be."

"My word, does she, though?"

"And if anybody else in the play scores over her—gets more applause, you know, and that sort of thing—she'd as soon bundle them into the orchestra as look at them."

"You don't say so. Why, I should never have thought——"

But exactly what it was Jack would never have thought neither the young lady typist nor her friend nor Algernon Charles ever knew, for just at that moment the multitude of feet of the many-footed queue started to shuffle. There was a general move forward, the theatre had descended to open its doors, and conversation was interrupted.

The moment the movement started Algernon raised his hat and politely invited the typist to "keep close up" in order that the hooligans at the back should not push her and her friend out of the place to which they were legitimately entitled. Stumbling up a few steps, a momentary jam in a corner while planking down half-crowns on a zinc patch at the mouth of the ticket office, and then a stampede brought them to their seats.

Algernon and Jack secured seats in the centre of the front row of the pit, and a glance over the shoulder sufficed to show them that the typist and her friend were immediately behind them.

Sure of a good audience, Algernon proceeded to follow up the subject of La Belle Constance.

"You've no idea," said he, now quite openly addressing the ladies behind, as well as Jack, "no idea at all what La Belle is like. On the stage a dream—beautiful, lovely. She's——"

"Sweet," murmured the typist.

"That's *it*," replied Algernon, gratified—"sweet. But off the stage—well, every step she takes gets her into a quarrel with someone. She's always scrapping. Ask any dressmaker or milliner in London. She's tried 'em all, and after turning the heads of the men bald and the hair of madames grey, she's left 'em all with gowns specially made for her on their hands, because she declares they don't fit. Hundreds of pounds' worth of gowns all over London. Hats worth thousand—hats galore, ordered by her that she won't have! Oh, I tell you. she's *it*!"

"Yet she is so sweet on the stage," murmured the young lady at the back.

"Yes, on the stage; but *off*—my word! Why the first night of this piece she refused to go on just at the last moment because the manager hadn't raised his hat to her as he passed her on the way to her dressing-room. Refused to go on! Think of it!"

"What did they do?" asked Jack.

"Whatever did they?" came from the typist at the back.

"Why, put on her understudy until the manager apologised."

"And did he apologise?" asked the typist, breathlessly.

"Did he! I should rather think so. Would have got the sack if he hadn't. and——"

The lights went down. The orchestra burst into melody and conversation ceased.

Jack had been much interested by his colleague's inner knowledge. He was longing to see La Belle, of whom he now knew so much. London was raving about her; but how much more interesting was she to the few who really knew what she was like off the stage! The curtain was up and a chorus of beautiful ladies absorbed the gaze of the audience.

In a few moments La Belle, to a round of applause, made her entrance.

Jack had never seen her before this, and he had never been so deeply impressed by anyone in all his life. From the moment she came on he ceased to bother about the story of the play. He feasted his eyes upon her while she was on, and fretted feverishly for her reappearance when she was off. Algernon whispered remarks to him from time to time, but these he did not hear. So at last Algernon addressed his remarks to the ladies behind.

For Jack's vision there was only one object—a slight girl dressed in a pretty silk frock that came down to her knees. She had a rather small,

round laughing face; a pair of the finest and brownest eyes he had ever beheld.

When the curtain went down on the first act he was "all gone" on La Belle, and during the interval he was scarcely aware that Algernon was buying chocolates for the lady typist and her friend. His thoughts were running riot around La Belle. He already disbelieved every word that Algernon had said of her. How could that sweet little girl ever refuse to accept delivery of a dress that didn't fit? Preposterous! How could she throw a contract in a manager's face? Absurd! Or push a brother or sister artist into the orchestra? Utterly ridiculous! Algernon must be a liar! There could be no other word for him. Jack could never believe it. Why, she was as sweet as——

"Never think she got a stage manager the sack because her dressing-room table had a dead wasp on it, would you?"

Algernon's voice broke in upon Jack's reflection with a jarring note.

"Would you?" persisted The Nut.

"You wouldn't," murmured the lady typist and her friend with chocolate-laden breath.

"Would *you*?" repeated Algernon, nudging Jack.

"I wouldn't, and I don't!" barked Jack suddenly, and his jaw snapped on the words.

Algernon winked at the lady typist behind him. Probably he wanted to wink at her in any case, and Jack afforded him an excellent excuse.

The wink was accompanied by the words:

"Poor Jack's got it like all the men who don't know her."

"Sh-h-h!"

Another chocolate-laden breath from the typist behind, the curtain went up, and the audience, especially Jack, became once more absorbed.

Jack did not know that he was, within a few minutes, to live the greatest moment of his life. Yet he remembered long afterwards that there was some strange force working within him. He was in a condition when anything might happen to him. It would not have surprised him if he had become suddenly possessed of wings and flown to the stage to carry off La Belle Constance.

To explain his condition simply, he was as much in love with La Belle Constance as a young ledger clerk earning the biggest salary he could screw out of a skinflint firm, and with absolutely no prospects whatever, could be with an actress earning £150 a week, which, of course, is being in love to a far greater degree than a duke with £50,000 a year (if there be any such left) can be with a chorus girl earning two pounds a week.

Love—just that. And the only circumstance that could have caused him to withdraw his gaze

from the stage while La Belle was on would have been the possession of a pistol with which he could have blown out Algernon's brains for having said a word against the lady who had enthralled him.

Several times Algernon, whispering to the chocolate-consuming nymphs behind him, and indicating Jack with a crooked thumb, whispered, "He's got it—bad!"

A wonderful deflection of the eyelid accompanied the words each time.

Jack, all unconscious of these mundane trivialities, worshipped La Belle, and went serenely but steadily gasp by gasp to the greatest moment of his life.

It came at last.

The chorus, led by La Belle, who carried a basket of flowers beautifully bunched for distribution among the audience, glided from the stage across the gangway that, *à la Reinhardt*, was an essential part of the show. The gangway ended a yard away from the centre of the front seat in the pit. A yard away from Jack, in fact.

There paused the smiling, entrancing La Belle, whilst she hurled floral tributes to the audience clamouring for them.

Mechanically Jack raised his hands, and for one brief moment his blood boiled in the sunlight of a glance from those wonderful eyes.

A bunch of violets fell into his palms, and he knew no more except that he held them.

Over his head flew other bunches, and the lady typist dropped her bag of chocolates in catching one. Algernon caught a third bunch, and gave it to the lady typist's friend. Jack held on to his, and was still crushing it between his palms when the curtain went down on Act II.

A buzz of conversation filled the theatre. Jack gradually slid out of a dream, and as he did so became conscious of something cutting into the palms of his hands. While Algernon and the ladies behind were engrossed in chatter that foreboded a further meeting at no distant date between The Nut and the lady typist, Jack half opened his palms between his knees and looked.

Perhaps it was a piece of wire used to bind the flowers together. Yet—

Something in his hands, nestling among the flowers, dazzled his eyes. He nearly choked with excitement. He stared and strained until his eyes ached.

It was a diamond ring.

It was her ring—the diamond ring of La Belle Constance! He realised it suddenly. His understanding, working in spite of his enthralled self, told him that in throwing that bunch of flowers which he now held, La Belle's ring had slipped from her finger.

And now he held it. Now he could go to her. Here was something which he must return to her.

He would meet her face to face. She would thank him. Shake him by the hand. It was Fate—Fate, that's what it was. As soon as the show was over he would—

"Wake up, old man! I was just saying: the last row La Belle had was with a policeman on point duty at Charing Cross, because he wouldn't hold up the traffic for her while she crossed the road. You wouldn't think it, would you?"

"N—n—no," murmured Jack, with a dry tongue.

"Why, what's the matter? Feel faint? It's the heat. Take three deep breaths and—"

"Is he ill?" asked the lady typist.

"N—n—no. I'm O.K.!" murmured Jack, recovering and grasping the ring so firmly that the stones cut his flesh. "But I think I'll get outside for a bit."

With which Jack got up and struggled along to the exit. A growing growl followed him out. He left many aching toes behind him, and occasionally kicked something which might conceivably have been a shin.

At last he got out, and, acting upon impulse, approached the commissioner.

"Where's the stage door?" he asked.

The commissioner regarded him stolidly and silently for nearly a minute, very much with the eye of a man sympathetically inclined towards a pal who had suddenly gone mad.

"First on the right—sharp turn to the left."

Jack, still grasping the ring, dashed off, and, reaching the stage door breathlessly enquired of that phlegmatic person, the stage-door keeper, for "Miss Constance." The stage-door keeper required his name, which he gave. With breathless anticipation he waited for the result of this first step towards an interview with the woman who had fascinated him. He lived years of anxiety in the minutes he waited. La Belle would not know his name! She would refuse to see him! Of course, he ought to have thought of that. But how could he send his name in in such a way that she would give him an interview? How—

"Miss Constance says will you state your business?"

The phlegmatic gentleman who daily acted as a bodyguard to the Stars broke in upon his thoughts.

For a moment he stared wildly. Then he stammered incoherently something like "personal—won't keep her a minute."

The phlegmatic gentleman became very serious:

"State your business, please."

The soul of Jack Engleton seemed to burst into flame: anyhow, he felt that there was an explosion somewhere inside.

"Hang it all, I must see her!" he blurted out, "why, I've got her ring!"

"What!" gasped the phlegmatic gentleman, "you've got it!—why, she's raising Cain inside—turning the place upside down—swears that—well, you come this way now—come on, sir, we're all glad to see you. No, don't take your hat off, it's draughty. Where on earth did you get——?"

While the stage-door keeper, now regarding Jack as nothing short of an angel out of heaven, was thus talking he was leading Jack along corridors, up stairs, round corners, by quaintly-dressed and painted-faced beings, who looked very different to him in close contact from what they did in "front." At last, so dazed that he couldn't have found his way back to the stage door unaided had he tried, he came upon a group of people in the passage. Like others he had passed, they were dressed in all sorts and conditions of dresses of the play. They formed a half-circle round an open dressing-room door. Radiating from that open door came bright light and also the sound of a voice raised in anger, a girl's voice, a voice that sounded as familiar to Jack as though he had known it for a lifetime.

"I tell you," the voice was saying to the half-circle around the door, in the centre of which stood a dejected figure in evening dress, the theatre manager, "I tell you I left my ring here on the table. I'll have the theatre turned inside out and upside down if you don't find it at once!"

"But are you sure you——"

The manager tried to get in a word. Accustomed to these moments of difficulty, he had bided his time, but had leapt in at the wrong moment, after all.

"Am I sure? Don't you think I know what I'm doing? I left my ring here—somebody has——"

"But my dear Miss Constance——"

The manager's turn, however, was not yet.

"It's no good you talking. I say I left my ring here, and I know what I'm doing. I——"

"Ahem—hem! Beg pardon, Miss Constance, but this gentleman's got your ring!"

The voice of the stage-door keeper arrested the attention of all, and Jack found himself suddenly the uncomfortable centre of observation, a dozen pairs of eyes being suddenly riveted on his face.

"You've got my ring?" cried La Belle Constance, stepping forward and breaking through the half circle. "Where is it? Where did you get it?"

Jack stammered considerably, but managed to articulate, as he held out towards her the ring:

"You see, it came off when you threw these violets, and I caught it and——"

"So you didn't leave it on your dressing-table, after all!" said the manager triumphantly.

For a moment La Belle Constance flashed her beautiful eyes upon him. Then she said,

"That's none of your business!"

The manager wilted, at which there could be little wonder.

La Belle came close up to Jack, and having slipped her ring on—as Jack noted with a pang—she placed her hands on his shoulders, and, looking into his eyes as though she loved him better than anybody or anything on earth, she said,

"You're a dear, sweet, kind man! I never can thank you enough. Come right into my dressing-room and talk to me! You're worth all these"—a wave of the hand indicated the universe—"put together!"

And Jack, her arm suddenly linked through his, was led very much as a lamb to the slaughter.

She talked to him, she petted him, she bewildered him, and presently said good-bye to him in a way that made him feel as though he was about to evaporate. She gave him an autographed photograph of herself wearing one of her most bewitching smiles and endless frills and feminine adornments.

Jack stumbled out of the theatre, going down several corridors that led nowhere in his effort to find the stage door. He finally owed his emancipation to the stage-door keeper, who had really seen many young men lose their way after coming out of La Belle's room.

He did not re-enter the pit. Instead, he paced up and down, cooling his head in the night air until at last his friend escorting the chocolate-consuming nymphs came out.

"Hullo, old man, feel better?" asked Algernon.

"What a shame you had to miss the show!" murmured the lady typist and her friend in chorus.

"Much better, thanks!" replied Jack.

"That's the game," responded Algernon gladly. "I'm just seeing these ladies to their train! Good-bye—see you to-morrow!"

Jack said good-bye, not being sufficiently himself to suggest participating in the pleasure, although the lady typist's friend certainly looked volumes of invitations at him.

Left to himself, he mounted a 'bus, and talked to himself so much that a nervous person occupying the seat next to him got off the vehicle before reaching her destination. He talked about La Belle to himself until he got home and into bed. Then he dreamt about her.

In the morning he awoke with a terrible headache, and, as he sat up in bed, he muttered:

"Oh, she is lovely, but—*fancy being married to her!!*"

THE END.

The Variety Theatres.

"The Gay Lothario," at the Empire.

Vaudeville in One Scene, by C. H. Bovill.

Music by Frank Tours.

Produced on Monday, September 15.

Messrs. Shaun Glenville, Rene Koval, Vernon Watson, Charles Troode, and Fred Payne, Misses Kate Sergeantson, Unity More, Florence Helm, Peggy Evelyn, and Maidie Hope.

A complete change in the Empire pabulum was made by the production of "The Gay Lothario," which claims to be neither revue nor musical comedy, but just a "vaudeville." As a fact it proved to be a mixture, and a very palatable one, of all three. The novelty has few of those terpsichorean evolutions with which the Leicester Square House is associated, but it made a signal success, and one that was not a little due to the inclusion in the cast of a new comedian who has not before figured in an important production in the West End.

The title of the piece refers to the musical comedy of the same name that is being produced at "Bailey's Theatre," London. The actor who gives the play its name is a rare public favourite and is so sought after by the ladies that his manager is obliged to insert in his contract a clause to the effect that he shall not marry within a given period under a thousand pounds penalty. He does marry, but secretly, and takes his bride, who had been a widow, to a remote seaside resort to spend the honeymoon.

Unhappily, the same place is chosen for a holiday by his manager, Sir George Toorish, who had himself cherished a warm regard for the widow. There is thus a double reason why Bailey must not know that his leading man is married, and the newly-wedded husband has the chagrin of looking on while Toorish makes love to his wife. All things come right in the end with the ease characteristic of the class of comedy. Bailey is let into the secret and is induced to forego the fine.

The amorous theatrical manager was undertaken by Mr. Shaun Glenville, who was diverting throughout. He lost no opportunity of making fun, and the sight of the jovial Toorish in a borrowed dress suit with concertina trousers, endeavouring to descend the grand staircase of a hotel gracefully, was indescribably droll. Laughter was also occasioned by Mr. Vernon Watson, who, as a stage-struck noodle, varied his humorous performance by truly able impersonations of Sir Herbert Tree and innumerable star actors. Miss Maidie Hope was a smart

and vivacious bride, and Miss Unity More revelled in the roguishness of a young lady who is "gone" on the stage.

The piece has some bright songs and sparkling melodies, and the manner in which it was received gave the highest hopes of success.

"Half-an-Hour," at the Hippodrome.

Play, in One Act and Three Scenes, by Sir James Barrie.

Produced on Monday, September 29.

Messrs. Edmund Gwenn, Sydney Valentine, Frank Esmond, J. Woodall-Birde, and James English, Miss Gertrude Lang, Miss Netta Westcott, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

A Barrie play at a variety theatre is an event of outstanding importance, and an audience worthy of the occasion assembled to do it honour. The playlet was a finished exposition of an episode hardly within the bounds of probability, but dramatic to a degree.

The half hour of the piece is fateful to the life of Lady Lilian Garson, who, having quarrelled with her husband—a rich, vulgar plebeian—decides to go off to Egypt with a young engineer whose ship is about to sail. The lover goes out to call a cab in which to travel to the station and is run over and killed.

The tragedy has such an effect on Lady Lilian that she returns home to her husband.

Meanwhile, the doctor who had attended the dying man proves, by a remarkable coincidence, to be one of the dinner-party which Lady Lilian's husband is giving, and the intensity of the play lies in the way in which her ladyship manages to avoid letting her husband know of her escapade, although the doctor tells the story to the guests, without, however, divulging the name of the parties interested.

Artistes of the first class enhanced the chances of the play, and it must be said that success was completely achieved. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had been secured for the arduous part of the wife, and proved herself once again the consummate artist. No actor could do better justice to the rôle of the hectoring brute Mr. Garson than Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and his portrayal was effective in every respect. Mr. Sydney Valentine, coming on from his engagement in "The Will" at the Duke of York's, added to the effect of the piece by his able performance of the doctor, and a neat sketch of a lodging-house slavey was given by Miss Gertrude Lang. The playlet was enthusiastically received.

"Nobby, V.C.," at the Oxford.

Musical Military Play.

Book and Music by Daisy McGeoch.

Produced on Monday, September 22.

Miss Gladys Doree-Thorne, Mr. John Browne, Mr. Sam Walsh, and Mr. Hayden Coffin.

Memories of former triumphs were revived by Mr. Hayden Coffin in the musical playlet which was produced at the Oxford on the 22nd ult. He appeared as a private of a Highland regiment stationed in India, who for his aristocratic bearing has gained the sobriquet of "Nobby" and for his bravery has won the Victoria Cross. Nobby is really a scion of nobility, but rather than give his hand where his heart could never be he had left the ancestral home and joined the Army.

Curiously enough, the lady his father wanted him to marry had similar sentiments and became a Red Cross nurse. Neither of the young people had seen each other, so it follows inevitably that the lady who tends "Nobby" during the healing of the wound incurred in saving a comrade's life is the very one whom his father intended he should marry. So congratulations all round!

Mr. Hayden Coffin bore himself nobly as the Highlander hero, and sang his songs with all his old expression. Miss Gladys Doree-Thorne made a comely and melodious nurse, and fun was liberally supplied by Mr. Sam Walsh as a cockney private.

Ode to Sarah Bernhardt.

Following are the lines written by Mr. Owen Seaman, the Editor of *Punch*, and dedicated to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for the benefit performance at the Coliseum in aid of the Charing Cross and French Hospitals on Oct. 11:

If in the cup of all delight

Some bitter dregs are left to drain

For those who think on other's pain

On suffering hid from pity's sight

Through weary noon and lonely night;

So it is not with us to-day:

This hour at least may lightly speed

Because we know what cruel need

The fruit it bears shall timely stay,

What tears our hands shall wipe away,

For this she brings her golden dowers,

Tragedy's Queen from over seas,

To soften life's own tragedies,

And fashion in a chain of flowers

New links to bind her land to ours.

And touched afresh, our hearts embrace

Their presence who, in such a cause,

Loyal to Love's imperial laws,

Still claim, beyond all pride of place,

The right of Kings to serve their race.

Notes.

"Marie Lloyd at Liberty." So ran one of the headlines dealing with the case of Miss Lloyd's temporary detention at New York. Incredible! You may search the back page of "The Era" for twenty years past without finding one instance in which the "queen of comedienues" advertised that she was disengaged.

The music-hall is about to lose one of its brightest stars—brightest that is in the matter of personality as well as of effulgence. Happy Fanny Fields is to be married, and on November 8 she leaves England for America, where the wedding knot is to be tied on the 27th. The happy bride's no less happy bridegroom is Dr. A. J. Rongy, whom she met in New York under romantic circumstances some five years ago.

Happy Fanny has had twelve years on the music-hall stage. Her chance came in America during the performance of a musical comedy. An awkward wait occurred through trouble with the scenery, and the manager called out to the fourteen-year-old girl, "Happy kid, can you do anything?" The "Happy kid" could, and gave the audience the weeping act and the laughing act which have since become "variety" classics. At sixteen she was a "star," and a few years later found her at the Royal Command performance at the Palace.

Once again has the music hall come in for Royal recognition, the King and Queen graciously giving their patronage to the "Good Samaritan" performance at the Coliseum on the 11th. All the stars of both professions combined to make the event a memorable one. Sir Henry Wood made for the occasion a special orchestral arrangement of the French National Anthem, "The Marseillaise," written by Rouget de L'Isle.

The newest novelty at the London Hippodrome is called "The Escalade, or Magic Staircase." It comes from New York, and is a most ingenious contrivance. Upon a staircase which rises the whole width of the stage, from the floor to flies, an army of charmingly arrayed girls go through a number of cleverly executed marches and countermarches, finally grouping themselves in an effective ensemble. At intervals in their pretty manoeuvres a number of variety turns are given, including Leslie Sarony, an American "buck" dancer; Willie Solar, a "leg maniac" and Miss Mazie King, whose ballet dancing delighted a crowded house.

The Picture Playgoer.

A REMARKABLE advance has been made of late in the development of English cinematography, and though I have no desire whatever to decry the output of foreign firms, it is good to know that British enterprise stands in a fair way of holding its own. I allude particularly to the production by the new firm the London Film Company, of which Sir William Bass is chairman and Mr. R. T. Jupp one of the directors. Their first essay took the form of that essentially English subject, "The House of Temperley," written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and a picture was produced perfect as possible in every detail. So engrossed was I indeed in the story on the screen that when I saw Mr. Ben Webster, the principal actor, who had been witnessing the picture from the circle, coming out after the show on the occasion of its production at the West End Cinema, I marvelled for the moment how quickly he had removed his make-up!

The story of "The House of Temperley," as is well-known, is British from every point of view, and as it was enacted amid English surroundings, with every national characteristic, its realism was complete. The climatic conditions are against the making of pictures in the open, but the London Film Company surmounted all difficulties, and though many miles of film were "scrapped" before the desired result was obtained, a triumph was secured in the end.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and his talented wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, journeyed down to Lululand, Sir Hubert von Herkomer's beautiful home in Bushey, Herts, in order to enact for filming purposes the letter-reading scene from "Macbeth." The popular players seemed quite in their element and acted with all their wonted artistry. This is the first time this eminent actor and actress have acted for the purposes of a film production, and "Macbeth" is sure to prove attractive.

An enthusiast in cinematography is Sir Hubert Herkomer, who superintends the filming of pictures at Bushey. His first film, entitled "The Old Wood Carver," has been produced at Bushey, and was recently projected on the screen for

the delectation of a private audience, Sir Hubert himself acting the old wood carver with distinction. The fourteenth-century romance had an admirable setting in the beautiful scenery around the artist's picturesque home, the village festivities of the period being faithfully reproduced, and providing some perfect rural pictures. Miss May Blaney, leading lady at the Strand Theatre in "The Barrier," played the rôle of the old wood carver's daughter with naturalness.

Distinguished actors are entering quite enthusiastically into the art of playing to the camera. Sir Herbert Tree long since tasted its delights, and among the most recent of the leading actors are Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Martin Harvey, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Seymour Hicks. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has been screened in "Hamlet," and the representation of Shakespeare's famous play at the New Gallery Cinema, Regent-street, delighted a crowded house, in which representatives of art, literature, society, and the drama figured. While one of course missed the immortal lines of the tragedy, some compensation was found in seeing the events portrayed in a way impossible on the regular stage. Sir Johnston's play of feature was eloquent in the extreme, and those familiar with the text of the play had no difficulty in forming many of the sentences supposed to fall from the lips of the moody Dane. Miss Gertrude Elliott was the Ophelia, and the rest of the Drury Lane company officiated in the remaining parts.

The latest discoveries of science were allied in a novel way on the occasion, for Sir Johnston, then on his way to America, sent the following message by wireless:—"It is with infinite regret that I cannot be with you to-night. The call of work leads me to America, and, after that, rest. I hope your audience will enjoy our pictorial representation of 'Hamlet.' In bidding you *au revoir* I am not saying good-bye. My wife and colleagues join me in this message.—FORBES-ROBERTSON."

The King has shown interest in the cinema on many occasions, and the Royal Princes are almost regular visitors to the Marble Arch Electric Palace when the Royal Family is in town. It

has nevertheless been asserted in more than one quarter that high-class films do not pay; but that statement is designated as absurd by Mr. E. Laurillard, of the New Gallery Cinema. "We have," says Mr. Laurillard, "consistently aimed at the New Gallery and our other theatres at securing the highest class of film possible, and the large audiences we have every day are ample testimony to the appreciation of the films. As a matter of fact, we have been so successful with the production of 'Hamlet' and other high-class films that we are going further and have secured a film from Paris, played by leading Parisian actors, of Dumas' 'Three Musketeers.'"

A "Fashion Gazette," duly "edited," is the latest use to which the cinematograph is put. The new scheme consists of a series of life-motion pictures in natural colours, illustrating all phases of the mode. Fashions in society, sport, the car, aviation, society dancing and on the stage, etc., are shown amid charming surroundings. A large proportion of the illustrations will, it is said, be reliable indications of the coming modes, and it is safe to predict that the Urban Kinemacolor "Fashion Gazette" at the Scala will be popular with the fair sex, who will thus be able to see the fashions of beautiful living models, in correct colours, exactly as they are worn.

The fashions from the stage are demonstrated by leading actresses. Mme. Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky) denotes the "Beauty of Linc"; Miss Joy Chatwyn demonstrates the Grecian mode; Mme. Bonita illustrates, among other fashions, those of "Rag-time"; Miss Dorothy Minto presents a series of simple fashions; Miss Sybil de Bray, from the Criterion Theatre, displays the charm of bridal array; and "Coming Modes" are indicated by Miss Violet Essex and other fascinating ladies.

The editress of the Gazette is Miss Abby Meehan. "A fresh issue of the Gazette," says Miss Meehan, "will be shown on the screen at least four times a year when the fashions are changing, and will run to the end of each season, being in the meantime kept up-to-date, the firms who participate in the production having the option of changing their fashions in order to keep step with the mode."

The cost of producing cinematograph films runs frequently to inconceivable prices. The bill for "The Miracle," for instance, is stated to have been £15,000. "Ivanhoe" cost more than £5,000, and even the contract for the dresses to be used in "Queen Victoria" amounts to £1,250.

The total cost of this production is said to exceed £10,000. "Hamlet" is likewise a £10,000 film. The cost incurred in the purchase and production of the series of "Sherlock Holmes" films is estimated at least at £30,000, while the actual outlay on "The Battle of Gettysburg" was more than £16,000. The English rights of "Quo Vadis?" alone cost £7,600.

The pictures of a bull fight shown at the Majestic Theatre in Tottenham Court Road are of special interest. Tourists to Spain have avoided being present at such an exhibition, which is usually accompanied by incidents revolting to the refined mind, and the present film has been reduced in length. The original film was about 4,000 feet long, and as shown in Latin countries takes more than two hours to exhibit, but the film in question is only 1,400 feet in length. The bull fight represented at the Majestic took place in the grand arena of the colossal Amphitheatre at Nîmes in May of this year and was witnessed by some 40,000 people. The two most celebrated matadors, Rafael Gonzalez and Juan Cecilio, took part. They were accompanied by picadors and banderilleros from Spain, Portugal, and South America. The elaborate and striking uniforms worn by these men contrasted strangely with the stones of the two-thousand-year-old Amphitheatre. The scene was filmed by sixteen cameras which were placed at various points round the arena. The photographic rights alone cost £800.

An educational course of pictures for the special benefit of school children has been organised by Messrs. Pathé Frères. A matinée programme is to be shown each week in the principal cinemas in every large town in the country, and will include at least one picture from each of the following sections: Animal and Reptile Life, Insect and Pond Life, Marine Life, Bird Life, Plant Life, Industries, Travel and Geography, Science, and one Recreative picture. The success of this scheme depends to a large extent upon the co-operation of the teachers, who will be supplied a week in advance with the exact programme of the next matinée by the theatre, together with details of the pictures, so that they may prepare their pupils beforehand.

Sir Herbert Tree is making arrangements for the filming of "Joseph and His Brethren." Sir Herbert intends to control the entire production, and it will probably not be presented until the actual representation has been seen by many more thousands of playgoers at His Majesty's Theatre.
ARIEL.

Plays for Playgoers.

"Darling Jack."

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.—A prettily furnished bedroom in a flat. Doors right, left and centre. Centre leads to hall and street. Left to bath-room. Right to MRS. MANNERING'S dressing-room. There is a trouser press and articles of men's attire about the room.

(Before the curtain rises an angry male voice is heard irritably declaiming about soap, shaving, and households. As the curtain rises a pair of slippered feet walking about (man in pyjamas) comes into view.)

(When the curtain goes up JACK MANNERING is seen in pyjamas, his face half-lathered, standing before the dressing-table in daintily-furnished bedroom. He is in a state of nerves—the shaving water is not hot enough, the soap won't lather, the bristles come out of the brush, nothing, in short, is right for him. The bedroom is so furnished that the middle-class public in the audience will be tempted to copy some detail or another from its furnishing. On the left is door to the bath-room; at the centre is door leading to hall, and on the right is door leading to MRS. MANNERING'S dressing-room. The furnishing is in the middle-class ideal style, as would be designed and suggested by a popular furnishing firm to a man with £500 a year just getting married and furnishing a small flat. The room is arranged with the dainty touch which might be given by a young married woman of good taste, keenly interested in her new home.)

JACK (vigorously jabbing his brush into the shaving pot and proceeding to lather face): Never could get hot water here; never could get a lather; never could find anything; worst managed house in the world; nothing happens except trouble; costs pounds and pounds a week to keep up, and you can't even get a decent shave. (Bristles come out of brush.) Just look at this brush! Devil a bit of lather on my face, but bristles everywhere. I put on more hair than ever I get off. (Gets lather in mouth.) Ugh! Ugh! Beastly. (Searches for towel, looking everywhere but in the right place where the towel is.) Hang it all! Now where's the towel? (Discovers towel, wipes lips, throws towel on to dressing-table, so that it covers

shaving-pot. Jabs brush into towel. Snatches towel away angrily on realising what he is doing, and knocks shaving-pot and other things off dressing-table.)

(Enter KITTY (MRS. MANNERING) (right—wearing a dressing-gown.)

KITTY: Whatever are you doing, dear. (Smiles cheerfully.) Starting your day again by making trouble. I never saw such a man before in all my life. Why can't you be happy? Be a cheerful optimist like me. (Advances to him and places hands on his shoulders.)

(He continues lathering.)

Smile instead of being cross and irritable. Don't make trouble, it—

JACK (explosively): Trouble! Make trouble! Is there any need to make trouble here? Where's the soap? Where's the lather? Where's the towel? Where's anything. Where the devil's my shaving-pot?

KITTY (advancing to pick up the pot and other things he has dragged off the table): You silly old darling, if you hadn't thrown it on the floor it would still be on the dressing-table. Oh, can't you really try and take things a little more — (She re-fills shaving-pot with water from hot-water can).

JACK (splashing lather about): I know what you're going to say: a little more calmly—calmly! How can I take things calmly? Why you can't find anything in this place. It's all iggledy pig—

KITTY: I can, dear. Of course I can, but you, you dear, silly old boy, you'll never find anything as long as you live. What do you want now—your razor?

JACK (fumbling at table drawer): You don't suppose I'm looking for the garden spade, do you? Where's the—

KITTY (thrusting him gently aside): I'll get it for you. Here it is. (Hands him razor, which he proceeds to open.) Just think what the place would be like if I allowed myself to be carried away like you.

JACK: You've no cause.

KITTY: Oh yes, I have. You would think it cause enough if you had a ledger clerk in the office as awkward as my maid. Why she shows people in unasked, no matter where or—

JACK (stropping razor—bawling): Give her the sack. Give—her—the—sack!

KITTY (*takes trousers from press, coat and vest from hangers in wardrobe*): You'll have to hurry up, dear. It's gone nine.

(*Exit to bath-room with suit.*)

(*JACK shaves—muttering all the time.*)

(*Enter KITTY from bath-room.*)

KITTY: I've put your brown suit ready for you, dear, and the water is turned on.

JACK: Why can't you wait till I'm ready? It'll be too hot or too cold, or—— (*Hurls razor into drawer, which he shuts with a bang, and*

(*Exit to bath-room.*)

KITTY (*clearing up muddle made by JACK*): It's a dreadful thing to have a man who is so tremendously irritable. But we can't have good things without some disadvantages. I could shake him sometimes. But he's a dear. He's——

(*Noise of water splashing is heard from bath-room.*)

JACK (*Off—in muffled voice*): Where's the blessed sponge?

KITTY (*laughing*): In the rack, dear!

(*Growl from the bath-room and vigorous splashing of water.*)

(*At the dressing-table, which she is putting straight*): What a muddle! He couldn't find the brush, the razor or towel! Always the same in mornings. He works too hard—gets his work on his brain, can't sleep, and then gets up like this.

JACK (*off*): Where's the towel?

KITTY: On the chair already for you. (*A pause.*) Got it?

JACK (*off*): I s'pose this is it.

KITTY: Oh what a worry! But I don't care. He loves me in spite of all his funny ways. Never before did a wife have a husband to love her so much. I've got no anxiety on that score, anyway. He's the dearest——

JACK (*off*): I can't find my tooth brush!

KITTY: I put all the brushes out on the window sill yesterday. The air does them——

(*Noise of opening a window off.*)

JACK (*off*): Oh, Lord, it's fallen down into the street, now! What do you put things on the window sill for? Now what am I going to do?

KITTY (*hastily opening table drawer*): Just a minute, dear. I've got a couple of new spare ones here! (*She takes new tooth brush, and opening bath-room door hands it in.*)

(*JACK growls.*)

(*Looking at the clock*): I must get his coffee up. (*Rings bell.*)

(*Enter MAID made up to look very stupid.*) Bring up master's coffee and toast at once, please, Polly.

POLLY: Yes, mum.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter JACK from bath-room.*)

JACK (*dressed in trousers and shirt, carrying coat and vest under arm. These he throws on the bed, his collar is fastened by the back stud only, the front points sticking up*): Where the devil's my stud?

KITTY: Your stud, dear? (*She searches, finds it, hands it to him. Business fastening collar.*)

JACK: Where's my other tie? (*Picks up one from table.*) This is one I told you I would never wear again.

KITTY (*Hurrying to chest of drawers, top one of which she opens*): Here you are, dear. They are all here. (*Holds out to him half a dozen ties of various colours, smiling sweetly, and exhibiting the utmost patience. JACK snatches one and while KITTY folds the others and replaces them he fits it on.*)

KITTY: Your coffee will be here in a moment. Let me help you with that. (*Assists him with waistcoat and coat.*)

JACK: Oh, damn the coffee. You know I'm late already. I must be off.

KITTY: Very well, dear. I'll get your hat and gloves.

(*Exit Centre.*)

JACK (*adjusting attire*): It's a disgrace a man in my position should have to rush about like this and go off to a hard day's work without so much as a bite.

(*Enter KITTY with hat, umbrella, and gloves.*)

KITTY: You know dear there's always coffee and toast for——

JACK (*taking hat, umbrella, and gloves*): Damn the coffee, damn the toast—damn everything. Good-bye.

KITTY (*throws her arms round his neck and kisses him. He rushes towards centre door.*)

(*Enter MAID with tray, on which is coffee and toast. JACK swinging his umbrella accidentally knocks the tray out of her hand.*)

POLLY: Oh lor!

KITTY: Oh, Jack, dear!

JACK: Damn!

(*Exit.*)

KITTY (*resignedly*): Clear it up, Polly.

POLLY: Yes, mum.

(*POLLY picks up the things and exits.*)

KITTY (*still preserving cheerful countenance and folding up clothes scattered about by JACK*): I do wish he would take things more quietly. Just look at this room. Towels here—tie there—socks— (*She collects items as she speaks.*) I wish I could find a way of making him understand how much I love him. I wish he would see how I spend the whole of my days thinking out what new attraction I can put into the home

to take him out of himself. Oh, well, I shall succeed some day. We married in haste—fancy having lots of relations and not one even knowing I'm married. So I have no one but Jack. Sometimes I think I should like to see my people, and I should certainly like to see his—but it was a bargain! Relations spoil marriage, he said, so we kept all of ours in ignorance—he has never seen mine, and I have never seen his.

(At this moment a letter falls from a pocket in JACK'S coat, which KITTY is at that moment folding. She picks it up, and is about to place it on the table without further thought.)

A woman's hand! That's strange writing to me. I wonder who it's from. Jack has no secrets from me.

(Takes letter from envelope, which has been through the post, and reads.)

Why *(a pause)*, what is this? *(She looks terrified, and reads aloud)*: "Darling Jack, I shall be with you to-night at six o'clock. Think out some nice simple excuse so that you can get away from those friends of yours who occupy all your evenings. You have put me off already too often for them.—Yours affectionately, Phyllis."

(KITTY looks dazed. Crosses to chair, back to centre door, and sits facing audience.)

What does this mean? My Jack! "Darling Jack" — Phyllis — "make some excuse to friends" — Oh, Jack, Jack! What can this mean? He has never altered at all. He was just as wild and irritable as ever! Yet he would have altered if — Oh, what can it mean? Is he meeting this Phyllis, and telling her that he is with friends when he is at home with me! She does not know he is married! Oh—I—cannot—bear—— *(She holds the letter crushed in one hand and rests her face in the other.)*

(Enter JACK, centre.)

JACK *(in a penitent mood)*: Look here, old girl, you're quite right after all. I can't go to the office leaving you bad friends—it's to—it's—why—what? *(He comes to chair, leans over looking into his wife's face.)* Whatever's the matter, Kitty? Have I upset you? *(Stoops to kiss her.)*

(She thrusts him aside with her closed right hand, in which she holds the letter. Rises from chair and faces him. He staggers backwards amazed.)

KITTY *(slowly, coldly)*: What did you come back for?

JACK *(showing astonishment at her manner. Aside)*: Hang it all, I came back to apologise for my beastly temper—but I'm dashed if I do when she treats me like this. I'll not let her have that satisfaction. I'll pretend I've come back for

some papers. *(To KITTY, in old irritable manner)*: I left some papers in my damned pocket.

KITTY: Papers?

JACK *(crossing to coat, from the pocket of which she had obtained letter from Phyllis)*: Yes, papers! I said papers plainly enough—didn't I? *(Searches the pockets and tosses the coat across the room)*: You call yourself a cheerful optimist, don't you? Nice cheerful face I must say! Hang it I can't find 'em—left 'em at office, I suppose. *(Crosses to centre door.)*

KITTY *(hesitates and is half inclined to hand him the letter and speak. But eventually she thrusts her right hand behind her.)*

JACK *(brutally)*: Good-bye, you cheerful optimist.

KITTY: Jack!

JACK: Well! What is it? Look sharp, I'm late.

KITTY *(speaking in loud voice)*: What time are you coming home to-night?

JACK: What time? What the devil's that to do with you? I shall come home when I——

(Exit centre.)

KITTY *(staring at Phyllis' letter)*: He came back for this. What shall I do? Oh dear—it is because he is tired of me that he is so irritable. He loves this other woman. *(Drops letter. Sits and covers face with hands. Staggers to feet and*

(Exit right.)

(Enter JACK centre.)

JACK *(looking dejected)*: I can't go to the office leaving things like this. Why—she's gone! She'll be in her room. *(Kicks letter.)* Hallo, what—— *(Picks it up.)* "Darling Jack"—Phyllis' letter—why this is—by Jove! this is what has upset her. Ah! Ah! Ah! *(Goes into long hearty laughter.)*

ARNOLD *(off)*: Rum servant that!

(Enter ARNOLD centre.)

ARNOLD: Fancy sending me into my lady's bedroom unannounced. By Jove! nice little bug walk!

JACK *(suddenly breaking off laughter)*: Who the devil are you? What the deuce are you doing in my——

ARNOLD *(aside)*: What's this queer bird? *(To JACK)* I'm looking for Kitty—Kitty Butter.

JACK *(explosively)*: Looking for Kitty! The cheek! Who the deuce are you?

ARNOLD *(after a pause, in which he regards JACK coolly and with suspicion)*: You're a rude person.

JACK: Rude be damned! Do you know this is a lady's bedroom?

ARNOLD *(looking round)*: Really, I'm not surprised. Somehow I didn't take it for a bun shop. What, may I ask, are you doing here?

JACK (*advancing threateningly*): Of all the cheek! (*Violently.*) Will you get out or shall I put you out?

ARNOLD (*after a pause*): The same to you and many of 'em. Likewise as you please, and—(*pauses to bow*)—whichever's the most convenient—Bow wow!

(*Enter KITTY from right.*)

KITTY (*looking in amazement at first. Then recognising ARNOLD rushes to him and throws her arms round his neck, kisses him*): Arnold, dear Arnold!

JACK: Well, I'm— What—what's it all mean? Come away from that scoundrel! I'll hurl him through the door. Come away from—

(*Noise heard off centre. SERVANT and*

PHYLLIS appear in doorway off—then enter PHYLLIS.)

JACK (*bewildered*): Phyllis!

PHYLLIS (*hurries to JACK, throws her arms round his neck, and hugs him*): Darling Jack!

KITTY (*disengaging herself from ARNOLD*): Jack! What are you doing? Who is that woman? Jack—come away!

PHYLLIS (*to JACK*): Who are these people?

ARNOLD (*to KITTY*): Who are they? Is this a private—

JACK (*to ARNOLD*): You've got to explain your presence, you scoundrel. Who is he, Kitty?

KITTY (*crosses to JACK and throws her arms round his neck*): Jack, dear, who's that woman?

JACK: Who is that man?

ARNOLD (*to PHYLLIS*) (*severely*): Hang it all, madam, who are you?

JACK: The lady's my sister.

KITTY: This, Arnold, is my brother. And if you hadn't been so impatient and cross it could all have been explained before.

ARNOLD: That's all right—but who's he? (*Pointing to JACK.*)

KITTY: My husband.

ARNOLD and PHYLLIS: What! Married!

KITTY: Yes, we did it without telling any of our relations. Er—er—Jack thought—

JACK: That relations always made a muddle of things, and I think events have proved—

PHYLLIS: Darling Jack—how could you—

KITTY: I thought you were to meet at six.

JACK (*laughing loudly*): Ah!

PHYLLIS: Yes, but business brought me into the town for the day and I hunted Jack's address out from his office. I thought he was staying with male friends in chambers—friends who always prevented him from meeting me.

ARNOLD: I suppose I ought to explain for the benefit of my brother-in-law, who has been so keen on throwing me out, that I, after many weeks of patient searching, found your address, Kitty, through an old friend of yours, who

thought you were single and living also with friends.

JACK (*resignedly*): Well, now you've found us we must—er—hang it, I must get to the office!

(*He starts to run off to centre, but KITTY and PHYLLIS hold him.*)

KITTY and PHYLLIS (*together each with a hand on JACK's shoulder*): Darling Jack!

CURTAIN.

[Permission to perform this sketch may be obtained on application to the Editor of THE PLAYGOER.]

A Play by a Peer's Sister.

The Hon. Mary Pakington, sister of Lord Hampton, is the author of a play, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," which was produced at the Worcester Theatre Royal in aid of the Emergency Fund of the Worcestershire Cricket Club. The comedy was specially written by Miss Pakington, who played one of the parts (Lady Felicia Vaue). The plot is concerned with Lady Felicia's attachment to a French Baron whom she has previously jilted. A reconciliation is effected in a diverting way. Miss Southwell, a daughter of Canon Southwell, played the rôle of Betty Lyndhurst, niece of Lady Felicia, and Mr. Hubert Woodward was the Baron. The audience included Viscount Cobham, Lady Charles Bentinck, Lady Honor and Lady Morvyth Ward, Lady Hughes, Judge and Mrs. Amphlett, and Sir Harry and Lady Georgina Vernon. It was announced that the proceeds would amount to about £80.

"The Era" dramatic prize-winner, Miss Violet Pearn, has had several openings and applications for her work since gaining the prize. She is now engaged in writing a play in collaboration with Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the celebrated author, and, as several of our leading managers have asked Mr. Blackwood for a play, it will no doubt be put on shortly. The new work is to some extent founded on Blackwood's latest book, which has been so successful both in England and America, but it contains more action than "A Prisoner in Fairyland," and a development of other ideas than will be found in the book—at least, by the casual reader.

Sir Herbert Tree relates an amusing story of his sojourn at Marienbad this summer. He was enjoying a walk one day when a perfect stranger came up to him and said: "Beg pardon, but are you not Beerbohm Tree, the actor?" "No, certainly not," was the reply, for even the stars of the stage like sometimes to dim their radiance. "I'm very sorry," said the stranger; "you look so like his pictures. But, believe me, I did not mean to insult you."

Advice to Amateurs.

By Willy Clarkson.

WHEN the Editor of the **PLAYGOER** asked me to give him a few hints on make-up in general, and for the amateur in particular, I, of course, took it in the nature of a command, and herewith set down my views on the matter for what they are worth, with every hope that they may be of use.

"Make-up" is so essential to success on the stage from my point of view that everything should be accurate. Dressing of the wig, the hair on the face, the nose and the teeth, have all to be considered in the production of the natural effect. Each character wants studying from every standpoint, and I think it is very useful for the amateur to work from the sketch. The four P's are highly necessary—"Patience," "Pains," and "Plenty" of "Practice."

Make-up, I think I might say, has reached a fine art. I remember in the old days it was much neglected, and much was left to the imagination of the audience. Nowadays the illusion must be complete, otherwise the audience will not stand it.

Amateur acting has increased quite 100 per cent. during the last twenty years, and hence there is naturally a proportionate increase in the number of artistes. In London and the provinces there are hundreds of amateur operatic and dramatic clubs, whose members number several thousands, and I can say, without fear of contradiction whatever, that some, especially in London, the Midlands, and the North, are very keen and enthusiastic, in addition to being in a great number of instances both musical and dramatic. I have had the pleasure of witnessing some splendid performances by amateurs quite up to the level of some professional companies. Gilbert and Sullivan operas are still the favourites, and in my opinion likely to be. I have dressed as many as four different companies performing "*The Mikado*" in one week.

But to return to the subject of make-up. Grease paints must not be employed too liberally. Best effects are obtained through a sparing use of the various paints, and I should advise before attempting to use them a course of instruction. (I give a course of lessons when desired.) The student will get much more valuable information from this, and he or she will have demonstrated to them the necessary and unnecessary points of make-up. Of course, the most difficult is what we call character "make-up." Naturally this requires a good deal of study and

a good deal of practice. I know in the case of Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Cyril Maude they practise and practise before a satisfactory result is obtained, and spare no pains in getting this properly arrived at.

Look at the wonderful transformation of Sir Herbert Tree's in which one evening he is "Falstaff," the great fat, hulking knight, and the other the starving "Grimace." Truly a most wonderful transformation and a great achievement in disguise and "make-up." I know of no other such astonishing change done by one person on the stage in the same evening. I consider it a triumph.

Wigs, of course, are totally different from what they used to be in the old days. A wig for the stage is now made so perfectly and so true to nature that it is extremely difficult to discover from the front that it is not the person's own hair.

The boxes of make-up which I stock, containing all that is necessary, together with a book of instructions, are very useful; but there is nothing like practice, after having had experienced advice. This, of course, applies to any subject, let alone "make-up"; the thing is to be thorough.

Of course, "make-up" is done in private life a great deal more nowadays than it ever was, and here again has reached such perfection—providing it is applied, as I have seen it applied by many persons, artistically—that it is not easy to discern. I have noticed in connection with amateur theatrical performers a great tendency to lay on the "make-up" as if with a trowel, especially the black lining for the eyes, which gives the artiste the appearance of wearing a pair of spectacles. Black should not be used underneath the eyes in any case; always a soft blue. This applies to the top eyelid as well. Blue is so much softer than black. Of course, a little black after the powdering process is necessary. I never recommend belladonna under any circumstances, because of its injurious effects should it get into the eye. Yellowish-tinted powders and liquids are very largely used nowadays. I have a special preparation used extensively by Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

It is very difficult to explain fully all that one would like to in such a short space as this, because the subject is so wide one can keep on talking at a great length; so I must conclude this little narrative by saying that at all times I am ready and willing to give information to anyone requiring it.

Costumes for
"The Marriage Market,"
"GIRL ON THE FILM,"
"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,"
were supplied
by

B. J. SIMMONS & CO.

Costumes and Wigs
on hire for
Fancy Dress Balls,
Theatricals, &c.

Telephone:—No. 5563 Gerrard.
 Telegrams:—"History, Rand, London."

7 & 8 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
NOTE.—Only Establishment.

Prove by Test, the health advantages of Southalls' Towels.

The "Introduction Packet" (Size S) of Southalls' Towels is sent by post. It is intended to facilitate personal test and prove their superiority. It contains 6 Towels, assorted sizes, and is sent post free under plain cover for .d. in stamps. Address the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

SOUTHALLS' TOWELS

are sold by Drapers, and Chemists, everywhere, in packets containing 1 doz. at 6d, 1/- 1/6 and 2/-



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Malted Barley, Wheat and Milk in Powder Form.
REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, SUSTAINING.
 Made in a Moment with Water Only.
NO COOKING.

Served at the Bars in Many Theatres and Music Halls.
 Try it when fatigued or depressed.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Should Store or Chemist offer you other preparations it is an insult to your intelligence, and done for extra profit.

GUARD the health of yourself and family
 BY TAKING
CARNA SALTS TABLETS

The timely use of these Tablets has prevented thousands of serious illnesses. They are tasteless and can be dissolved in **hot water, cup of tea, or coffee**, and do not spoil the flavour. They are a purative, not a drastic purgative, and are good for Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles, also for Giddiness, Flatulence round the Heart, Nervousness, Rheumatism and Gout. Directly a cold appears a course should be taken. Are a Blood Purifier and a Tonic. Everyone who values health should get a box of these Tablets.

THEY GIVE YOU A BRIGHT AND A BUOYANT FEELING.

Price 1/- per box, or in tins 5/- each. The 5/- tin contains eight times the quantity of the smaller. Post free. (P.A.T.A.)



Show your Chemist the following list of wholesale houses who stock them—

**SANGER'S, F. NEWBURY, BUTLER & CRISPE, BARCLAY,
 W. EDWARDS & SON, MAY ROBERTS, HOVENDEN'S, & SUTTON'S,**

or POST FREE direct from

CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 110, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
 ALL MESSRS. BOOTS' 500 BRANCHES STOCK THEM.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



Oatine
offers
you this

A dainty Testing Outfit—of eight Oatine preparations—containing trial tins of Oatine Cream and Oatine Snow, a full-size 3d. tablet of Oatine Soap, a 2d. packet of Oatine Shampoo Powder, a sample packet of Face Powder, Shaving Powder and Tooth Powder, also a Tin of Oatine Salve and a 50-page book on the complexion.

This Outfit is sent free to all sending name and address and 3d. in stamps (half-penny stamps preferred) to help pay cost of postage and packing.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY

and make the following test of Oatine. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying a little Oatine, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, showing that Oatine brings away dirt and grime from the pores, which soap and water quite fail to remove.

Oatine differs from its many imitators in this all-important fact that it does not stimulate or act on the skin in any artificial way. What it does is to keep the pores clear and fresh, and free from dust and grime, and at the same time restore to the skin the oil it needs if it is to be kept soft and velvety. It further feeds the skin and speedily removes wrinkles or ugly lines, for a wrinkled skin is a starved skin.

Remember no other face cream can feed the skin and do this, hence the success of Oatine, which, being free from animal fat, cannot grow hair.

It is also much used by men to allay the irritation caused by shaving.

Oatine is stocked by all Chemists and is supplied in two varieties—OATINE CREAM (1/1½) for cleansing the pores and feeding the skin, and OATINE SNOW (1/-) for whitening the skin, and for use during the day as a protection from exposure.

THE OATINE CO.,

217D, Oatine Buildings,
Borough, London, S.E.



SAMUELS

(3 Depots)

STRAND, W.C.

High-Class Stationery and Printing.

POSTCARDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

of all Theatrical Celebrities; Authors; Musicians; Statesmen; English and Foreign Royalty; Gallery Pictures, etc. Plays, including "False Gods," "Sir Walter Raleigh," and "The Blue Bird." Military Caricatures a Speciality.

The largest selection in London New Cards every day.

ALL ONE PRICE (Real Photographs)
1/- per packet of 6. (Post Free.)

Postcard Depots { **150 STRAND**
84 STRAND
197a REGENT ST.

Real Photographs at new depot, under Hotel Piccadilly—
27, PICCADILLY, W.

Join our "Approval" Club. New cards sent on approval as published, post free. Send Name and Address.

Lowther Arcade, 371 Strand

A large and up-to-date selection of Toys and Fancy Goods for presents at all prices "TEDDY BEARS" a Speciality (brown or white), from 6½d. to £5 each. Also Aeroplanes (guaranteed to fly) from 3/6 to £2/2/-.

The Playgoer & Society Illustrated

Vol. IX. October-November, 1913. No. 49.

NOTICE

All communications should be addressed to the department to which they respectively relate, as below:

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing Offices—5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" can be obtained from the principal newsagents, and at all railway bookstalls, or will be sent direct from the office on the following terms:

	UNITED KINGDOM.	s.	d.
TWELVE MONTHS	By post, packed in cardboard	6	0 prepaid
"	or for SIX MONTHS, half the above price.	8	6
	Single copies 6d., by post 8½d.		

	FOREIGN COUNTRIES.	s.	d.
TWELVE MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	8	6	"
SIX MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	4	3	"
	Single copies, 6d., by post 9½d.		

Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to the Kingshurst Publishing Company, Ltd., and crossed "London County & Westminster Bank."

In case of difficulty in obtaining a copy of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" please communicate with the Publishers at the above address. Postage will be refunded.

THE KINGSHURST PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.
5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

PARIS: 56 Rue de l'Université.

Tel. No.: Regent 1914.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

My Landlady's Last Husband.

By Mark Melford.

I HAD not appropriated my apartments in Stafford more than twenty-four hours when the landlady, a large woman with watery eyes and a martyred demeanour, entered my best front room with a sob and a fearful and wonderful concoction of singed eggs and bacon for my supper.

"Ah, poor dear!" sighed the lady, apropos of nothing. "It's very 'ard."

"Yes, it's very overdone," I suggested.

"Very 'ard," she continued, ignoring my reference to the dish of destruction. "But your voice done it" (I failed to see the connection). "A voice more like my poor, dear, late 'usband I never heard, and if you was to speak to me in the dark I should be thrilled—I should succumb. We buried the deceased yesterday," and she succumbed.

"But, sir, I did my duty by him, and he did his duty by me. I give him a lovely funeral. Every pound I 'ad to spare with twenty pounds from the Oddfellows Club I spent on my Tommy. Wreaths, flowers, brass mountings, with a silver breastplate, and gloves and hostridge feathers on all the 'osses 'eads."

"Ah, that's right!" I said, curtly. "You gave him a good send-off—eh? Hot water, Mrs. Wursel."

"Sir, after he died I saw the deceased wanted for nothing, and the neighbours all declared it was the most elegant funeral they'd ever had the pleasure to share in. Mrs. Lander, Tommy's stepmother, supported me."

"A strong woman," I interpolated.

"A good woman, sir; and with all the invited visitors and followers there was five cabfuls, sir. When they returned to a stand-up cold lunch, comprehending two joints—jellies, custards, and filleted whitebait, and a bottle of each kind of spirits, Mrs. Lander did more than justice to it. She 'elped 'em all alike, and they got that cheerful, in spite of the melancholy occasion, that they all voted me the best wife in Stafford, and drank my health in whiskey and soda, and then in hot toddy. Mrs. Lander cried 'Hencore!' and they all 'hencored' till one of 'em said: 'Short of being the deceased man now gone to his rest, he'd like to be chief mourner to my next-of-kin.' That was meant for Mr. Dripping, who was always attentive to me; but I won't 'ave him in Tommy's place—never—I shall dismiss him now from my 'eart and 'ome—and if he won't go—"

"Give him some of your eggs and bacon," I rather viciously snapped in.

"But the persession, sir! What a sight!

There was the four 'osses and six dumb mutes, with Mr. Nobblem, the undertaker, leading the way with a long wand, and then in a glass case, buried in tulips and daffidils, was my poor dear! Oh, sir, don't speak! Your voice, so like 'is, would break me up. I shouldn't know what I was a-doin'."

I played the mute for all I was worth.

"Ah, well! it's all over now. I give him a lovely funeral—thirty-nine pounds ten shillings. But all went off well, and we come back so cheerful. The mourners forgot to return the black kid gloves that was served out to 'em, and Mrs. Landers fillin' up her tumbler after drinking off Mr. Nobblem's grog by mistake, sunk down in the armchair on top of the saucepan lid and exclaimed: 'Mrs. Wursel, this is your red letter day; and here's to the poor dear love obsequeeze, and the only pity was he didn't live long enough to witness 'em for hisself'—at which she burst into tears, and everybody kissed her, at which I was so overcome that they all did me the same."

"What did your husband die of, madam?"

"Dropsy, sir, hacute and malignant dropsy. What's for dinner, sir? But he was clever at his work."

"What was his work?"

"A contractor, sir. The Corporation took over his offer to clear the snow away off the town hall. He was a master at odd jobs, too. He could clean a window, tap a barrel of beer, and stick a pig with any living man. What's for dinner, sir?"

"I dine out."

With a gasp Mrs. Wursel raised her huge bulk and waddled towards the door, the handle of which fell off half-a-dozen times a day. "I'll bring you a piece of funeral cake," she said. "I've only two bits left. Mrs. Lander and me made one each, and it's jest as good as noo."

Next moment she returned, and the door handle dropped again. "There, sir," she said, with concentrated pride. "That's the identical cake," and, picking up the door handle for the ninth time, she adjusted it exactly as before. "It's too good to eat," I said. I examined the half-brick of condensed compound—hard as a dog biscuit—weight preponderating over size. and carried joy to her fond heart by admitting that it was "far too good to eat," and then surrendering to an irresistible temptation and long-suppressed irritation, I added, "I'll keep it—it will be useful as a wedge to keep the door back."

SOFT, DELICATE SKIN

A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms of matchless whiteness are ensured to those Ladies who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR



Most curative, healing, and refreshing. It preserves the skin from all trying changes of weather, removes freckles, tan, redness and roughness; soothes and heals irritation and cutaneous eruptions more effectually than any other preparation. Warranted harmless.

Bottles 2/3 and 4/6

Sold by Stores, Chemists and

A. ROWLAND & SONS,
67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

THE ERA

*For three-quarters of a Century
the organ of the amusement world.*

Published every Wednesday Morning

PRICE ONE PENNY

Gives absolutely all Professional
News. Every Playgoer should
:: read "The Era." ::

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—ON WEDNESDAYS
—ONE PENNY.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

The Publisher,

"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

5 Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me each month "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" for
.....months. I enclose herewith.....
value.....

Name.....

Address.....

Rates of Subscription :— Twelve months, 8/6; Six months, 4/3.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" will be sent p st free at the above rates to any part of the world.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

IMPORTANT.

Back numbers of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" are valuable.

Any of the back numbers may be had at the following prices:—

EACH			EACH		
No. 1	"FALSE GODS"	1/-	No. 25	"MAN AND SUPERMAN"	6d.
" 2	"SIR WALTER RALEGH"	9d.	" 26	"THE MOUSMÉ"	6d.
" 3	"THE BRASS BOTTLE"	6d.	" 27	"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"	6d.
" 4	"THE BLUE BIRD"	2/-	" 28	"THE MIRACLE"	1/-
" 5	"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"	6d.	" 29	"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"	6d.
" 6	"THE TENTH MAN"	6d.	" 30	"THE 'MIND THE PAINT' GIRL"	6d.
" 7	"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"	1/-	" 31	"THE PINK LADY"	6d.
" 8	"THE ISLANDER"	6d.	" 32	"AT THE BARN"	6d.
" 9	"TANTALIZING TOMMY"	1/-	" 33	"PRINCESS CAPRICE"	5/-
" 10	"THE SPECKLED BAND"	1/-	" 34	"FIND THE WOMAN"	6d.
" 11	"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"	5/-	" 35	"THE WOMEN OF FRANCE"	6d.
" 12	"KING HENRY VIII."	1/-	" 36	"DRAKE"	6d.
" 13	"COUNT HANNIBAL"	1/-	" 37	"LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN"	6d.
" 14	"MRS. SKEFFINGTON"	6d.	" 38	"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"	6d.
" 15	"THE FOLLIES"	1/-	" 39	"DOORMATS"	6d.
" 16	"INCONSTANT GEORGE"	2/6	" 40	"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"	1/-
" 17	"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"	6d.	" 41	"THE HEADMASTER"	1/-
" 18	"THE POPINJAY"	6d.	" 42	"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS"	6d.
" 19	"LADY PATRICIA"	6d.	" 43	"DIPLOMACY"	2/6
" 20	"KISMET"	2/6	" 44	"THE CHAPERON"	6d.
" 21	"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"	6d.	" 45	"8d. A MILE"	6d.
" 22	"POMANDER WALK"	6d.	" 46	"WITHIN THE LAW"	6d.
" 23	"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"	6d.	" 47	"THE MARRIAGE MARKET"	6d.
" 24	"MACBETH"	6d.	" 48	"LOVE AND LAUGHTER"	6d.

Postage 2½d. per copy extra (packed in cardboard).

Address—

Publisher, "PLAYGOER & SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

Telephone: REGENT 1914.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

HARRODS

LONDON
PARIS
BERLIN
BUENOS AIRES

*Manufacturing
Furriers*



"ARGALI."

Long Straight Scarves, in Fine
Quality Blended Fitch.

Furs both sides, 16 Gns.
Cr lined Silk, 7½ and 8½ Gns.
Muff to match, 5½ Gns.

"HERON."

Pretty Necklets, in Fine Quality
Blended Fitch, 59/6.

"BOLEINER."

Fine Quality Blended Fitch
Scarves, Fur both sides, very
softly made, 7½ Gns.
New design in a Muff, 5½ Gns.

"PELIAS."

Shaped Stoles, in Fine Quality
Blended Fitch, finished with

Tails, 5½ Gns.
Muff to match, 4½ Gns.

WRITE FOR SUMPTUOUS NEW CATALOGUE OF FURS.

LONDON, S.W.

Richard Burbidge, Managing Director.

"THE LAUGHING HUSBAND" SOUVENIR

THE
PLAYGOER
AND **SOCIETY**

ILLUSTRATED

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE THEATRE."

PN///
2001
P6
v.9
no. 50

IX PENCE

MONTHLY



LIBRARY
JUL 18 1967
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

VOL. 9
NEW SERIES

Mr. COURTICE POUNDS
and
Miss DAISIE IRVING.

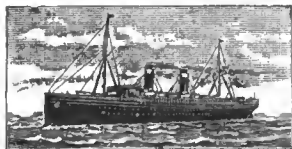
No. 50

Owing to heavy cost of production, this magazine is sold to the trade on terms admitting of no discount on published price of 6d. net.

AMERICAN LINE

Southampton — Cherbourg — New York Service
United States Mail Twin Screw Steamers

ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL



NEW YORK
Philadelphia

SOUTHAMPTON to NEW YORK every Saturday
at noon, calling at Cherbourg

Special Trains from London and Paris on morning of sailing.

AMERICAN LINE

Cannte Road, Southampton
Cockspur Street, London, S.W.
38 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

9 Broadway, New York
N. Martin, Agent,
9 Rue Scribe, Paris

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE

THE
Popular
Pioneer
Line to
Canada

EXPRESS SERVICE from

Liverpool, Glasgow,
Londonderry,
London and Havre

Special facilities for Theatrical Parties.
Through rates to all parts. Shortest
sea passage to Canada and Western
States. Wireless Telegraphy.

Apply ALLAN BROS. & Co. U.K. Limited

Liverpool—19 James St. London—
Glasgow—25 Bothwell St. 14 Cockspur St., S.W.
Londonderry— 103 Leadenhall St., E.C.
50 Foyle St. Also at Paris

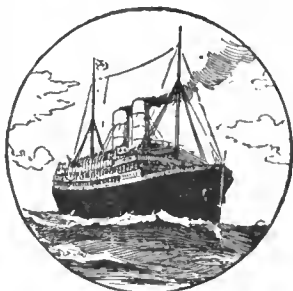
TRAVEL IN LUXURY TO SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT, COLOMBO

and

AUSTRALIA

by

Orient Line



New and Palatial
12,000-ton Steamers

Fortnightly Sailings

From LONDON

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.; ANDERSON
ANDERSON & CO.,

Fenchurch Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

West End Office - - 28 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

WHITE STAR LINE

TRIPLE-SCREW R.M.S.

"OLYMPIC," 45,324 Tons

IS THE

Largest Steamer in the World

ISMAY, IMRIE & CO.

NEW YORK, LONDON and LIVERPOOL

UNION CASTLE LINE

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

Weekly Service via the Cape
Monthly Service via the Suez Canal

Calling also at Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena
and Lobito Bay. For all information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO.,
Managers, London & Southampton.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool,
Manchester and Glasgow.

THE ABERDEEN DIRECT LINE OF STEAMERS

LONDON TO NATAL, DELAGOA
BAY AND BEIRA

SAILINGS EVERY TEN DAYS.

FINE ACCOMMODATION
C H E A P F A R E S
HIGH-CLASS CUISINE

For full particulars, apply to—

Owners:—JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO.
4 EAST INDIA AVENUE. Or Agents.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

The Best Known

CHINA TEA

in the World

"TÉ CELESTIAL"

L. & H. NATHAN

*Have provided Costumes
and Uniforms for*

"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI,"

"THE WITCH,"

"CATHERINE II."

And other important
productions.

17 COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY, W.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE PLAY OF THE MONTH		AMATEUR THEATRICALS	65
"The Laughing Husband" - - -	41-52	IN THE BOUDOIR	
Story of the Play. By E. W. - - -	42-43	By M. E. Brooke - - - -	66-67
PEOPLE I'VE MET AT THE PLAY		O.P. CLUB AND THE GAIETY	68
By F. J. Randall - - - - -	53-54	THE VARIETY THEATRES	69-70
DRAMA OF THE MONTH		THE PICTURE PLAYGOER - - -	71-73
"The Grand Seigneur," "People Like Ourselves," "Between Sunset and Dawn," "The Green Cockatoo," "Never Say Die," "The Pearl Girl" and "Under Two Flags" - - - - -	55-58	PLAYS FOR PLAYGOERS	
GADABOUT'S GOSSIP - - - -	59	"No Votes for Women." By F. J. Randall - - - - -	74-81
THE PLAYGOER'S GUIDE - - -	60	THE FOURPENNY THEATRE	81
PLAYGOERS' RIGHTS			
By Polonius - - - - -	61		
CONNIE LAMBERT'S LAST CHANCE			
By Alfred Barnard - - - - -	62-64		

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



HARRODS JEWELLERY



*Lace-Necklets
of
Fine Pearls.*



The Lace-Necklet—an innovation in Jewellery—was created by Harrods, where a variety of fifty designs may be seen at prices ranging from £15 to £150.

— A DAINY BROCHURE OF NEW JEWELLERY POST FREE ON APPLICATION. —

HARRODS Ltd

Richard Burbidge
Managing Director

LONDON · SW

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

Vol. IX. (New Series). No. 51

Published on 15th of each month

"THE LAUGHING HUSBAND."

A Musical Comedy in three acts, by ARTHUR WIMPERIS (adapted from the German of JULIUS KRAMMER and ALFRED GRUNDWALD).

Music by EDMUND EYSLER.

Produced at the New Theatre, London, October 2, 1913.



[Photo]

[Daily Mirror Studios.]

"The Laughing Husband."
Mr. Courtice Pounds as Ottakar Bruckner.

"The Laughing Husband."

A Musical Comedy.

Produced at the New Theatre.

The Story of the Play.

By E. W.

AN infinite capacity for seeing the humorous side of things is possessed by the principal personage of "The Laughing Husband," which, with its bright and sparkling music, funny dialogue, and picturesque scenes, is entertaining crowded houses at the New Theatre. Ottakar Brueckner is a retired confectioner of Berlin, who is never tired of congratulating himself upon having wooed and won the beautiful Hella, a "woman of culture," who aspires to literary glory. His satisfaction can find expression only



"Gimme a kiss on the telephone."



[Photos.]

[Daily Mirror Studios]

in song, a charming composition with the refrain, "A husband in love with his wife." Such talent for melody ought obviously to secure Ottakar a place among Hella's artistic circle, which consists of people whose smartness cannot be challenged. But Ottakar has been a tradesman, and is convinced of his unworthiness. A bright idea strikes him. In order to "widen his intellectual horizon" he will travel, and accordingly announces his intention of undertaking a tour in Italy.

The joke broadens. Postcards from Rome and other Continental cities give evidence of Ottakar's pilgrimage in search of culture, and Hella makes progress with her literary work. She is writing a modern novel, which she maintains should "begin where the older ones leave off," and so as to acquire the experience necessary to colour her story of a wife's temptation, she flirts desperately with a foreign Count, who boasts a "vibratory voice," and has the reputation of being a "professional Lothario."

For reasons not so literary Hella's friend, Etelka, the wife of Herr Von Basewitz, accepts the attentions of a poetaster, but in order to keep without the bounds of impropriety the ladies agree that when danger threatens one shall



Photo.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

MR. COURTICE POUNDS AND
MISS DAISIE IRVING IN "THE
LAUGHING HUSBAND."

PRESENTED WITH No. 50 OF
"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED."
SIXPENCE MONTHLY.

advise the other to "count four." This phrase allows Etelka to perpetrate a pun of which the Count is the victim. "There is," she says, "a vibration in the air which I can't ac-'count for.'"

That worthy refrains from recrimination, and pursues his evil purpose with tenacity, even inviting himself to Hella's shooting-box at Buchenau, so that he may sing in her not unwilling ear "The Music of Love." Meanwhile Ottakar has altered his mind. He had fallen in with his old friend, Andreas Pipelhuber, and instead of going to Italy brings him to his shooting-box to "break" a bottle of Moselle. The ceremony calls forth a song in praise of "The Wine from the Rhine" that should make Bacchus smile with satisfaction.

A spiritualistic interlude precedes Ottakar's entry. A lady professor of the occult arranges a séance for the edification of the guests, and the aid of the spirits is invoked to bring Ottakar's astral body from Italy. The company form up in line and gaze expectantly at the door by which the medium declares the spirit will enter; but Ottakar, very much in the flesh, comes in by the opposite door, to the utter discomfiture of the spiritualist.

Hella is naturally surprised at her husband's sudden return, and is all the more perplexed when a postcard in his handwriting and bearing the previous day's date arrives from Rome. The explanation is simple. Ottakar had furnished Hans Zimt and his young wife Dolly, who had gone to Italy on their honeymoon, with the cards already written from guide books, with instructions to post them at different towns en route, and they had only too faithfully carried out their commission.

The jollity of the husband is quite undimmed, and he sings gaily, "Youpla, Youpla, what! what! what!" and dances with unrestrained glee. But the time comes when his mirth is checked. A moonlight shooting party is organised, but the Count, who should have been stalking deer, remains behind to sup champagne from the same glass with Hella. There is a strongly dramatic scene when Ottakar returns unexpectedly to change his gun, and divining who is behind the screen, bids his wife step forth. Then the husband's laughter turns to tears, and when he has ordered the couple from the house, the wine which he has been so melodiously extolling is dashed despairingly to the ground.

Comedy is speedily again in the ascendant, and it is provided in the person of Dr. Rosenrot, Ottakar's solicitor, who specialises, not in divorce, but in reconciliation. The hardest hearts are scarcely proof against his blandishments, and Hans and Dolly, who had agreed to take only a year's lease of married life and come to arrange

for their separation, are brought together in complete amity in the space of a quarter of an hour. The same thing happens with Ottakar. He arrives to begin an action for divorce, but in due course is convinced of Hella's innocence, by means of her published novel, in which the strictly proper intentions of the wife are plainly shown. A felicitous duet on the telephone, ingeniously arranged by the wily lawyer from opposite corners of the room, completes the reconciliation, and the laughing husband is himself again.



Photo.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

A
Marital
Jest.



Etelka (MISS MABEL
BURNEDGE): "You
should take a
wife."

Lutz (MR. EDMUND
GOULDING):
"Whose wife would
you suggest?"



[Photos.]

A Bevy of Beauty.

[Daily Mirror Studios.

Smart Society.



Hella appears in a new gown.

Waltzing.



Photos.]

[Daily Mirror Studios.

There's really nothing like waltzing
• To make things go with a swing.

The men's wear in the above are by Walker & Co., of 38, Sackville-street, W.

A Timely Warning.



Etelka: "Count four!"



[Photos]

Wiedehopf (MR. ALFRED BARBOR): "There's only the bathroom left, sir."

[Daily Mirror Studios.]

The Start.



Pipellhuber (MR. D. J. WILLIAMS): "Now we're off!"



Photos.]

Lucinda (MISS VIOLET GOULD).—"Hush! He will come through that door."

[*Daily Mirror Studios.*

Found Out!



Hella : "The postcard from Rome."

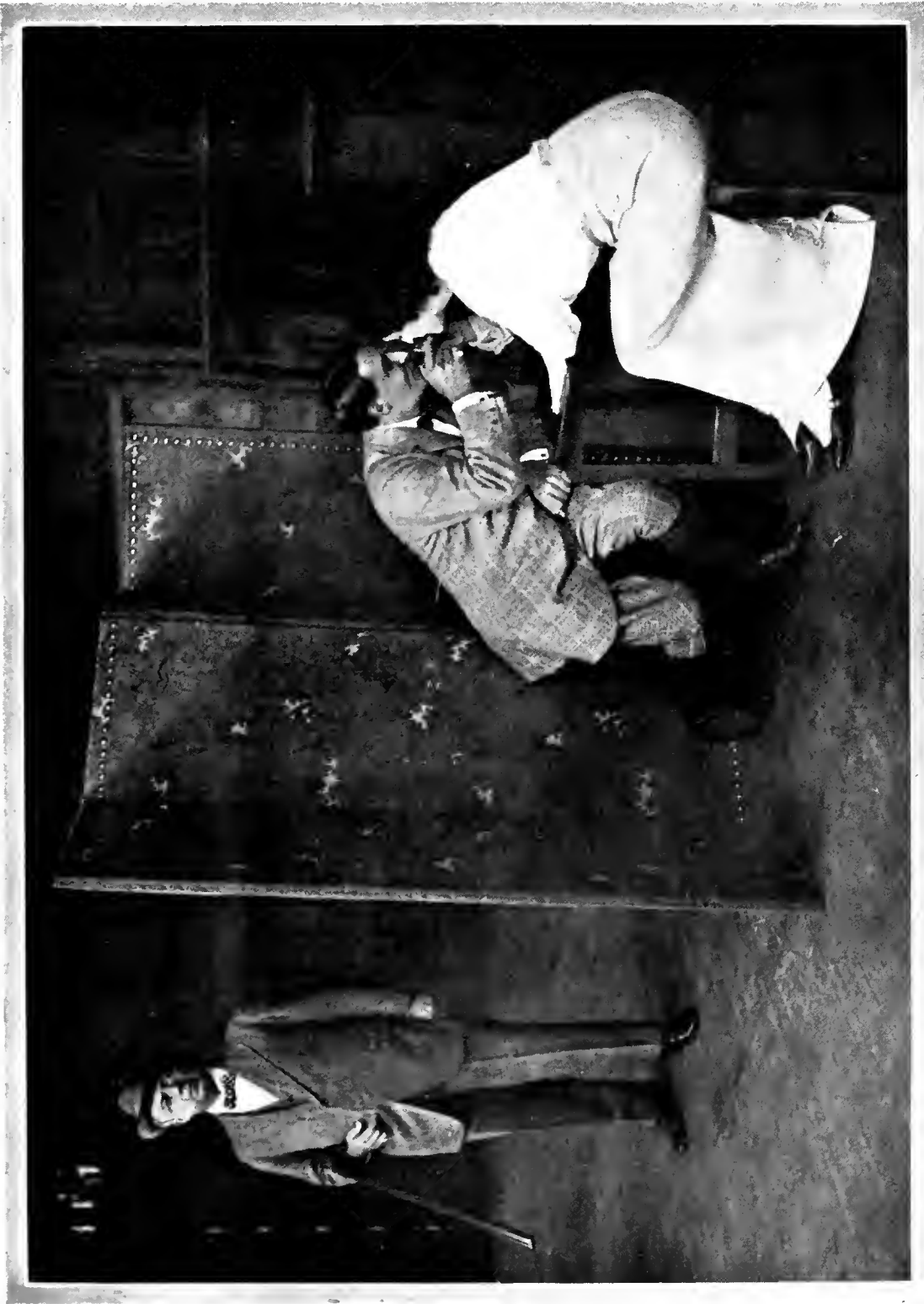
Ottakar : "By Jove, it's one of mine!"



Photos.

Ottakar : " Houpla! Houpla! What—what—what!
Once inside your head it's got
You can't get it out again."

[Daily Mirror Studios.]



[Daily Mirror Studios.]

Deer stalking!

Photo]

A Tense Situation.



Ottakar : "I use this for the nobler brutes!"

Ottakar Himself Again.



Photos.]

Rosenrot (MR. JAMES BLAKELEY) : "Here's to the laughing husband." *{Daily Mirror Studios.*

A Scene of Sentiment.



Photo.]

First it's up with you,
Then it's down with you,
Fine old wine from the Rhine.

[Daily Mirror Studios.]

A (L)Awful Pun.



Rosenrot (MR. JAMES BLAKELEY): "Tell me what has happened so far."
Etelka: "I arranged an innocent rendezvous with this gentleman, and we went to the Ritz And now the writs are coming to you."



Photos 1

Ottakar: "She loves me, doctor."

(Daily Mirror Studios.

People I've Met at the Play.

By F. J. Randall,

Author of "The Harbottle Stories."

II.—THE SMITHS OF SURBITON.

WE arrive together in the Waterloo 'bus, which is nearly full. The Smiths number four, and the remaining five of us are overpowered by their presence. They smell of lavender and are oblivious of their surroundings, except that the fare is a ha'penny. All wear evening dress, properly protected. The ladies' heads are adorned by lace shawls, Smith, senior, wears an opera hat, and Smith, junior, a cloth cap, of which he is guiltily conscious.

They are going to see Charles Hartley in "Get a Move On" at the Gresham Theatre, and Smith, junior, speaks of him with reckless familiarity, and in tones louder than are necessary, being prompted thereto by interesting family inquiries. The only interruption comes when a stout feminine person of low degree, who has imbibed, takes the last seat. She eyes the Smiths with brazen hostility, and asks the conductor pointedly if there is a taxi strike.

"Dunno," he says; "what's the marrer wiv you own car?"

"All right, ol' dear," says the lady, "don't you worry about me and my car. An 'a'penny 'bus is my mark. Perviding the toffs don't fill 'em up and shove me out."

She winks at a bashful young man opposite, who blushes and becomes interested in the traffic.

"Me and my ol' man used to go to the theaytre when we was fust married," she says, addressing the company generally. "Not 'arf we didn't! I says to him once, 'We better 'ave a keb, Jim.' He says, 'Yus, we'll run behind one!'" She stifles her mirth with a dirty shawl.

The virile flow of the Smiths' conversation has ceased, and they sit in nervous silence. The remarks of the lady in the shawl are becoming more personal, when the 'bus draws up at its destination near the Strand. As we alight Smith, junior, squares his shoulders, bestows a look of daring defiance on the objectionable person, and pauses, but is persuaded away by his relations.

"I'd jolly soon have let out if she'd gone on much more," he says fiercely.

I lose the Smiths at this point, and arrive at the theatre to find all the cheap seats sold. A persuasive official urges me to take one chair in an unlet box, which I do, and am scarcely settled

when the Smiths are ushered in to occupy the others. They have been in a similar predicament to myself, and have yielded to persuasion. They are labouring under great excitement, which soon finds a vent.

"Oh, Pa," cries Miss Smith: "fancy a box!"

Mrs. Smith whispers, her daughter treats me to a swift glance, and the family gratification becomes subdued. But the suppression of it is evidently a task. I gather that the Smiths are pittites, but are making a plunge, and have dressed specially for the occasion. They bestow themselves about the box in careless attitudes, obviously grateful that I have withdrawn to a corner seat, not being in evening dress.

Smith, senior, is partly grey and partly bald, middle-sized, about fifty, fidgety, and pretentious. His wife is faded, but has hidden the fact as much as possible; youth loiters in her dress as the rose scent clings to the jar. Her daughter is gushingly young, emphatically innocent, fearfully suburban, and shows her front teeth. The most obvious facts about Smith, junior, are that his hair sticks up behind, that he is not yet twenty, is lumpish and awkward, and has no small opinion of himself.

While I am contemplating him he rises and leaves the box to get a programme. He returns with one and is somewhat indignant.

"Sixpence!" he bursts out. "Why in the pit they only charge——"

"Herbert!" says Smith, senior, in an awful voice.

Herbert mumbles and resumes his seat. Mrs. Smith and her daughter lean negligently over the box edge, and take it in turns to survey the house through the pair of opera glasses they have brought with them. Smith, senior, looks as bland and aristocratic as possible, and occasionally leaves the paper he is reading to glance patronisingly on the people.

"Herbert," says Miss Smith suddenly, in an awesome whisper, "if Mr. Charles Hartley should happen to glance up here and see you? And if he should come up here between the acts?"

"Not much fear of that," drawls Herbert. "Charlie's too busy to notice anyone when the play's on. And he's keen on resting in the interval."

"Anyhow, we can receive him if he comes," says Smith, senior, conscious that the family are "dressed."

The curtain goes up, and we begin to hear more of the intimacy between Mr. Charles Hartley, the leading comedian, and Smith, junior. They are evidently both of a doggy disposition, and many of the eccentricities of Mr. Hartley are detailed, as much, I suspect, for my own edification as for that of anyone else.

"What a pretty girl it is playing the leading part," says Miss Smith.

"Ah, and a jolly sort she is, too, on the quiet!" Herbert says.

"Oh, Bert, you don't mean to say——"

Smith, junior, smiles and closes one eye.

"Trust me for knowing them all when I'm with Charlie. You see that girl's who's playing the part of secretary? Well, Charlie gave her her first start on the boards, and she's no end clever. Worships him and all his friends. I had a rare old parley-voo with her when we went on that river trip. She's a sport; we did have some fun!" He smiled to himself at the remembrance. "You should have seen her dip into my cigarettes! And coming back afterwards by moonlight——"

Miss Smith smacked him playfully.

"Oh, ma, isn't he daring? Flirting with actresses!"

"Herbert, I'm afraid you're a dreadful boy," says Mrs. Smith, with unmistakable pride.

"Oh, I'm just one of them!" says Herbert. "You know what actors are. One can't be staid and glum with dear old Charlie!"

"Talking of actors," said Smith, senior, "I remember when I was at Chiddlebrook College——"

"Ssh, Pa: they're going to sing!" whispers Miss Smith.

My exit in search of refreshment after the first act leaves the Smiths more free to talk. I find on my return a loud colloquy in progress, which drops immediately to a low key as I enter the box. There are some whispering and mysterious movements, which I am not supposed to observe, but which leads me to the conclusion that the Smiths have brought their own refreshments in a portable form, and have taken advantage of my absence to good effect.

With the rise of the curtain Herbert renews his reminiscences of Charles Hartley, describing his foibles, and giving some interesting details of his career. I am disposed to wonder how it is that two such bosom friends can ever remain apart.

"Bert," says Miss Smith suddenly, in a tone of soft sentiment, "is Mr. Charles Hartley married?"

The question causes Smith, junior, to pause and think.

"No," he says; "that is to say, not yet. But I have heard a rumour that—well, I'd better not give away secrets. You see, actors are rather peculiar people in a way."

Miss Smith lapses into sweet melancholy.

"You're right there, Herbert," says Mr. Smith, senior. "That reminds me; when I was at Chiddlebrook College——"

Smith, senior's, narrative is knocked on the head by the swift lowering of the lights for a dramatic happening on the stage. When it is over Herbert has gone back to the old theme, of which he never seems to tire.

It so happens that I have come to the Gresham Theatre myself expressly to speak with Mr. Charles Hartley, who is known to me, and as the second act ends I find an attendant and send along my card.

He returns after an interval. Smith, junior, has just related a funny story in which he and his actor friend figured, when the door opens and my attendant says: "Mr. Hartley is here, sir!" At the same moment I observe his figure in the doorway.

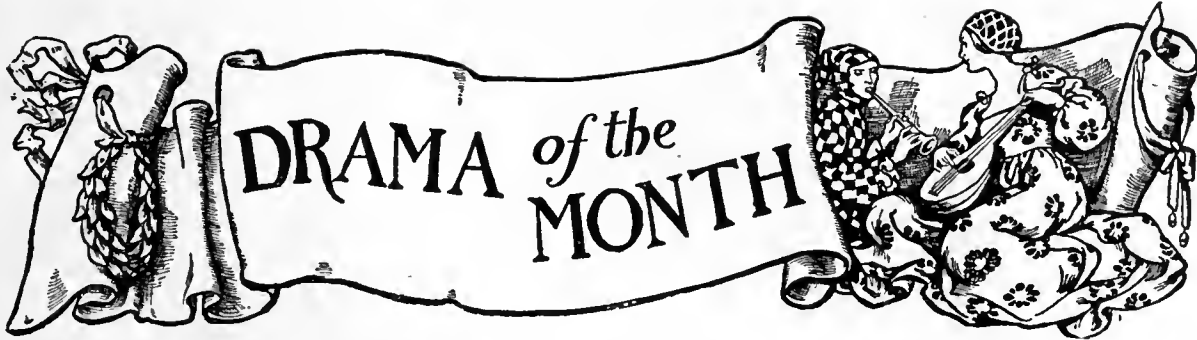
"Hallo," he says cheerily; "how are you?"

I put out my hand, but I am most concerned to know how he will greet his friend, Smith, junior. In the few seconds at my disposal I observe that Smith, junior, has turned pale, and is staring down into the stalls, with his back towards us. He does not rush to greet his friend Hartley, his bosom chum, his companion in many a bit of devilment—dear old Charlie! He makes no movement in spite of the whispers of the family. Nor does Mr. Hartley appear to recognise an intimate in Smith, junior. In fact, we retire slowly without Hartley and Smith, junior, so much as nodding to each other.

I watch the third act from the wings, and do not see the Smiths again until I am outside the theatre. Herbert is then endeavouring in very forcible terms to convince the family that actors are very funny people. They may not believe it, but it's a fact, he says.

"I should have no more thought of speaking to him then," Smith, junior, declares heatedly "than of—of knocking him down. Nor would he to me. That's one of the things that only people in the profession understand. But you know nothing of that," he adds bitterly.

Smith, senior, seems prepared to adopt the same view, but I suspect that it is merely a subterfuge, for as they go off I hear him taking advantage of their attention to relate something that occurred when he was at Chiddlebrook College.



"The Grand Seigneur."

By Edward Ferris and B. P. Matthews.

Savoy, October 5, 1913.

Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Cowley Wright, Mr. Basil Hallam, Mr. Leonard Rayne, Mr. A. E. Benedict, Miss Marie Löhr, Miss Kate Cutler, Miss May Whitty, and others.

A touching faith in the unsophisticatedness of the playgoing public is betrayed by the author of "The Grand Seigneur." He has given us a tale of the French Revolution that lacks nothing of the turmoil and clamour which usually distinguishes dramas of that period, but its incidents are of the transpontine order, and its humorous scenes need never have been written. Nevertheless the play has won a success, but it is due to the sheer force of acting.

The central figure is the aristocrat, Desiré, brutal but brave, sardonic but skilful, who reckes little of the danger that surrounds him. He has conceived an affection for Adèle Vernet, who is betrothed to the Duke De Rennes, and lures her to his house at night. Adèle rejects his offer of marriage, but Desiré is not to be denied. Company comes, and he bids Adèle hide behind the curtains of his bed, and when the Duke arrives he has the curtains drawn and reveals the presence of the maiden. The Duke's belief in her constancy, however, is unshaken, and the marriage takes place.

Then Desiré's thoughts turn towards revenge, and he dogs the footsteps of the Duke, even saving him from the clutches of the revolutionaries in order that he may kill him by his own hand. After a series of bewildering disguises, in the course of which Desiré masquerades as a Republican general, he again gets Adèle into his power and compels her to undergo the indignity of changing clothes with a dancing girl and walking a minuet with him at dead of night. Finally, the adamant heart of Desiré is touched by Adèle's devotion to her husband, and, allowing her to go free, he submits himself to the mob, who speedily put an end to his inglorious career.

The defects of the play, as has been hinted, contrasted with the perfection of the acting.

Mr. H. B. Irving has in the Grand Seigneur a man of complex character—a mixture of qualities good and bad—a part that he loves to portray. In all its varied moods Mr. Irving revelled, and the result was a fascinating and irresistible performance.

Miss Marie Löhr was throughout an exquisite figure of purity and virtue. She won all hearts by her refinement and grace, and the difficult scene of the dance was carried through with rare tact and judgment. Miss Kate Cutler gave to the part of the dancer artistic significance that made it agreeably prominent. The other parts were filled by capable players.

"People Like Ourselves."

By Robert Vansittart.

Globe, October 16, 1913.

Messrs. Frederick Kerr, Kenneth Douglas, Geoffrey Kerr, Gerald Lawrence, Ernest Mainwaring, Oliver Johnston, and Misses Lottie Venne, Hilda Antony, Ethel Warwick, and others.

A section of society is satirised ruthlessly in "People Like Ourselves," which bristles with pungent sarcasm. The people of the play, however, are lacking in reality, and one feels that the individuals are far removed from the bounds of probability. The heroine is brilliant only by inference, and the hero's claim to her interest seems to be founded on nothing. It is only the villain who justifies his position, and even he recedes from it in the end.

Vivienne Vavasour is a musical comedy star who has become engaged to Mervyn Juttle, son of the pompous battleship builder, Sir Joseph Juttle, whose horror at Vivienne's audacity at desiring to enter the family circle is inexpressible. Vivienne sets about winning the parents as she has won the son. Using her influence with her aristocratic friends, she ministers to Sir Joseph's vanity by getting them to visit his house, and by clever manoeuvring eventually obtains the baronet's consent to her wedding his son.

Incidentally melodramatic moments have crept in, for when a Continental diplomat, who tries to tempt Vivienne from the paths of recti-

tude, refuses to hand over some documents that would seriously compromise her fiancé, Vivienne secures them, not at the point of the revolver but at the mouth of a bottle of smelling-salts which she bluffs the foreigner into thinking contains vitriol!

Radiant in many varied costumes, Miss Ethel Warwick acted with all her customary charm and animation, and enthralled the audience in the smelling-salts scene. Mr. Kenneth Douglas is none too well provided for as young Juttle, who, having got himself turned out of the Guards, is thrust unwillingly into Parliament. He asserted himself humorously whenever possible, and was effective in his own artistic fashion.

The performance that took our fancy most was that of Miss Lottie Vennie, whose caricature of a Society dame was deliciously droll. Mr. Gerald Lawrence as a subtle and designing foreigner who proves himself not half a bad fellow after all was to the manner born, and supplied some of the best acting in the piece. Mr. Frederick Kerr as Joseph Juttle is also to be credited with a capital performance, and for a clever study of a rancous, inebriate member of Society, commend us to Mr. Ernest Mainwaring. "People Like Ourselves" is a play distinctly to be seen.

"Between Sunset and Dawn."

By Hermon Ould.

Vaudeville Theatre, October 23, 1913.

Miss Ada King, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Ernest G. Cove, Mr. Harold Bradly, Miss May Blayney, Miss Florence Harwood, Mr. Edmond Breon, Miss Alice Mansfield, Miss Ethel Marryat.

Studies of slum-life are by no means uncommon on the stage, but seldom have they been presented with such grim fidelity as in "Between Sunset and Dawn." The author is obviously well acquainted with his subject, and though the ending is of rather a desperate character it comes in the way of a genuine surprise. Not the least interesting of an absorbing play is the view one gets of the business methods of a Deptford doss-house, where a "shakedown" may be obtained for a penny. It is here that the prepossessing young wife of Bill Higgins, who has left her husband owing to his ill-treatment, seeks refuge, and when Bill comes to force her to go back, Jim Harris, the son of the house, constitutes himself her protector. He conceives, in fact, an affection for her, and proposes that they shall set up housekeeping. Liz at first agrees, but repenting of her compact goes back to her husband. That worthy renews his persecution, and Liz returns to the lodging-house determined to carry out her bargain with Jim. But the latter can tell that Liz still loves her husband, and, suddenly losing his reason, kills her with a table-

knife, his disordered mind deeming that course the best way of relieving her of her misfortunes.

The acting was perfect in every part. Mr. Norman McKinnel drew a striking picture of the burly and loutish, but kind-hearted Jim Harris, amusing in the earlier scenes and making the murder episode very harrowing. Miss May Blayney made a plaintive appeal as the young wife crushed by the brutalities of her husband, and won the sympathy of all. A lifelike impersonation of Mrs. Harris, the elderly keeper of the lodging-house, with an outlook on life that is very severe, secured Miss Ada King a number of laughs. Mr. Edmond Breon made a tragic figure of Bill Higgins.

"Between Sunset and Dawn" was followed by

"The Green Cockatoo."

By Arthur Schnitzler.

Translated by Penelope Wheeler.

Mr. Edward Rigby, Mr. A. G. Poulton, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Miss Mary Clare, Mr. Edmond Breon, Mr. E. Evan Thomas, Mr. Malcolm Cherry, Mr. E. F. Mayeur, Miss Sarah Brooke.

Equal importance attached to the other dramatic item of the Vaudeville programme, the translation of Schnitzler's "grotesque" "The Green Cockatoo," which was originally produced by the Stage Society. The play loses strength through its bewildering number of characters, and the thrill, or series of thrills, is too long deferred. It takes quite a while to realise that "The Green Cockatoo," an underground tavern in Paris, is the resort of revolutionaries who entertain the French aristocrats by pretending to act various criminal parts and at the same time plot their downfall. The chief actor is known as Henry, and he acts his part so well as even to deceive his comrades when he describes how he has discovered and slain the lover of his newly-made wife. The facts he has invented happen to be true, and Henry, learning of them for the first time, stabs his wife's betrayer, who dashes in to warn his friends of the fall of the Bastille. The aristocrats are caught in a trap, and the revolutionaries' lust for blood has full play.

Mr. Norman McKinnel again proved his worth as the actor, Henry, his treatment of the scene in which he describes his attack on his enemy being remarkably graphic. Mr. A. G. Poulton as the innkeeper and ringleader of the conspirators made excellent use of his opportunities, and Mr. E. Evan Thomas acted naturally as an ardent young chevalier. Miss Sarah Brooke made a handsome and expressive marquise who revels in the riotous scenes depicted, and Miss Mary Clare quite justified Henry's enthusiasm regarding his wife's attractiveness.

The singular character of the bill was well maintained by the songs rendered by Gertrude Rolffs and Anton Dressler.

"Never Say Die."

By W. H. Post.

Produced at the Apollo.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Louis Goodrich, Mr. E. Holman Clark, Mr. John Clulow, Mr. A. Vane-Tempest, Master Reginald Sheffield, Miss Doris Lytton, Miss Marie George, and Miss Winifred Emery.

The virtue of "Never Say Die" lies in the fact that it provides Mr. Charles Hawtrey with a character after his own heart, and after the hearts of the audience, too. The polished middle-aged gentleman encountering innumerable disconcerting incidents, and surmounting them all with equanimity, he is an ever-acceptable personage of the play, and as such the genial Dionysius Woodbury will be at home at the Apollo for an indefinite period. He is a rich American who has the liver complaint and other maladies so well developed that specialists declare that he must succumb within a couple of months.

Dionysius takes a fatherly fancy to Violet Stevenson, who is engaged to Hector Walters, but cannot marry for lack of means. The girl's mother is too proud to accept help, and what more natural under the circumstances than that the rich American, knowing his demise is impending, should arrange to wed the young girl himself, leaving her at the church door, in order that she may inherit his wealth? The ceremony takes place, and the newly-made couple separate in the church porch, the young wife going off to the Continent alone.

Realising that it is expedient that he should die, Dionysius throws physic and doctors' diets to the winds, and determines to eat and be merry. Instead of finding his way to the cemetery he improves in health, and it is a robust husband that the bride finds on her return home. The lover is dismayed, but the bride is not at all, and matters between husband and wife progress so favourably that in the end she declares her intention of accompanying him to America, whither he had decided to return.

Mr. Hawtrey was the soul of geniality and the pink of gentility, and his droll utterance of the numerous witticisms which flow from the lips of Dionysius Woodbury gave them added flavour. Peals of laughter were the result. The piece was adorned by Miss Doris Lytton, who made a prepossessing and animated young wife, and Miss Winifred Emery as the mother was agreeably refined and humorous. Miss Marie George did admirable work in a difficult part as La Cigale.

As the boy Buster Master Reginald Sheffield lent added brightness to every scene in which he appeared.

"The Pearl Girl."

Book and Lyrics by Basil Hood, Music by Hugo Felix and Howard Talbot.

The Shaftesbury Theatre.

Messrs. Harry Welchman, Jack Hulbert, Lauri De Frece, Edgar Stanmore, Duncan Tovey, Sebastian Smith, Harry Ray, Alfred Lester, Misses Dorothea Temple, Cicely Courtneidge, Sadrène Storri, Marjorie Maxwell, Joan Hay, Ada Blanche, Violet Blythe, Violet Crompton, and Iris Hoey.

Dainty, tuneful and amusing, "The Pearl Girl" is a worthy follower of former successes at the Shaftesbury.

The briefest outline of the plot will show the trend of the story.

The beautiful "Pearl Queen" of the Argentine, Mme. Alvarez, in London on a visit, hears a rumour that her wonderful jewels are threatened by a gang of foreign thieves. She goes to the Palmyra Pearl premises in Bond Street, and commissions the manager to make her a duplicate set of imitation pearls, which she will wear in place of the real ones. She begs the clever lady secretary of the company, Miranda Peploe, to settle up everything for her, leaving her a large sum of money for the purpose.

Miranda has a great idea. Why should she not impersonate the Pearl Queen in English society for a season? She does so, and in the second act we find the little lady in the élite of society, holding her own with the best of them, and securing in the end the hand of the handsome young Duke of Trent.

Miss Iris Hoey is the "Pearl Girl," and is as irresistible as ever. Miss Cicely Courtneidge dances with her usual distinction, and acts with great vivacity as Lady Betty; and Miss Ada Blanche is droll beyond measure in a comic character part. Miss Marjorie Maxwell looks beautiful and acts with skill as Mme. Alvarez. Miss Dorothea Temple makes a stately Duchess, and some exquisite dancing is contributed by Miss Sadrène Storri. With Mr. Alfred Lester as a shop assistant laughter is assured whenever he is on the stage.

Many new ideas are to be gathered from the dresses in "The Pearl Girl." In the hunting scene one is struck by the exquisite blending of the forest-green cloth costumes faced with lemon-coloured cloth worn by the Duke and his friends, as they are in perfect harmony with the woodland scenery, including the mossy rocks. Very effective, too, are the dresses of the pearl girls; they are of dove-grey charmeuse, with lace bodices and aprons, the lace tunics being pro-

vided with small pockets. Standing out with special prominence in this scene is Miss Marjorie Maxwell's gown (she assumes the rôle of Madame Alvarez). It is fashioned of a delicate shade of chartreuse yellow ninon, relieved with skunk and black velvet. An entire jaguar skin is requisitioned in the making of the muff. It is trimmed with heads and tails of this animal.

In the "Hurblage" scene there is a veritable constellation of beautiful toilettes. Miss Iris Hoey's is of white broché with a Medici collar, quite a new departure being a drapery of flame-coloured silk supplemented with flounces in the vicinity of the waist. The scheme is completed by a black mob cap with a white and black osprey above each ear. In Miss Sadrene Storri's gown the crinoline note is cleverly introduced, the entire costume being carried out in pale pink chiffon relieved with sable.

Revival.

"Under Two Flags."

Adaptation of Ouida's Novel.

Lyceum, October 29, 1913.

Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Mr. Frederick C. Leister, Mr. Fred Ingram, Mr. Fred Morgan, Mr. Henry Lonsdale, Mr. J. T. Macmillan, Miss Grace Denbeigh Russell, Miss Phyllis Dailley, Miss Tittell-Brune, and others.

The vitality of the old plays is amazing. At the Lyceum Theatre, "Under Two Flags," which has travelled the length and breadth of the land for such long years, is arousing as intense an interest and enthusiasm as unbounded as if it were the finest of modern plays.

The self-abnegating hero's tribulations arise out of his determination to bear the burden of his brother's crime, and he leaves his ancestral home to serve under the French flag in Africa. Here he undergoes relentless persecution at the hands of his colonel, but wins the love and esteem of everybody else, including Cigarette, the cantinière, who in the end saves his life at the cost of her own.

Cigarette was played with abundant animation and emotional power by Miss Tittell Brune, who won general admiration, especially in the episode where Cigarette is seen galloping through a sand-storm on her mission of life or death. The Hon. Bertie Cecil of Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, who played with dash and vigour, was all a Lyceum hero should be; and the villainous colonel was embellished by Mr. Henry Lonsdale with the terrifying emphasis that a man with such a sobriquet as "the Black Hawk" demanded. Miss Grace Denbeigh Russell was a gentle and refined Princess. There was real humour in the impersonations of Tata by Mr. J. T. Macmillan and of a Jew moneylender by Mr. Fred Baroni.

Deptford and the Vaudeville Theatre.

To the Editor of THE PLAYGOER.

SIR,—We have been astonished to learn that a letter has been sent to the daily Press by the Deptford Chamber of Commerce protesting against a "slander" presumed to have been cast upon their district of London by the present management of the Vaudeville Theatre.

The action of Mr. Hermon Ould's play, "Between Sunset and Dawn," takes place, it is true, in South London, partly in Deptford, partly in a neighbouring district; and three of its four scenes are placed in a common lodging-house.

There are common lodging-houses all over London. Kensington has twenty-two, Deptford only eight. In locating his play in South London the author has no intention to stigmatise a district, to imply that the Deptford common lodging-houses are unusually rich in drama, or to suggest that the incidents of the play are especially characteristic of any one London borough.

The Deptford Chamber of Commerce is unduly sensitive. Their borough, with its 110,000 inhabitants, is no more immune from drama than Camden Town from murders or Kensington from burglaries.—We are, yours faithfully,

NORMAN MCKINNEL.

FREDERICK WHELEN.

Vaudeville Theatre, Nov. 7.

The production of Mr. Robert Vansittart's new play, "People Like Ourselves," at the Globe Theatre, is remarkable, amongst other things, for a dining-room "set," which is unique. The Countess of Drogheda, who assisted the management with her artistic advice, prevailed upon Mrs. Edwardes, wife of the Chilian Minister, to allow a copy to be made of her famous mahogany dining-room, which figures in the scheme of things decorative. The great Lenygon, too, has courteously permitted one of his Georgian rooms to be reproduced, thus enabling Miss Warwick to present another exceptionally interesting "interior."

Interesting facts regarding Ancient Egypt are being brought to light through Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Joseph and his Brethren" at His Majesty's Theatre. Egypt at the time of Joseph, we learn, had a standing army of 500,000 men, who were exceedingly well cared for by the State, the daily rations consisting of 5 lbs. of bread, 2 lbs. of meat, and 2 pints of wine. The soldiers were also presented with some acres of land, free of rates and taxes. Their weapons and armour were fashioned with exquisite skill.

Gadabout's Gossip.

I HAVE sampled the novelties of the season, and I am bound to say that I could not find much evidence of the advance of the British drama, but with a Biblical story at one theatre and the tragedy of a Deptford "doss-house" at another, who shall say that the productions were not comprehensive? Certainly one's dramatic education would not be complete without seeing "Joseph and his Brethren" at His Majesty's and "Between Sunset and the Dawn" at the Vaudeville.

Playgoers are continuing to attend His Majesty's at the rate of 1,500 per performance, a most gratifying testimony to Sir Herbert Tree's wisdom in producing his Biblical drama, "Joseph and his Brethren." New York is to witness a revival of the play during the winter season.

"Have you been to the Coliseum in Rome?" was the question put in at a theatre the other night. "No," was the reply, "the music halls at home are good enough for me!"

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Society have acquired a site at a figure that will swallow up nearly all their capital. You are not to know where the site is. That is kept a secret. How the executive expect the public to subscribe to a project about which there is so much mystery is a problem still more profound.

In the course of my peregrinations I went down to Walton-on-Thames to see "David Garrick" filmed, and to see Sir Charles Wyndham act without the footlights and without that electricity which is said to be generated by the presence of an absorbed audience. Sir Charles had been up with the lark, and in the early morning had accomplished a fencing scene imported into the play in a neighbouring field. As many as possible of Sir Charles' comrades in the former production had been got together. There was Mr. Charles Calvert, who boasts a "picture" face of the finest calibre, and there was also Mr. James Blakeley, looking as demure as if he had never even heard of a comic part, and was the last person in the world to arouse peals of merriment by his droll performance of the lawyer in "The Laughing Husband."

Miss Mary Moore was unable through indisposition to be present, but Sir Charles supplied some compensation by telling a story appropriate to the occasion. It was about fire-boxes. Two

men travelling in that line of business, one an Englishman and the other an American, were comparing notes. Said the Englishman to the American, "I think we have the advantage over you." "How is that?" said the other. "Why, we locked a chicken in one of our boxes, kept a furnace burning under it for three days and three nights, and at the end of that time we opened the door and the chicken jumped out!" "I think I can go one better than that," said the American. "We put a dog into one of our boxes, burned a furnace underneath it for three days and nights, and at the end of that time the dog was dead." "But," protested the Englishman, "our chicken was alive!" "Sure," returned the American, "but our dog was frozen to death!"

They were a homely couple who, after waiting some hours in the queue, had secured front seats in the pit. In the back row of the stalls sat a lady wearing a towering bunch of bristles which impeded the man's view, and he ventured to ask the lady kindly to "take off 'er 'at." "'Ush," said his wife in a stage whisper, "that's not an 'at, it's a haigrette."

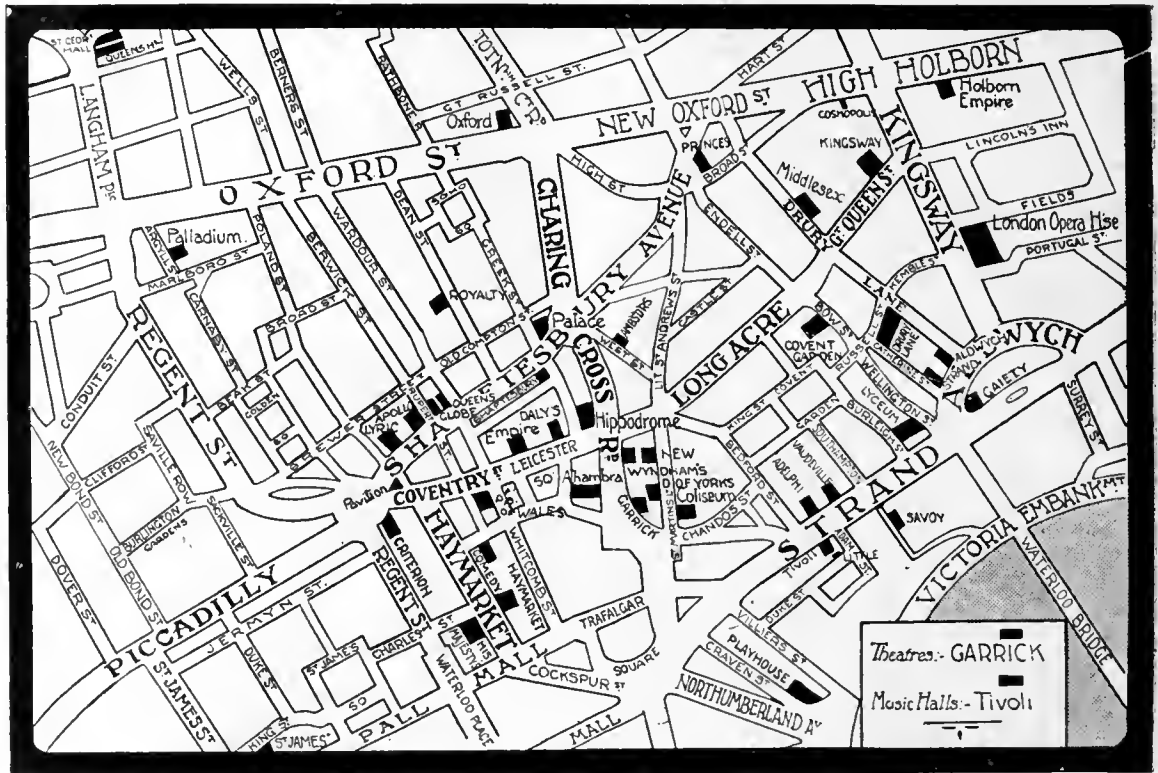
Tears and laughter were curiously mingled in the accounts of the death of Mr. C. H. E. Brookfield, who held his office of censor for so short a period. As actor and author, Mr. Brookfield ministered to the merriment of the community, and the references to his death teemed with specimens of his pungent wit and satire. The selection of Mr. Brookfield for the position of censor with Mr. Redford about the end of 1911 revived the opposition to the office, and at the Savoy Theatre on the Sunday evening following the announcement Mr. Granville Barker moved a resolution condemning the appointment, which was enthusiastically adopted by a full house.

Mr. Brookfield evidently inherited his wit from his father. He relates in his "Random Reminiscences" how his father was dining at the Oxford and Cambridge Club with a distinguished company, among whom was Tennyson. After dinner the poet insisted on putting his feet on the table. "Do put your feet down," pleaded the host. "Why should I?" retorted Tennyson. "I'm very comfortable as I am." "Everyone's staring at you," said another. "Let 'em stare," replied the poet, placidly. "Alfred," said Mr. Brookfield, père, "people will think you are Longfellow." Down went the feet.

GADABOUT.

The Playgoer's Guide.

Theatres and Music Halls at a Glance.



Current Attractions at the Theatres.

[The exact situation of the theatres in the following list will be found by a reference to the above map.]

- Adelphi (Strand).—"Girl from Utah," 8.15.
Aldwych.—"The Ever Open Door," 8.
Ambassadors (West Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"A Daughter of France," 8.
Apollo (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Wife Tamer," 8; "Never Say Die," 8.45.
Comedy (Panton Street, Haymarket).—"The Thirteenth," 8.30.; "A Place in the Sun," 9.
Covent Garden.—Grand English Opera.
Criterion (Piccadilly Circus).—"The Dear Departed," 8.30; "Oh! I Say!!" 9.
Daly's (Leicester Square).—"The Marriage Market," 8.
Drury Lane.—"Sealed Orders," 7.45.
Gaiety.—"The Girl on the Film," 8.15.
Globe (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"People Like Ourselves," 8.30.
Haymarket (Haymarket).—"A Dear Little Wife," 8.30; "Within the Law," 9.
His Majesty's (Haymarket).—"Joseph and His Brethren," 8.
Kingsway (Great Queen Street).—"The Great Adventure," 8.20.
Little (John Street, Strand).—"Germinæ," 8.30; "Magic," 9.
Lyceum.—"Under Two Flags," 7.45.
Lyric (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Girl in the Taxi," 8.20.
New (St. Martin's Lane).—"The Laughing Husband," 8.20.
Playhouse (Northumberland Avenue).—"Mary Goes First," 8.30.
Prince of Wales's (Coventry Street).—"Are You There?" 8.30.
Queen's (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"This Way, Madam," 9.
Royalty (Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Pursuit of Pamela," 8.30.
St. James's (King Street, St. James's Street).—"The Witch," 8.30.
Savoy (Strand).—"The Grand Seigneur," 8.15.
Shaftesbury.—"The Pearl Girl," 8.
Strand.—"The Joneses," 8.30.
Vaudeville (Strand).—"Between Sunset and Dawn," 8.15.
Wyndham's (Charing Cross Road).—"Diplomacy," 8.

Playgoer's Rights.

NO section of the community is comparatively so little protected as that of the playgoer. Only the theatre patron submits tamely to injustice, and has no means of revolt. True, his morals are safeguarded to a certain extent by the Lord Chamberlain on the one hand and by the County Council on the other, and safety curtains and fire appliances are provided for his personal safety. But for his general welfare no provision exists.

There are, to be sure, the Playgoers' Club and its older confrère, the O.P., but beyond fêting footlight favourites and discussing more or less abstract subjects on a Sunday night, nothing appears to be done to remove the grievances under which playgoers suffer.

Playgoers have their undoubted rights. Primarily there is the right to see. When a person has paid his shilling, his half-crown, or his half-guinea he has a claim to an unimpeded view of the stage. There should be no pillars in the way, and there should be no seats situated in such a position that only those who have the faculty of seeing round the corner can get a glimpse of the performance. The oblong and not the semi-circle is the ideal shape for the building, which should be on the cantilever principle, without any pillars between the seat and the stage.

Stringent rules, moreover, should be enforced with regard to headgear, a matter in which ladies are invariably the sinners. At some theatres the tickets for matinée performances bear the inscription, "No hats or bonnets allowed," and generally speaking the condition is courteously observed. But at other houses afternoon performances very often bring an array of flowers and feathers that effectually obscure the view.

How if the men indulged in reprisals? What would happen if one fine afternoon twenty men wearing "top-hats" filed into the front row of the stalls and there sat, presenting a phalanx of shining black silk to the astonished gaze of the audience? It would be a breach of etiquette, but it could hardly be a breach of the rules of the theatre.

Secondarily comes the right to hear. That depends entirely upon the will or the capability of the player. How many a scene has been ruined by the failure of the actor to get his lines beyond the stalls, and how often has the author

gnashed his teeth with rage to find that one of his choicest sentences has gone for nothing through the neglect by his exponent of one of the first rules of his craft!

Then there is the right to "boo."

Why should the playgoer be abused for exercising his claim to free and independent criticism? Over and over again it is urged that the public should be its own censor? How can that be if it is not allowed to express its sentiments audibly? One applauds because one is pleased, remains silent because one is indifferent, and hisses because one is offended. How otherwise can the mind of the public be indicated? It sometimes happens that the "boo" is the protest against the demonstrations of interested applauders—then it is the organised "boo" against the organised applause.

When a music hall audience demonstrates its disapproval down comes the curtain and extinguishes the "turn," but the play at the theatre has to run its full course and be judged on its merits as a whole.

An evil that pit and gallery patrons have long suffered is that of waiting at the doors. They have had opportunities of substituting the numbered seat system for the queue, but have rejected them. That, however, does not preclude their right to consideration when the queue has assumed proportions far beyond the accommodation available. Surely there must be a means of judging whether those limits are passed, and of informing those who arrive afterwards that their waiting is in vain! There might be a sort of high-water mark, at the sight of which the would-be patron would turn on his heel—disappointed but not unduly delayed. He could seek amusement in other quarters, and thus fill the seats at some less attractive house that would otherwise be vacant. Such a system, however, would obviously be the death of the declaration, "Hundreds turned away," with which managers love to embellish their advertisements.

I do not suggest that playgoers should burn down mansions or set fire to pillar-boxes, but I do think that something should be done to give opportunity to ventilate their grievances, and to secure representation in some form or other for so considerable a portion of the population.

POTONIUS.

Connie Lambert's Last Chance.

By Alfred Barnard.

THE packed audience at the New London Music Hall had clapped their hands until there was not a wrist which did not ache. The gallery had yelled itself hoarse, the pit stood and waved programmes, handkerchiefs and empty chocolate boxes. For the sixth time the tabs parted and a new burst of vigorous applause rolled and echoed above the heads of the three thousand people who were present. Standing behind the footlights was Connie Lambert; on either side of her, deftly arranged, were beautiful bouquets which had been presented to her on the occasion of her last performance. Garbed in her neat little fairy's costume, which had become known during a period of fifteen years to every music hall frequenter throughout the Empire, she looked to-night as she had always done, the perfect idol of the women of England. "Speech! speech!" yelled the pit and the gallery.

Then, as Connie stepped down to the footlights, a tribute of flowers hugged to her breast, there fell upon the vast assembly a wonderful silence. Connie's lips parted, but at the same time her eyes filled with tears, and after a few moments of hesitation—no audience had ever seen her hesitate before—she uttered only two words—

"Thank you!"

She bowed, and then as she stepped backwards the audience cheered again to the echo, as though she had made a brilliant speech.

Down went the tabs. The next number was on the indicator, and with the rapidity which characterises the modern vaudeville entertainment the orchestra struck up the opening bars for the next turn. In a few moments the impressive scene was almost forgotten by the audience, but what of Connie Lambert behind the scenes?

When the tabs descended for the last time upon her she had rushed from the stage into the arms of her dresser, whose name was Kitty.

Burying her face on Kitty's shoulder she sobbed.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, they are so kind, I cannot, I cannot leave them!"

It was a weird scene. Dick Tumbler, the famous acrobat, his face chalked, and dressed in extravagant pierrot attire, stood by, an odd figure, vainly endeavouring to stifle emotion. The Brothers Leonard, the world-renowned comics, who were about to go on the stage to reap the roars of laughter which always rewarded their turn, watched Connie Lambert in silence that seemed to show they would never jest again.

"Come along, dearie," said Kitty, as she gently

led the woman who had been both her bosom friend and mistress for fifteen years.

Across the stage, through a swing door, along a cold corridor, down a few steps, a sharp turn to the right, and the dressing-room door labelled "Connie Lambert" was reached.

Kitty led Connie in and gently sat her on the sofa.

"You must bear up, dear," she whispered, "you really must. Dozens of people are waiting at the stage door to come and bid you good-bye. Hush, here's someone now!"

After a sharp tap the door opened, and there entered one of the stage hands looking much as though he were decorating for a May day as he carried in the flowers which had been presented to the pet of the public.

With a great effort Connie stifled her emotion, finding occupation in examining the flowers as they were placed on dressing table and chairs. The man had deposited the last bouquet and stood by with his cap in his hand.

"If you wouldn't take it amiss, I should like just a flower for a keepsake!" he said.

"Why, certainly," exclaimed Connie, and she plucked a beautiful carnation, brushed her lips with it, and handed it to him.

"Thank you, Miss," he said, his voice rather thick. Then he seized her delicate white hand and crushed it in his horny palm. He turned to go out, and collided with the call boy.

"Hullo, Jack," cried Connie, "what do you want?"

"I was just wondering, Miss, if you could let me have one of your satin shoes—would you just for a keepsake?"

"No, you can't, Jack," interrupted Kitty. Then, nodding her head at Connie, she added, "both her shoes are already promised to me!"

"Oh, very well, then, Miss. But could I have the bonnet that you do your second number in?"

"So you shall, Jack!" exclaimed Connie, now rapidly becoming cheerful. Even while she was speaking she unpinned the delicate creation from her head, a creation which had set the fashion several years before, and tossed it to the call boy.

"Thank you ever so much," he cried, "and good-bye, Miss."

Before he had bidden her farewell a group of men occupied in every conceivable fashion behind the scenes, among them many brother and sister artistes on the same bill, waited to come in and get some tribute to keep in memory of the great artiste.

For an hour people continued to clamour for keepsakes until Connie had disposed of nearly every article which the public mind associated with her appearance on the stage.

The last to call was the managing director of the great circuit of halls of which the New London was only one. Thousands of artistes would have considered it a great honour to have had a visit from him at all. But Connie was a star whom managers loved to employ, just as much as the public loved to witness her performance.

Connie was just getting into her fur coat, which Kitty was holding for her, as John Agnew entered.

He tapped lightly at the door, and the moment afterwards his bulky form entered. He was notoriously a man of retiring disposition, who said little and thought and did much. He was said to be like Napoleon in everything excepting his head, his body, and his expression. Students of Napoleon whispered that it was the way in which he used his eyes that made him so strikingly like the great soldier.

"So you are leaving us to get married after all?" he said in a quiet voice as he took her hand in his.

"Yes, Mr. Agnew. I'm going at last. Going right over to Australia, right away from you and all my English friends. I hate going."

"Oh, cheer up! You'll come back in—what shall I say—twelve months?"

"No, I don't think so. The man I am marrying will make me ever so happy. And—I—shall—not—want to return to the stage!"

Her voice tailed off in hesitancy, as though she was not sure of herself.

"But you all say that, you know—and you all come back!"

"But I can't, you see," replied Connie quietly, "I can't because—because you see my husband that is to be hates the stage. So you see—"

"Oh, yes, I see. But in spite of all that you *will* come back. You can't leave for ever people who love you as the audience showed to-night it does. You can't do it; and—er—besides, you know, you may find things a little quiet when you come to settle down in your new home, and then you will be thinking of the days of life you have had behind the footlights. Well, good-bye Connie, and good luck!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Agnew! Good-bye!"

In another moment the music hall magnate was gone.

"Give me my coat, Kitty, we shall be late for supper!"

She was soon in her coat, and with Kitty at her side left by the stage door to enter a motor-car which stood outside awaiting her.

During the ride to the famous restaurant at which a supper had been arranged by a number of friends and admirers in her honour Connie sat in silent thought, about herself, about her past, and about her future.

She had come to England from Australia fifteen years before—a mere child. She had made a hit, was a success almost instantly, and now "topped the bill" at any hall in the country. She had fought a hard fight, skilfully avoiding always the pitfalls and dangers to which inevitably a young girl in her circumstances is subjected. She had come through to the top without "a past," and looked forward now to a new and glorious future, when she should reign as the mistress of a household, protected by a husband who loved her. She ought to have felt light-hearted and happy, but she did not. She had just discovered that she was abandoning the love of a multitude for the love of one man. Supposing the bargain should turn out a failure. Supposing after giving up all it had taken her the best fifteen years of her life to win she should not find that happiness for which she looked. She was marrying a Melbourne bank manager who disliked the stage. She had known him ten years, but had seen him only at very rare intervals. They had corresponded, but she realised that in reality she knew very little of him, scarcely perhaps sufficient to justify her in at last agreeing to his oft-repeated proposal of marriage. She had spent the best part of her fifteen years on the stage in declining proposals of marriage. One half of them had been from men who wanted her to continue to work at her profession after marriage in order that they might live on the proceeds, for to the average man the £200 a week which she earned was a considerable income—enough for two, one of them doing nothing in fact. The man she had at last accepted was wealthy, but she did not know of any particular reason why they should get on together. At the same time she did not know of any particular reason why they should not. She regarded it as her last chance to get married—to occupy that position in the world which the exceptional as well as the average woman desired.

"Here we are, dearie!"

The voice of Kitty interrupted her thoughts, and in a few moments they entered the brilliantly lighted restaurant, to be received by the clapping of hands of some fifty people already seated and waiting at the table for the Bohemian supper to proceed.

It was a great evening. They proposed her health, they spoke so kindly of her and her work, and so hopefully of her future that she began to feel genuinely happy that she was about to leave the stage and marry.

"Yes, dear," she said to Kitty as they drove home, "I am really glad I am going away to be married."

"I can't say I am," murmured Kitty, "I've worked for you now for fifteen years, and oh, I shall miss you—I shall, dear, so much, so much!"

The car had drawn up at the door of her house in Maida Vale, the house that was soon to know her no more. She was more cheerful now.

Yes, she told herself, she was glad that she was leaving England—was to marry.

Relieved of her coat by a maid who adored her, whilst Kitty entered the small and daintily furnished reception room on the left of the hall, Connie entered and threw herself into an easy chair.

"A cable!" exclaimed Kitty, seizing an envelope printed in bold red lettering that lay upon the small desk in the window.

"It's from my sweetheart!" cried Connie, springing to her feet.

She tore open the envelope and read it. For a moment she stared at the flimsy in her hand. Then she allowed it to flutter to the floor.

Kitty, ever watching her, advanced towards her.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"He's dead!"

"What?"

"Read it!"

Kitty picked up the cable and learned at a glance that the man whom Connie was to marry had been killed in a motor smash.

"My poor Connie!" murmured Kitty.

But Connie held up her hand as though to stay sympathy.

"Kitty, it's a shock. But—don't think me selfish—I—I am glad that I shan't have to leave my beloved English audiences. They're so fond of me! And I have learned to-night that I love them more than I could have imagined! He was my last chance. But the British Public were my first love!"

Kitty gazed wonderingly at her friend. She saw in the deep blue eyes a wonderful sincerity, and she began to understand that there could never have been any wonder that her audiences had loved her.

* * * * *

Six months later the bills announced "The return of Connie Lambert." The call boy and the rest preserved their mementoes of her "last" performance, and Mr. Agnew—without in the least understanding what he was talking about—observed to his secretary on the day of her re-appearance, "They all come back. The call of the footlights is too strong!"

THE END.

An Optimist on the Theatre.

WITH that enthusiast, Mr. Frederick Whelen, lecturing on the above title, and charming Miss Sarah Brooke making the sweetest and daintiest of "chairmen," quite a lively little debate took place on Sunday evening at the Princes Room in the Hotel Cecil, under the auspices of the O.P. Club.

Mr. Whelen's explanation of recent theatrical failures was that most people were more critical, and would not put up with old stuff. Rather than go to the theatre they patronise picture palaces and music halls. He thought, however, the picture palaces had "opened the door of thousands of suburban homes, and stimulated a taste for the drama." Mr. Whelen also referred to the number of plays written, the majority of which were useless; and told an amusing story of a "splendid play for Mr. Norman McKinnel" that was sent him the previous week at the Vaudeville. After looking at it he (Mr. Whelen) found that "Mr. McKinnel in the first act appeared in the background waving a golf club, and then did not again make his appearance until the last act, when he was—drunk."

He advocated a series of theatre societies for the suburbs on the style of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and said that several should be established on a modest plan.

Mr. Norman V. Norman thought that the idea that the Abbey Theatre would pay in the suburbs was a fallacy; instead of "several," he questioned if one would answer. In reference to the taste of the rising generation, he spoke of paying for one of his caddies to see "The Witch," and on being asked as to how he liked it, the lad replied that it was like "The Worst Woman in London," but hardly so "classy."

Mr. E. F. Spence severely condemned the present-day theatrical architecture, and said that if playgoers were made more comfortable they would appreciate dramatic fare better.

Mr. Carl Hentschel said he agreed with Mr. Spence. He saw "Androcles and the Lion" from the gallery, and afterwards witnessed it in a comfortable seat, and he knew which of the two performances he enjoyed. (Laughter.) The prices in the West-End were excessive, and he maintained that pittites should each have an arm-chair for 2s. 6d. The seating accommodation of the West-End theatres cried for reform.

Other speakers also condemned the "terrible" state of some of the West-End galleries, and one gentleman mentioned those where playgoers could enjoy themselves, and those to avoid.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Whelen, who said that despite the criticisms that night he still remained an "optimist."

Amateur Theatricals.

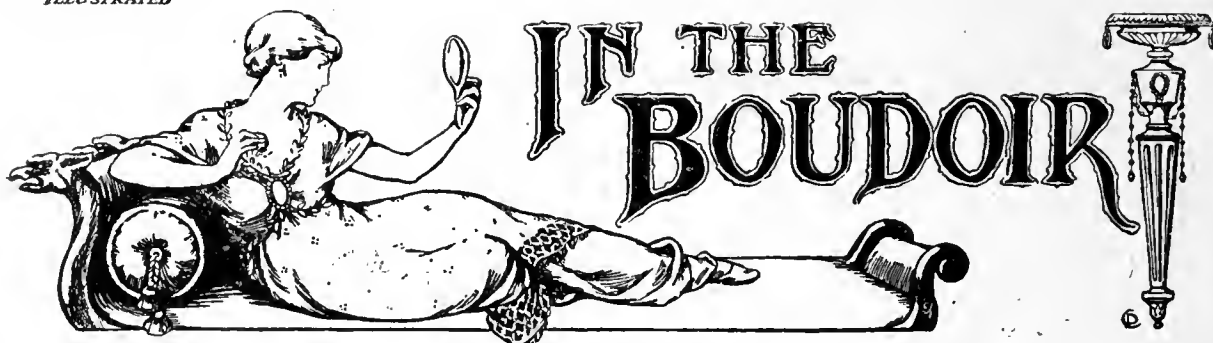
IF the preliminary skirmishes of some of the suburban and smaller clubs may be taken as indicative of the trend of the amateur season now upon us it would appear that it is likely to be little better or little worse than that of last year. So far, none of the productions have proved of much merit. The Ingoldsby Club—one of the oldest organisations in London—have migrated from Camberwell to Cripplegate, and opened with "When we were Twenty-one" in the sacred name of charity. It is only fair to say that this excuse was not necessary; and one may hope the "The Witness for the Defence," the club's first private show, will prove as satisfactory. The Cripplegate Club commenced the season with "Mice and Men," and quite maintained its reputation for sound acting. The Anomalies, of West Norwood fame, have flirted not very vigorously with "The Little Damozel," and the Finchley Club, relying upon that safe card, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," gave it sufficiently dexterous treatment to satisfy the audience without unduly impressing the critical person. Of the principal West-End clubs the Bancroft was the first to set the ball rolling, and to judge from the arduous labours of the prompter were at least a fortnight too soon. "The Tenth Man" is, in any case, not very nice nor convincing, and it is to be regretted that a club of the standing of the Bancroft by giving it its first performance by amateurs should have so effectually damned it. The deplorable lapses of memory at the most dramatic moments brought strongly to mind that old maxim for amateur actors, "Don't trouble about the acting, but know your lines." With the latter the former sometimes follows, without it never. It is almost unnecessary to add that the amateur's stand-by, "Caste," has already received its seasonal baptism, while the Muswell Hill society, with its representation of "Tenterhooks," and the Jackdaw Dramatic Club in its selection of "The Younger Generation," represent the opposite poles of the drama.

Already two new societies have sprung into being. The one at Stockwell opened with "Mollentrave on Woman," and thanks to Mr. J. K. Boddy, in his own line one of the most accomplished of the London amateurs, gave a capital performance. But the other infant, the Hampstead Garden Suburb Literary Theatre, is a horse of quite another colour. From the prospectus it will devote itself to the "high-brow" type of play, and its selection of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" shows that the promoters have the courage of their convictions. It will be interest-

ing to see whether the Hampstead folk will stand for the literary drama, so often, alas, neither literary nor drama. Certainly I wish them success, for I have believed for a long time that if the repertory movement in the theatre is to succeed, it will be through the efforts of the amateur actor and his adherents.

The Edward Terry Dramatic Club—whose motto appears to be "quantity, quality if possible, but quantity anyway"—have produced, "for the first time in Europe," a new farcical comedy entitled, "A Pair of Gloves." Without being quite negligible it certainly will not set the Thames on fire, and one may quietly congratulate the society on its enterprise. I question, however, whether amateur acting affords the right medium for the launching of a new play. Much depends always upon the interpreters, and there are only a few societies who can guarantee a cast sound right through. Of these I think the Wyndham Club is one, and I understand its executive will be delighted to give anything worthy a trial run for its third performance. And quite apart from the acting strength of the society, a number of the "Great Unacted" would in this case have the benefit of one of the most experienced and probably most successful of the professional producers to London clubs, Mr. Reginald Rivington to wit.

The Scarborough Amateur Operatic Society gave four admirable performances of "Dorothy" at the Londesborough Theatre recently. The piece was well staged and mounted, and went with a good swing. Dr. Ely, F.R.S.O., was the musical director, and Mr. Henry Leffler, of the Savoy Theatre, London, the stage manager. The rôle of Dorothy Bantam was well sustained by Miss Ivy Prince, and Miss Violette Lawson was good as Lydia Hawthorne. Mrs. A. S. Tetley was excellent as Mrs. Privett; Miss Lily Beauvais as Phyllis Tuppitt entered thoroughly into the spirit of the character; and Mr. F. Camidge, as the bridegroom, Tom Strutt, acted realistically. Mr. C. C. Goodricke, in the character of Lurcher made quite a sensation on his first appearance, and again in his crimson-and-gold doublet and hose, when he acted under the rose as servant to the phantom Duke of Berkshire. Mr. Wilfred Ely as the Parson, and Mr. Basil Groves as Squire Bantam, were good, as also were Mr. Hubert Dryland as Geoffrey Wilder, and Mr. E. G. Steuart Corry as Harry Sherwood. Mr. F. W. Eden made an excellent John Tuppitt. "Old women" were well represented by the Misses Botterill, Crawshaw, Hopper, and Suddaby, and the well-trained chorus sang efficiently.



By M. E. BROOKE.

NOWADAYS women are as much interested in the modes *en évidence* across the foot-lights as in the play—that is, of course, to say the womanly women. There are some very fascinating dresses in the “Laughing Husband.” Miss Daisie Irving in the first act appears in a purple satin evening gown, slashed up in front, thereby revealing a lining of cerise, her stockings and cothurns matching the latter. The tunic is of ninon of a pale grey shade embroidered with crystals and blue beads finished with ropes of the same, the corsage being carried out in flesh-coloured tulle strewn with diamanté, while on her hair rests a line of diamonds with a single osprey in front. Miss Mabel Burnege looks remarkably well in a gracefully draped black charmeuse dress, the novel note in this being the outlining of the draperies with diamanté. The waistband is of jet, the corsage being composed of the softest of lace. Miss Violet Gould’s toilette is of aluminium tissue and lace, the monotony of which is broken with touches of purple velvet. No more charming debutante’s gown could be imagined than the one assumed by Miss Gwladys Gaynor. It is fashioned of shell-pink charmeuse, veiled with lace, strewn with diamanté, the scheme completed by a geranium-coloured sash.

MEN’S WEAR.

A dazzling picture of smart society is furnished in Act. I, to the effect of which the men’s clothes contribute not a little. The suits are admirably cut and reflect much credit on Messrs. Walker and Co., of Sackville Street. No one can say that the style is not the latest, as witness an evening dress suit of purple, with a pattern of a striking character.

The motor-coats in Act I. and the men’s costumes in the shooting-box were designed and made by the celebrated firm of Burberry, whose name is a passport to the world of sport. They give the proper tone to both scenes and add to their realism in a marked degree.

SHOOTING COSTUMES.

As will be recalled, the locale of the second act is the shooting-box at Buchenau, when sports costumes are a *sine qua non*. In order to meet the exigencies of the play these are of rather vivid colourings. The salient feature of these costumes is the cut of the skirt. There is no suggestion of fullness when the wearers are standing still, although there is perfect freedom when they are dancing. Miss Daisie Irving’s dress is remarkable for its simplicity. It is fashioned of white cloth, the skirt slit up back and front finished with buttons and loops. Miss Violet Gould’s suit is really a wonderful affair. The plaid skirt is looped up in a decidedly original manner, while the shirt is of an iridescent green silk.

An afternoon toilet worn by Miss Irving in Act III. is carried out in deep sapphire blue broché silk draped over a petticoat of accordion-pleated chiffon. The bodice is completed with a vest and undersleeves of white cloth, the décolletage and cuffs being bordered with a narrow band of mink. A broad ceinture of black and white striped broché provides a charming finish to the gown. Miss Irving wears a small hat of black panne, the brim of which is turned up at the left side, while it is trimmed with a cluster of soft white and sapphire blue fantaisie plumes. A great blue velvet muff, over which is spread a single dyed fox skin, complete with head, paws, and tail, is carried. Miss Irving’s shoes are fashioned of the same material as her gown, ornamented with bronze buckles and a minute border of fur round the top.

Miss Mabel Burnege’s costume in this act is of white crêpe satin, the skirt of which is draped in graceful folds and supplemented with soft needle-run lace, likewise arranged among the drapery, a stole of the crêpe being suspended down the back of the skirt. The corsage is of lace, over which is a waistcoat of the material, the décolletage being finished with a Medici collar lined with fine silver net, while a great crimson rose is tucked into the waist-belt in front. A black velvet hat,

THE AUTUMN IN LONDON AND THE AUTUMN IN LIFE.

WE are bidding *adieu* to the country. It is the time of the city. The call of London is in the air, London in her gaberdine of smoke and fog, with her halo of mist and haze and midday twilight.

Perhaps we do not return with the same exaltation as that with which the beautiful Alfred de Musset used to re-enter his beloved Paris, singing:

*C'est le temps de la ville.
Oh! lorsque l'an dernier*

*J'y revins, que je vis ce bon
Louvre et son dôme*

*Paris et sa fumée, et tout ce
beau royaume*

*(J'entends encore, au vent,
les postillons crier),*

*Que j'aimais ce temps gris,
ces passants et la Seine,*

*Sous ses mil'è falots, assise
— en souveraine!*

*J'allais revoir l'hiver. Et
toi, ma vie, et toi!*

Neither do we return in the pessimistic frame of mind of our own beautiful Lord Byron when, with the curl of disdain on his classic lip, he wrote of:

*That sort of farthing-candle-
light which glimmers*

*Where reeking London's
smoky caldron simmers.*

Still, although the spell which autumnal London casts is unique, there is no doubt that this time of the year is a trying one for women. In spite of beautiful gowns and bewitching millinery, the one thing which, like a foil, they are intended to set off and adorn—the Face—gives rise to troubling thoughts and misgivings. *C'est le temps de la ville*, but it is also the time of the year when sensitive skins chap, pretty eyes inflame, ruby lips crack, rose-tinted cheeks become pinched and blue. Noses once white as the lily darken to the hue of the blush rose. Oh little avail the smartest gown, the most charming hat, the richest jewels. The habit does not make the monk, nor will all these make

the woman when her complexion is mottled, lacks freshness and charm.

Careful treatment, therefore, becomes necessary; competent advice should be sought and followed.

The majority of women but rarely do for their complexion what is sensible. In a vague sort of way only do they know that it is quite the thing to use something or other. The hairdresser, the corner chemist, the big store, and the would-be beauty specialist, have not been slow to draw profit from this shifting, unfastidious, uncertain attitude by providing such "somethings" galore. But after you have exhausted all that is offered by the hairdresser, whose business is hairdressing; by the chemist, whose business is dispensing medicines; by the big store, whose business is providing for your household, and by the ignorant beauty specialist, whose business should be goodness only knows what; after you have found out that none of these things can satisfy you, because in the nature of things it is impossible for them to satisfy you, what remains? There remains last what should have been first: a visit to the one Complexion Expert who is master of the profession, Mme. Helena Rubinstein. One little pilgrimage to her sanctum, the Maison de Beauté Valaze, at 24, Grafton Street, London, W., will save you many futile pilgrimages elsewhere; will prove to you that, guided by her, you have nothing to fear for your complexion, either from the Autumn in London, or from the Autumn in life.

Behind every reasonable and natural desire of attractive appearance there is the infallible means of realising it. Close at the heels of the questions of what your particular wish is and how you are going to get it comes the answer: By the help of Mme. Rubinstein.

See her or write to her about it.

Dear Madame Rubinstein,

I can say with perfect frankness that the use of the Valaze Complexion Specialities is not only a rare pleasure and a privilege—it is essential to satisfactory appearance.

Yours very sincerely,

Daisy Irving

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

THE BURBERRY



PROOF without **HEAT** — **WARM** without **WEIGHT**.

THE WET DAY clears and becomes fine, or the fine day wet. In either case a happy frame of mind will be yours when you wear your **BURBERRY**.

SLEET, RAIN, SNOW, or sunshine, cold winds or warm days, 't will be found most comforting to wear your **BURBERRY**.

SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER or **SPRING**, whatever quarter of the globe you're in, for easy comfort and protection, nothing is equal to **THE BURBERRY**.

THERE IS NO FORM OF SPORT, no time, no place, no weather, in which **THE BURBERRY** will not please you. Therefore, **ALWAYS** wear your **BURBERRY**.

THE BURBERRY is made from innumerable materials—all Burberry-proofed—all reliable—all beautiful in texture, colourings and patterns.

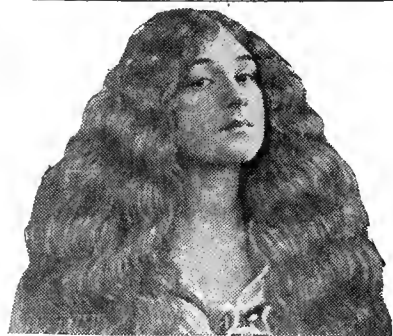
"THE LAUGHING HUSBAND."

The Motor Coats in Act I, and the Shooting Suits and Costumes used in Act II, were designed and executed by BURBERRYS.



*Illustrated
Catalogue
and Patterns
of Burberry
Materials
Post Free.*

BURBERRYS Haymarket s.w. LONDON
Boul. Maiesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents



YOUR HAIR NEEDS 'WARNOL.'

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris, 1912.

Q Mr. WARNER OLIVER for years only gave private and individual treatment to clients; over 20,000 persons have been so treated. He was repeatedly advised by them to put a preparation for the Public on the market at store prices, and eventually he decided to do so. "**WARNOL**" (a title founded upon his own name) is the Preparation he has evolved for this purpose—a Hair Lotion that will be Beneficial and Cure cases of ordinary or general Hair Disorders, such as Hair Coming Out, Scurf, Irritation, and in addition Create Vitality and Colour to Faded Hair, with **GROWTH OF NEW HAIR**.

Miss FELICIA CARTON, the well-known Contralto, of Queen's Hall and principal London Concerts, writes, August 17th, 1913:—"Will you kindly send me another bottle of '**WARNOL**' (2/6), also one of Lubricant (1/6)? I should like to mention that since using '**WARNOL**' my Hair has improved wonderfully in colour and growth, and it has completely cleared my head of dandruff, from which I suffered before using your preparation."

"**WARNOL**" is an inexpensive Preparation of the Highest Class, sold at 1/-, 2/6, 4/6. All Chemists and Stores, or post free from **WARNER OLIVER, LTD.**, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, LONDON, W. (Consulting Specialists on the Hair. Individual Treatment if desired. Apply for terms.)

Call for **FREE SAMPLE** of "**WARNOL**"; by post 3d. to cover postage, packing, &c. **SAMPLE BOX** of 5 **WARNER OLIVER SPECIALITIES FOR THE HAIR** 9d. By post 1/-.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

trimmed with a black fantaisie plume, is worn with this gown.

In Act III., also, a coat and skirt of nattier blue chiffon velvet are worn by Miss Gwladys Gaynor. She has a draped skirt, while the Russian blouse coat is hemmed with mink, an edging of the same fur occurring at the décolletage. A broad belt encircles the waist, into which is caught in front a single crimson rose. The scheme is completed by a little fur cap trimmed with a couple of tiny blue Mercury wings.

"THE GIRL FROM UTAH."

The beautiful toilettes in "The Girl from Utah" are a foreshadowing of the fashions of 1914, and as a consequence are worthy of special consideration. Miss Ina Claire looks charming in her dress of white charmeuse, the modified Russian coat being provided with a forget-me-not blue and white sash and vest of lace edged with blue. The sleeves are long and quite tight, the 1830 white satin bonnet being relieved with a flame-coloured tuft of breast plumage. Geranium-coloured ninon is the fabricating medium of Miss Phyllis Dare's dress. The corsage is arranged with black velvet bretelles, decorated diamond medallions. The fan-shaped sash is of black tulle weighted with a bell-rope tassel, her stockings are of the same shade as the dress. The shoes, however, are black with geranium-coloured heels. Miss Bella Groves' dress is altogether charming. It is of fuchsia-coloured charmeuse, the draperies falling in long lines in front, but at the back they are caught up to suggest a "bustle." The waistcoat is of gold lace bordered with skunk, the picture completed by a black velvet hat trimmed with ostrich feathers.

THE ARTS BALL SCENE.

Dazzlingly beautiful are the frocks, frills, and furbelows in the Arts Ball scene, and one cannot fail to be forcibly impressed with the near relationship that there is between the ancient Oriental modes and the present fashion. Miss Phyllis Dare's costume is of sapphire-blue ninon, with a jade-green hip yoke, "misted" with a tulle cloak exquisitely embroidered in Oriental nuances. Miss Ina Claire's is carried out in pale shades of pink, green, and white ninon, accompanied by a Persian tunic of silver trimmed with swansdown. Very original is Miss Gracie Leigh's dress of white tulle, the tiny flounces of the skirt being edged with green ribbon, the little coat being of Empire green silk.

"PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES."

The world and his wife have been discussing the dresses in "People Like Ourselves" at the

Globe Theatre, Miss Ethel Warwick's standing out with special prominence. In the second act she appears in an evening dress of ivory charmeuse, the skirt draped up in front to the tunic, the latter springing from the bust line surmounted with a bank of gold guipure lace; bretelles of tulle are drawn over the shoulders, while the wing sleeves are of ivory lace. A few words must be said about these sleeves, as they are decidedly original. They are gathered to a band of gold embroidery through which the arms are passed, and they pull down at the back in a manner which is suggestive of a Capuchin hood. In another act Miss Warwick appears in a geranium-coloured velours de laine suit. The skirt is of the pegtop persuasion, with a hip yoke at the back, the coat being cut to stand out on either, thereby heightening the pegtop note. With this she wears a tête de nigre velvet hat relieved with a mammoth aeroplane bow of moire ribbon. There is a wonderful fascination about this talented actress's black velvet gown. The skirt is slit up on both sides, with a vest of black tulle. The Medici collar is of white lace, and the cummerbund sash is of raven-blue moire, into which is tucked a puffing of a deep-red shade. As usual, Miss Lottie Venne's gowns are endowed with an air of distinction, which is quite indescribable. Her afternoon dress of Wedgwood-blue mouseline taffetas has the skirt arranged with a bouffante effect, the corsage being draped with a ninon scarf softened with parchment-tinted tulle. Another dress worn by Miss Venne is carried out in black gauze, showing a Persian pattern in gold and aluminium. The underbodice is of flesh-coloured pink tulle veiled with black net, then over her shoulders is arranged a black tulle scarf edged with diamonds and ermine. Her negligé in the third act cannot fail to arouse the feelings of the deepest envy in all feminine breasts. It is of a peculiar shade of begonia-rose satin, artistically draped with a soft collar and cuffs of Venetian lace.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO.

For ostrich feathers of the finest kind at a price far below the ordinary, we may recommend the Cape Ostrich Feather Company, of 131, Regent Street, W., who announce that their prices are 75 per cent. below those of the shops. Genuine plumes are sold by this firm, and women should make a point of looking in at the showrooms and inspecting the superb stock of real ostrich feathers, lanced and mounted in all the fashionable ways. A recent speciality of the Cape Ostrich Feather Co. is the trimming of hats. A great feature of the firm is that all their goods are of a bonâ-fide nature.

O.P. Club and the Gaiety.

A festival remarkable in the annals of the O.P. Club was that held at the Hotel Cecil when all Gaiety Girls of renown were banqueted. The scene was graced not only by Gaiety lasses but by comedians who have added to the fame of the historic theatre in the Strand, besides popular artistes from other London theatres. Among the brilliant throng were Miss Gertie Millar, Mr. Teddy Payne, "Happy" Fanny Fields, Miss Letty Lind, Mr. Harry Randall, Mr. Alfred Lester, Mr. Lionel Mackinder, Mr. Robert Hale, Miss Sari Petrass, Miss Gracie Leigh, Miss Phyllis Dare, Mr. G. P. Huntley, Mr. Robert Michaelis, Miss Kitty Mason, Mr. George Barrett, Miss Julia James, Miss Aviee Kelham, Miss Jean Aylwin, Mr. Robert Nainby, Mr. Harry Grattan, Miss Iris Hoey, Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Evie Greene, and numberless other stars of the stage.

Mr. Alfred F. Robbins presided, and in submitting the toast of "The Gaiety," congratulated those assembled at being present at that dinner of a thousand gladnesses. They had that night only one regret—the absence through continued illness of Mr. George Edwardes, with whose management the name and fame of that theatre would always be associated. They were there to celebrate the Gaiety from the days of "Honest John" to those of "Glorious George," and from the time of the gilded youth and the Gold Girl—and Whistler's "Gold Girl," in the person of the Countess of Orkney (Miss Connie Gilchrist)—through that of the great quartette of Edward Terry, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, and E. W. Royce unto the present day. (Cheers.) The period of the bounding "masher" had given place to that of the gorgeous "nut"—(laughter)—but on that occasion they celebrated "the Gaiety" and all "the Gaiety" meant, for the bright and blithesome banner which had waved over them still waved over us. "The sacred lamp of burlesque," as originally lighted there by John Hollingshead, had never been suffered by Mr. George Edwardes to lack oil. (Hear, hear.) The fact was that throughout all the years the public went in and the lamp never went out. (Laughter.)

Mr. Edmund Payne said the stage was one of the great institutions of Great Britain. (Cheers.) When people came to London they asked, "Where shall we go—to the Gaiety or the Zoo?" (Laughter.) At one time he was a "Three-G"—a Gaiety gallery god. (Laughter.) He stood in the crowd waiting to see Edward Terry and his old friend, Mr. E. W. Royce. (Cheers.) He used to say, "Oh! to be on the

stage there: it must be heaven." It is funny how these things get reversed. His first appearance at the Gaiety was twenty-four years ago last July, as the crow flies. (Laughter.) In July, 1889, he was in the gallery, from which he saw the late Mr. E. J. Lonnen, playing in "Faust Up-to-Date," and four nights later he was on the stage himself in the part of Mephistopheles.

Mr. T. McDonald Rendle proposed the toast, "The Gaiety Lasses and Lads" in a humorous speech. He referred to Miss Connie Ediss as a lady who lent a good deal of weight to the gathering. She was an "all-round" actress, and he had seen her as Little Eva. As proof of her great popularity he related a story of a young lady showing her country aunt the sights of London from the top of an omnibus. Having pointed out the National Gallery as Newgate, and the Horse Guards as the Caledonian Asylum, she was rather nonplussed when she came to the statue of Boadicea, the lady who scorned the Roman yoke, at the corner of Westminster Bridge. The conductor of the omnibus, having heard her previous statements, and observing the puzzled look upon her brow, turned to the young girl guide, and said encouragingly, "Don't lose 'eart, miss; tell 'er it's Connie Ediss!"

Miss Gertie Millar made a dainty speech in reply to the toast of "Gaiety Lasses and Lads."

Mr. George Grossmith told a good story of how "Teddy" Payne once invited him to have a drink at the Athenæum Club. He was amazed and delighted to think that Teddy had the entrée of that dignified institution. When they got to the club the mystery was explained. Instead of going in at the front door Teddy went down the steps to the service quarters. "The wine steward here is an old pal of mine," he said, "and will give us a good drink."

Miss Connie Ediss, in proposing "The Chairman," aroused considerable laughter by denying emphatically that she had ever appeared as Little Eva, and said that if she was an "all-round" actress, so was the world, and she could not have a better example.

The Savoy edition of "The Works of William Shakespeare" contains numerous reproductions in colours of famous Shakespearean pictures and facsimiles of photographs of leading modern Shakespearean actors in their most popular parts. The pictures are beautifully coloured. Besides the plays the book contains Shakespeare's poems and sonnets, and a comprehensive glossary adds to the value of the work. It is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode

The Variety Theatres.

"Keep Smiling."

Revue in Two Acts.

By Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and P. E. Berman.

Alhambra, October 6, 1913.

The best of Alhambra ballets are rivalled in the revue "Keep Smiling," which Messrs. Charlot and Leveaux have put on at the famous house in Leicester Square. Characteristic fun is provided on board the *Mauretic*, which gives way to a railway station, where Miss Lee White has an exciting song with a chorus of maids and porters.

A music hall street gives opportunity for Mr. Robert Hale to elicit mirth as the hind legs of a horse. The next scene contains an amusing telephone interlude, and later London and New York are set side by side on the stage, and the statue of Liberty in New York Harbour and Nelson on his column in Trafalgar Square have an amusing chat. Then comes an Assyrian ballet, in which a tragedy of a jealous rival's revenge is depicted amid picturesque surroundings.

The second act of the revue is placed in Lipton's tea-rooms, where comedy prevails, and some satire is indulged in at the expense of famous personages in "The Unwilling Lovers." The production is not without its staircase, and a truly magnificent one it is, reaching from foot-lights to flies, the evolutions performed upon it being quite sensational.

Mr. Robert Hale is the chief comedian, and amuses in numberless funny ways and in innumerable quaint disguises. Miss Phyllis Monkman dances with all her customary elegance and grace. Miss Carlotta Mossetti, Miss Margaret Haney—a new American comedienne—Mr. Clyde Cook, and Mr. Oy-ra also do admirable work as dancers. The production brought forth enthusiastic plaudits from a crowded house.

"Colonel Cleveland, V.C."

By A. F. Owen-Lewis and Eille Norwood.

Coliseum, October 20, 1913.

The Earl of Carrick, Miss Mary Jerrold, Mr. Franklin Dyll, Mr. Clifford Brooke.

The chief distinction about the above production lies in the fact that an Earl figured in the

principal part, and that he is giving the salary thus earned to charity. Earl Carrick is a well-known amateur actor, and he shaped very well on the professional boards in the part of a retired colonel who decides to dispose of his treasured Victoria Cross and other decorations by auction in order to pay his debts. Providentially, the sale is attended by a well-to-do doctor, who purchases the trophies, and by returning them to the colonel wins his consent to wedding his daughter.

The sketch is of rather too sentimental a character, which the acting of Earl Carrick was hardly emotional enough to surmount; but he won sympathy for a part that is always popular.

Miss Mary Jerrold played well as the colonel's daughter, but was scantily provided with opportunities; and Mr. Franklyn Dyll as the doctor and Mr. Clifford Brooke as a commissioner, filled in the other parts skilfully.

"The Double Event."

The Oxford, October 27, 1913.

Mr. Harry Dodd, Mr. Edmund Kennedy, Mr. Bobby Dillon, Mr. Hubert Woodward, Mr. Jack Scott, Miss Dorothy Wilmer, Miss Violetta Bruce, Miss Violet Blyth-Pratt, and others.

Lovers of sensation have their fill in "The Double Event," the Ring and the Turf being both brought into the dramatic scheme. In the former the nominee of a sporting baronet is matched against a "Brazilian boy," whose manager endeavours to kidnap his opponent so that he shall not come up to time. Of course, he fails signally and a most realistic fight in the ring is the result. The Brazilian is again opposed to the baronet at Ascot, and once more resorts to trickery; but by motoring across France at a terrific pace through a thunderstorm, the jockey manages to catch the boat and arrives at Ascot in time to win the race in full view of the audience.

The dramatic effect of the production was thoroughly sustained by Mr. Harry Dodd as a sporting baronet; by Mr. Edmund Kennedy, who emulated the best Adelphi villain as the sinister Brazilian; and by Miss Violet Blyth-Pratt, who played a faithful sweetheart with sympathetic grace.

"Galatea."

By J. E. Macmanus.

The Palladium, October 27, 1913.

Mr. Leo Stormont, Mr. Donald Fergusson, Miss Kira Lyn, and Miss Marie Stuart.

A phantasy of music and marble is provided in "Galatea." The curtain goes up to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and MacDougal—a tried, but so far as whisky is concerned, not trusted retainer of the house of Farquharson—is discovered indulging his favourite weakness. To Angus Farquharson, his master, who reproves his insobriety, he pleads that he is celebrating his entry into the services of the family forty years since.

Angus is a sculptor, and has just finished his masterpiece, "Galatea," for which he receives an offer of £1,000. MacDougal cannot resist the temptation to indulge in more celebrations, and, fired at last to emulate Pygmalion, he imprints a chaste salute on the cheek of his master's statue. Galatea awakens to life, and is initiated into the mysteries of eating and drinking by the fond MacDougal. She in her turn is fired by frequent potations to return the Scottish Pygmalion's salute, who in consequence finds himself transformed into stone!

The petrified MacDougal, who, as played by Mr. Leo Stormont is irresistibly funny, awakens at last to find that all his adventures have taken place in darkest dreamland, and the merry trifle ends, as it began, with song. Miss Marie Stuart, as Galatea, was in turn dignified and amusing, and the other members of the cast contributed to make the sketch an undoubted success.

The Leverton Players.

Thursday, the 20th inst., is the date fixed for Mrs. Waldemar Leverton's next matinée at the London Pavilion. Five entirely new one-act plays will be presented on this occasion, which marks the first appearance at the halls of Miss Francis Ivor. In company with Miss Gertrude Scott, Miss Ivor will be seen in a powerful playlet, "Planchette." The Leverton Players will appear in the remaining items of the programme; "Seeing Reason," an original East-End episode by Roland Pertwee; "England Expects," a patriotic play in the days of the pressgang, by F. Leonard Gibbs; "A Mirage of Misfortune," an effective incident by McNeill Ireland; and "The Latch Key," an everyday possibility, by Percy Fitzgerald.

Fanny Fields Feted.

A felicitous farewell of Happy Fanny Fields, who has left for America to get married to the well-known New York surgeon, Dr. Rongy, was taken on the 4th inst., when a luncheon in her honour organised by the management of "The Era" at the Savoy was attended by leading representatives of the variety profession.

Compliments were freely passed by the chairman, Mr. Harold Smith, M.P., in proposing the health of the prospective bride. Everyone respected and adored the name of Happy Fanny Fields, he said, amid cheers. They had met there that afternoon to do honour to one who had succeeded to a shrine at whose feet millions had worshipped. They all regretted that the shrine was to be removed, but no one could take away the memories of her. Miss Fields was giving up a salary larger than that of a member of the Cabinet. The "show" at Westminster resembled that in which Happy Fanny Fields had taken part, the only difference being that so long as one's patter was better than one's opponent's at election time one did not require to possess a thousandth part of Happy Fanny Fields' charm and genius.

Miss Fields replied in her happiest vein to the chairman's eulogy. "Woe is me," she said, "but if I had not met the Doctor first"—and the remainder of the sentence was lost in laughter. She paid a tribute to Dr. Rongy, who, she said, was respected in America by every man, woman and child. He and two of his chums built what is now known as a maternity hospital, and in this he spent the savings of ten hard years. They would, she was sure, be glad to know him, and they could well imagine how happy she felt that on the twenty-seventh of November he was to do her the honour of giving her his name.

Miss Fields added that she wanted to thank all her friends, and she wanted to thank England for the great kindnesses they had extended to her.

Mr. Alfred Barnard proposed "The Profession," and said variety theatres were making great headway. It was only those who had not been in a music hall for fifteen or twenty years who did not express their appreciation of the clean, bright, and "snappy" entertainment now presented.

Mr. R. G. Knowles replied on behalf of "The Profession" in a speech full of characteristic humour.

In the course of the afternoon Miss Fields was presented with a beautiful silver tea and coffee service.

The Picture Playgoer.

THE increasing tendency on the part of the many cinematograph companies to screen lengthy picture plays adapted from the greatest novels of the world has been greatly emphasised during the past few weeks by the number of additions to the ever-growing list of "cinematographed stories." It is gratifying to note that British producers are in no way behind their foreign confrères in this matter, for among the newest adaptations can be announced one which is essentially English. The story is written by a standard English author, and the play has been produced by a British firm from British material. It is "The Vicar of Wakefield," Oliver Goldsmith's immortal book, which has lately been produced by the Hepworth Company. The high-class style of photography of this enterprising firm, combined with the beautiful scenery of Surrey and Kent for outdoor settings, and specially prepared and suitable interiors, with all the incidents of the story faithfully followed, serve to make a picture of highest merit, which should prove extremely popular.

America is also well abreast of the times, the Famous Players' Company having produced a cinema version of the wonderful "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy. When this novel was dramatised for the American stage, Mrs. Fiske sustained the title-rôle, and the Famous Players were fortunate to secure the services of this talented actress for the same part in their film production. Mr. Thomas Hardy was present at the exhibition of the picture, which took place at the Cambridge Circus Cinema Theatre on October 21, and at the conclusion expressed himself highly delighted with the film representation of his work. "Tess," the novel, has enthralled many English readers, and "Tess," the picture, will please many English picture playgoers.

The New Gallery Kinema, Regent Street, was the scene of the first English representation of "The Three Musketeers," from the famous book of that name by Alexandre Dumas père. This picture, as thrilling as the actual story, was produced in France by the Film D'Art Co. at the immense cost of £18,000. It takes fully two and a half hours to show, and is full of the exciting adventures met with by the intrepid musketeers.

A remarkable picture was shown at the Picture Playhouse, Marble Arch, W., on the 23rd of last month, in which a vivid and realistic battle

scene is projected. The story of "The Battle at Loderbush Creek," a Wild Western drama, centres round the attack of a ferocious tribe of dog-eating Indians upon a settlement which they all but destroy before the arrival of the soldiers. The excitement and intense interest of the battle, which wages for quite a long time, catches hold of the entire audience, and keeps the attention engaged to the very end. So admirably played is the fight that at times one is almost led to believe that the actual war is taking place.

Another feature picture which has lately been shown at this theatre to an appreciative audience is "The Carpenter," a drama by the Vitagraph Co. It has a story which should make a strong appeal to all. Rupert Dyer quarrels with his parents and decides to join the rebel army. His brother, while fighting for the North, is made a prisoner by the rebels. While in captivity he makes the acquaintance of the "Stranger in Grey," who effects a reconciliation between the brothers. Meanwhile the father has learnt that he has lost his fortune, but the stranger, arriving at the time, shows him that behind a picture which the elder Dyer had considered worthless, is hidden a large sum of money. By the stranger's gentle influence father and son are once more united.

Mr. Charles Urban, of Kinemacolor fame, informs me that it is now possible to present their special scenes, with all their charm of natural colour, at private house parties, etc. This has been made possible by the many recent mechanical improvements which have been invented. To summarise the progress which has been effected, it may be stated that the new type of machine, containing many refinements suggested by experience, is quiet in operation and does not necessarily require electric motive power or illumination. The picture can be shown from behind the screen; the mechanical side of the equipment is thus entirely subordinated. The number and variety of the pictures in the Kinemacolor process has increased immensely of late, and there are many which are specially suitable for private exhibitions. It is also possible for intending patrons to have any scene, of a public or private nature, in which they are interested specially photographed.

I hear that Mr. Alec Worcester, the well-known leading actor of the Hepworth Stock Company, is about to leave England to fulfil a contract of

long standing to appear in leading parts in a repertoire company in India. Mr. Worcester hopes to rejoin the Hepworth Company upon his return.

The Grand Central Company opened a new cinema in Tottenham Court Road on Friday, October 24. The Palace, named the Carlton, has been constructed on similar lines to the same company's Majestic Picturedrome, but a few doors away—i.e., with all the seats (about 800 stalls) on the ground floor. Apart from the tasteful decorations and latest installations for adequate ventilation, heating, and lighting, the extensive rake of the floor, giving patrons a full view of the screen from all parts of the building, and the comfortable seating accommodation allows a pleasant hour or so to be passed. The opening picture, which will run for three weeks, is Pathé Frères' wonderfully realistic film, "Germinal."

Messrs. the Blue Halls, Ltd., who are to give the first public representation of one of the biggest films yet made, viz., "Antony and Cleopatra," on December 24, have secured for that purpose the Queen's Hall. On December 24, therefore, the Queen's Hall will be, for one month, turned into a cinema. Curiously enough, although constructed at a time when cinema performances could surely not have been in the minds of the architects, the Queen's Hall is the most suitable of all the West-End theatres for a cinematograph exhibition, the seats being so arranged as to give the public a good view of the screen from every part of the building. The total seating capacity averages 2,600, and as the picture is to be shown three times daily for one month picture playgoers should find little difficulty in obtaining admission to view this wonderful film.

All interested in the instruction of children will doubtless be pleased to hear of the successful start made by the Children's Educational Picture Matinées, the first of which took place at the Court Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on the 1st inst., when the attractive programme offered education in a pleasant manner to the large number of children present. Judging from the many pleased exclamations which escaped the scholars, I have no hesitation in saying that the programme was thoroughly enjoyed, and there can be no doubt that a good many things of value were learnt. The pictures were "Studies of Fish Life," "The Manchester Ship Canal," "Making a Silk Hat," "The Fly Pest," "The Cocoa Industry," and "The Ant and the Grasshopper."

In my reference last month to a number of films which cost considerable sums to produce, I omitted to include three which will be possibly better known to the public. They are "The Battle of Waterloo," for the English rights alone of which Ruffell's Exclusives, Ltd., paid £5,000, and Cine's "Antony and Cleopatra," for which they paid £8,100 by public auction, a record price. The film, moreover, cost £40,000 to produce and occupied a period of nearly two years. "David Garrick," which they are producing with Sir Charles Wyndham in the title-rôle, will cost £10,000 before it is finished.

"David Garrick" was first produced by Sir Charles Wyndham at the old Criterion thirty years ago, but Sir Charles, judging by the sprightly figure he cuts, has not grown one day older. Like the legitimate actor who is being filmed for the first time, he does not quite appreciate that the camera does not stop while he is acting. While the duel scene—specially introduced—was being acted he stopped fencing to call his dresser's attention to a rent in his sleeve. The producer said: "We are taking, Sir Charles." "Oh, I am sorry," he replied; "but where did we leave off?"

A tribute to the worth of Willy Clarkson has been paid by the Barker Motion Photography Company in respect of their picture, "Sixty Years a Queen" at the New Gallery, Regent Street, on the 3rd inst. "I am impelled," writes Mr. Will G. Barker, "to write and tell you how delighted everybody was with the manner in which this wonderful subject has been dressed. I know that it is always your endeavour, even if only for the sake of your usual professional pride, to see that everything is exactly as it should be, but I think that this time you have 'out-Clarksoned' Clarkson. Not a single fault has been found with the correctness of the dress of the period in the whole eight thousand costumes which you have provided."

The Kine-Opera series of scenes from several popular grand operas which have recently been the feature of the Picture House in Oxford Street have reappeared recently at the Majestic Picturedrome, whose enterprising manager, Mr. Robert Vallis, announced the fact with a striking advertisement visible the whole length of Tottenham Court Road, and incurred the wrath of the authorities. Well-known Italian artistes from the Scala, Milan, and other leading opera houses, accompanied by orchestra and organ, render excerpts applicable to the picture incidents. Signor de Caro, the inventor of the system by

means of which the singers maintain exact time with the performers on the screen, is, I learn, organising six companies to tour Great Britain.

"Miss Betty," a little dark-haired maid of seven years of age, is our youngest cinema actress. When she made her début at the Arts Centre recently she recited in French, German, and English, and proved herself to be a born actress. "Miss Betty," as this little actress is to be known at present, will appear on the screen shortly.

The visitor at the Majestic Picturedrome, Tottenham Court Road, can always be sure of a capital evening's entertainment. Among the films exhibited here during the last week, an appealing drama, "Should She Forgive?" held first place, and was followed by a number of other good pictures, including "An Unjust Suspicion," an A.B. drama; an Oriental scenic film entitled "Madura and its Pagodas"; and "The Whip Hand," an Essanay drama.

A large audience, including a number of clergymen, gathered at the London Pavilion on October 31 to witness the new Italian film, "By the Cross," which was presented by the Fenning Film Service, Ltd. Frequent applause indicated that the film met with the approval of the audience. "By the Cross" is another of the big films which rank with those of Italian make already famous in this country. Deep religious interest attaches to the film throughout. Indeed, the picture deals almost entirely with the advent of Christianity and the strong opposition by which it was met. The march of Constantine, the "Conqueror of the Faith," and his army from Gaul to Rome, the victorious army crossing the Alps, and the final battle and triumphant entry into Rome, are but a few of the thrilling scenes which hold the interest of the audience.

One of the first great English films "The House of Temperley," the cinematograph version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous book, "Rodney Stone," is now being shown to large audiences at the West-End Cinema, Coventry Street, the proprietors of which have secured the sole London rights. Another remarkable picture at this theatre is the "Ascent of the Matterhorn." From the travelling point of view as well as the sporting side, this picture certainly proves attractive, and is one which can be seen more than once with still the same interest.

The immensity of an organisation necessary to a successful film manufacturing company rarely enters the mind of the average picture-goer. This

fact, however, is strikingly evidenced by the advent in this country of the Trans-Atlantic Film Co., which opened its magnificent new headquarters in Oxford Street on Wednesday, November 5. The building is luxuriously appointed and contains three theatres, one for the purpose of exhibiting new films to intending customers, one for "editing," and the other for customers who wish to see films not on the week's programme. The head of the firm is Mr. John D. Tippet, who is well known in the entertainment circle in America. The company controls the sales for the whole of Europe of Imp, Rex, Victor, Gem, Bison, Frontier, Crystal, Powers, Joker, and Nestor films, and has branches in every capital of Europe. Several films from this firm will soon be released, among them a really clever adaptation of De Foe's classic "Robinson Crusoe."

Many changes were made last week in the programme at the Scala Theatre, when further new and mysterious "shadows" were presented. They included those of George Robey in his song, "And very nice, too," Miss Phyllis Monkman in the Persian Dance from "8d. a Mile," and Mr. George Graves in "A Sister to Assist 'Er." Among the new pictures were "A Showman's Life," depicting a day in the life of a travelling showman in Scotland; "Nathan Hale," telling of the heroic self-sacrifice of the Patriot Nathan Hale during the American war of Independence, and a new series of views of picturesque Japan. Many of our most fascinating actresses still display the present and future marvels of "the mode" in "Fashions from the Stage," demonstrated by Miss Lydia Yavorska, Miss Joy Chatwin, and Miss Dorothy Minto. "Equestrian Fashions," "Aviation Fashions," "Tango Tea Frocks," and the latest creations for Society dancing are also pictured, while "Coming Modes," which are said to be reliable indications of the future dress, delight not only the fairer portions of the audience, but in many cases, I think, prove acceptable to the sterner sex.

Science has opened its arms to cinematography, and the latest achievements in the art were placed before an audience of members of the British Association at the Picture House, New-street, Birmingham, in the shape of a programme of Kine-macolor and other motion pictures. The occasion was arranged by the executive committee of the Association on behalf of the subscribers to the local fund. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and many men distinguished in the world of science gave distinction to the proceedings.

ARIEL.

Plays for Playgoers.

"No Votes for Women."

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By F. J. Randall.

CHARACTERS.

HERBERT PARRETTA Young Married Man
CHRISTABEL PARRETTHis Young Wife
JULIA PIKEHURST ...A Middle-Aged Suffragette
FLOSSIE FRILLKINSAn Actress

SCENE: The drawing-room of the PARRETT'S flat. Folding doors at back, centre. Window at back, left. Another door left. Table in centre. Small table under window, with tray containing whisky bottle, soda syphon, and glasses. Another table left and two armchairs. Small chair right of middle doors. Settee on right; also fireplace. Photo-enlargement of HERBERT PARRETT on wall at back; pipe-rack and pipes next to fireplace. Print of race-horse above. Telephone between window and middle doors.

(Enter HERBERT PARRETT by middle doors, dressed in lounge suit. His hands are thrust in his trousers pockets and he is humming a lively tune. He walks the whole length of the room and back again with his chest stuck out, like a strutting bantam. Stops by middle table, on which lie his overcoat, neatly folded, his soft felt hat, walking-stick, and newspaper.)

HERBERT: Ah, everything ready, I see! (Picks up hat and puts it on.) Nothing like having a nice, dutiful, obedient wife. (Picks up overcoat and shakes it out.) Clothes always brushed, boots always cleaned, meals ready to time, and no questions asked if I happen to get home late. (Winks his eye significantly and starts to put on his coat. Pauses with his left arm in the sleeve to continue the conversation.) You talk about women being hard to manage? Twaddle! (Puts other arm in sleeve and slips coat on.) Now, why did I marry Christabel? (Holding out his right hand, palm upwards.) Because I knew there was none of the new woman nonsense about her. You trust me! (Jerks his right thumb towards himself and picks up his walking-stick.) Man is the master in this house. (Raps the table sharply with the knob of his stick and picks up newspaper.) And—always—will—be! (with firm emphasis.) (Turns and taps the pipe-rack with his stick.) Smoke where I like. (Points to bottles on table under window.) Drink what I like. (Taps the racehorse print with his stick.) Have a bit on when I feel like it. (Looks at his

watch.) And come home when I think I will. (Lights a cigar with some swagger.) Talk about marriage being a failure! So it is if you don't go the right way about it. Why, my wife would no more think about bossing this show than she would about—well, about leaving my socks with holes in 'em. Why? Because she knows I wouldn't tolerate it. Not me! (Prepares to depart.) There's only one person of importance in this house. (Taps his own photo. significantly with his stick and struts out by side door.)

(Enter CHRISTABEL PARRETT and JULIA PIKEHURST. Both are wearing rosettes of the Suffragette colours. CHRISTABEL is young and pretty and is tastefully dressed. JULIA is middle-aged and scraggy, with a floppy hat, her hair untidy, and slovenly in dress: a gawky, rampant Suffragette.)

CHRISTABEL (looking round and evidently relieved): Ah, Herbert is out.

JULIA (viciously): What a pity! Oh, I wish he'd been here, so that he might know at once that you had joined us and thrown off FOR EVER (laying stress upon the last two words and raising her clenched fist) the brutal tyranny of man! Welcome to our ranks, Mrs. Parrett. Welcome, welcome, welcome! Your battle-cry now is ours: The vote! (Raises her arm aloft again enthusiastically.)

CHRISTABEL (in imitation, thrusting her own right arm aloft, but uttering the battle-cry more feebly): The vote!

JULIA (clutching CHRISTABEL'S right hand dramatically): Equality for women; equal rights, equal work, equal wages! Laws for women made by women! Hand in hand, side by side, we will conquer!

CHRISTABEL (a bit doubtful how to answer): Er—hooray!

JULIA (fussing round): Another recruit! Another recruit! (To CHRISTABEL.) And you will never desert us?

CHRISTABEL (growing bolder): Never! Oh, I'm sure the time has come for me to protest against being treated as a nobody.

JULIA (flopping on the settee): Noble sentiment! He uses you like a servant?

CHRISTABEL (throwing out her arms impatiently): I have to get up and light the fire, get his shaving water, prepare breakfast, clean

his boots, and stand at the door to kiss him when he goes.

JULIA: Horrible! Horrible!

CHRISTABEL: He comes home at all hours of the night and expects me to have supper ready and be waiting with his slippers.

JULIA: Monster!

CHRISTABEL (*folding her arms and nodding her head defiantly*): I won't put up with it! I won't! I won't!

JULIA (*clapping her hands*): Splendid! Your attitude has been that of a servile dependent. But you are going to change everything. Show me now the style you mean to adopt in future.

(CHRISTABEL *throws her head up, sticks out her chest, puts her hands on her hips, and struts round the stage in a comical march of bold defiance*. JULIA *looks on with admiration*.)

JULIA: Perfect, my love, perfect! (*Rises and looks round the room*.) Ah, evidence everywhere of man's bullying tyranny! Look at him! (*Pointing to the big picture of HERBERT*.) Dominating the house. Oh, my comrade, can you bear that? Can you ever assert yourself while that face is glaring down at you?

(CHRISTABEL *draws herself up stiffly, looks at the picture for a moment, then marches across the room and takes it off the wall. Carrying it through the side door on the left she presently returns with a big picture of herself and hangs it on the nail where the other one was*.)

JULIA: We are winning! Ha, ha! We are winning! (*She stops suddenly and glares at the pipe-rack on the wall*.) Pipes in the drawing-room? You are never going to countenance that?

(CHRISTABEL *walks over, snatches the rack and pipes down, and flings them in the fireplace*.)

JULIA: Excellent, my dear, excellent! (*Turns and catches sight of the sporting print*.) Ah, and he bets, too! The curse that brings every family to ruin!

(CHRISTABEL *removes the picture and flings it in the corner*. JULIA *now discovers the whisky bottle, syphon, and glasses*. She *staggers back, thrusts her hands before her face, and shudders*. CHRISTABEL *promptly makes a dash for the tray and starts to carry it away*.)

JULIA: Ahem! I suppose, my dear, that a little stimulant is useful sometimes. (CHRISTABEL *pauses*.) I mean to say (*simpering*) when one feels faint.

CHRISTABEL (*returning with the tray*): Can I offer you a little?

JULIA: Really, I seldom touch anything stronger than water; but rather than the other sex should have it all their own way—

CHRISTABEL: Do have a little. I take it sometimes myself. (*She pours out two portions and adds soda water*.)

JULIA (*raising her glass*): 'The vote!

CHRISTABEL: 'The vote!

(JULIA *drinks hers off and smacks her lips*. CHRISTABEL *puts her glass down when empty and is about to move away*.)

JULIA (*hastily*): I dare say your husband doesn't content himself with one go, my love?

CHRISTABEL: He generally has two.

JULIA (*vehemently, raising her glass again*): Equality!

CHRISTABEL (*glancing at her nervously*): Oh, certainly! Yes, of course! (*Pours out two more portions, which are drunk off*.)

JULIA (*wiping her lips*): We are getting on splendidly, my dear. But you have been too much of a slave to your husband. 'This place is far too comfortable. Let us make it a little untidy to show him you are asserting yourself.

(*They go round the room together, fling the cushions from the settee into a corner, turn the hearthrug upside down, draw the curtains together and tie them in a knot, and strew papers about the floor*.)

JULIA: That's better. Ah, my child, there's a glorious campaign before you. Come and sit down and you shall hear about some of the good work. (*They take the two armchairs on left*. JULIA *glances towards whisky bottle and moistens her lips*.) And it's dry work, too, hustling round for the vote. You remember that last raid of ours? That was a grand time for me. I knocked off four policemen's helmets! Four—

(HERBERT *passes the window singing. Enters by middle doors*.)

HERBERT (*singing*): We all go the same way — (*Stops and stares at the litter of newspapers on the carpet and the cushions in the corner. Walks to the fireplace, picks up his pipe-rack, stares at it, and throws it down again. Pushes his hat on the back of his head and strolls round. Doesn't see the women. Looks up at the wall and gets a shock as he notices his wife's photo. in place of his own. Is going further when he observes CHRISTABEL and JULIA with the flaring Suffragette colours on. They are absorbed in conversation and do not notice him. He walks sideways away from them on tip-toe, making a wry face. Is watching them dubiously with his mouth on one side and scratching his ear, when he is observed. JULIA draws herself up in the chair, crosses her arms, and glares. CHRISTABEL rises and marches towards him defiantly*.)

CHRISTABEL: Oh, you have come home, Herbert?

HERBERT (*backing a little*): Y-yes. I've—I've come home, Chrissie.

CHRISTABEL (*shaking her head defiantly and folding her arms*): It is well. Understand now, Herbert Parrett, that I do not intend to be the plaything of man any longer. Your tyrannous reign in this house is over. You hear me?

HERBERT (*backing again*): Certainly, my dear! Oh, yes!

CHRISTABEL (*loudly*): I am no longer your slave!

HERBERT: Yes, my dear. (*Shakes his head violently.*) I mean no, certainly not!

CHRISTABEL: I am striking boldly now for—er—

JULIA (*sitting bolt upright and prompting*): Equal rights.

CHRISTABEL: Equal rights, and—er—

JULIA (*grimly, still prompting*): Going out at nights.

CHRISTABEL: Going out at nights, and—er—

JULIA: Less work, more wages, own latchkey, and complete liberty.

CHRISTABEL (*licking off the items by prodding HERBERT'S chest with her forefinger and getting a little mixed*): More work, less wages, my own liberty, and a complete LATCHKEY!

JULIA (*absently*): Here endeth the first lesson. (*Starts and claps her hand over her mouth.*)

CHRISTABEL (*a little confused*): Here endeth—er—and I mean to have the VOTE!

JULIA (*repeating it in a mild shriek*): The VOTE! (*Clutches a dinner-bell from the table and rings it violently.*)

(HERBERT gets a shock as "The Vote" is rapped out twice in succession. His hat goes off with a jerk. He picks it up and takes a determined attitude.)

HERBERT (*firmly*): Now, look here, Christabel

JULIA (*jumping to her feet*): SILENCE!

HERBERT (*asserting himself*): Madam, don't you interrupt. Christabel, you shall listen to me—

CHRISTABEL (*snatching away his walking-stick and rapping the table with it viciously*): I won't! I won't! I won't! I won't! (*Flourishes the stick in an alarming fashion. HERBERT takes refuge behind the settee and looks over the top of it in comical dismay.*) Monster! Brute! Tyrant! I will no longer be your toy, slave, plaything! Clean your own boots, find your own slippers, cook your own kippers! (*She raps the carpet with the stick three times as she speaks.*) Herbert Parrett, I am now your equal! (*Throws the stick away and turns to MISS PIKEHURST. They embrace lovingly.*)

HERBERT (*aside, grimly*): I believe she means it. I shall have to humour her. Anyway, I've got to give in for the present. (*Comes from behind the settee, removes his overcoat, advances timidly towards the ladies, and coughs.*) Christabel, my pet, I—er—think you are quite right.

JULIA (*taking CHRISTABEL'S arm*): Oh! joy, joy, joy! He has surrendered. Victory! victory!

HERBERT (*aside*): I'll give her victory when I get her out in the passage!

CHRISTABEL (*boldly*): Am I to understand, Herbert, that you have agreed to recognise my equality?

HERBERT (*rubbing his hands one over the other modestly and bowing his head obsequiously*): Certainly, my dear. Oh, by all means, Christabel! Is there anything I can do for you, my love, or for the sweet lady, your friend?

JULIA (*grimly, to CHRISTABEL*): Be firm!

CHRISTABEL (*adopting a domineering attitude*): Yes, there is. You can take a turn yourself at the housework. Just see if you can put this place in order.

HERBERT: Plaise, my dear? Were you speaking of fish?

CHRISTABEL (*sharply*): Place, room, apartment, idiot! Clear it up; don't you understand?

(HERBERT turns tail and bolts through middle doors.)

JULIA (*lying back in her armchair*): Wonderful! wonderful, my child! You have conquered. Oh, what a despicable creature is man when he is faced by a determined woman! I was going to tell you, my love, about that policeman I smacked in the ear with a hammer—

(HERBERT enters by door on left, with his coat off, an apron tied round his waist, and a dustpan and brush in his hands. He goes nervously round the room tidying up.)

JULIA (*who has been narrating something inaudibly, suddenly breaks out into loud speech*): I said, NO, CERTAINLY NOT!

(HERBERT drops his dustpan and brush and makes a bolt for the back of the settee.)

JULIA has been highly amused by the narration of her own retort and is rocking with subdued laughter.)

HERBERT (*aside*): Must be devilishly funny! I wish I knew the joke. Some dirty trick against a man, I'll bet. (*Goes on with his work, keeping one eye warily on the couple.*)

JULIA (*aloud, giggling and tapping CHRISTABEL playfully on the hand*): Yes, very well, my pet. (*Rises.*) I can't resist you, I really can't. You've fascinated me and you'll fascinate the whole movement. We'll go upstairs and look at them. Did you say they were striped?

(Whispers to CHRISTABEL, who nods in reply. JULIA laughs roguishly.) Oh, you are!

CHRISTABEL (loftily to HERBERT): I am going upstairs with Miss Pikehurst—

HERBERT: Piecrust, my dear?

CHRISTABEL (sharply): Pikehurst! (HERBERT jumps). Don't leave the work here until it is finished. (Sweeps off and retires by side door with JULIA.)

HERBERT (turning to the footlights after watching the side door for a moment): A nice—dutiful—obedient wife. (Pause.) I don't think! (Looks at the dustpan and brush in his hands and at the apron he is wearing.) I can see myself coming in for a ROTTEN time! (Telephone bell rings. He puts down the dustpan and brush and answers it.) Hallo? What? Is that you, George? How are you, old man? (Despondently.) Hallo! Am I feeling chirpy? Oh, grand! (Wretchedly.) I say, my wife's joined the Suffragettes. (Loudly.) My wife's joined the Suffragettes! Congratulate me? Thanks! What? Been through it yourself? You have my sympathy, old chap. No, I haven't found a way out. Didn't know there was a way out. (Stands in a drooping, dejected attitude, with the receiver to his ear.) Go on, let's have it; what have I got to do, muzzle her? (Begins to brighten as he listens.) Go on! (Smiling.) Go on! (More enthusiastic.) GO ON! (Shouting. Laughs and nods his head.) What? What? I see. (Chuckling.) I say, that's a great idea, old man. Yes. Yes. When will she come along? Start her off now. Good! (Laughs and nods his head again.) Splendid, George! Yes, it ought to be a winner. I understand. (Speaking rapidly and running his words on in quick succession.) I see. Great! Good! I'll let you know. Good-bye. Right you are, George. Good-bye. Yes. Good-bye. (Laughs.) Right. Goo'-bye. Goo'-bye, George. (Puts the receiver up and smacks his hands cheerfully. Comes down stage and lifts his right forefinger as he explains the scheme.) My old pal, George Harris, has put me up to a wheeze. His sister is Flossie Frillkins, the actress, and he's going to send her along here as a Suffragette. It's all right. Chrissie doesn't know her. She's going to use her charms to win me over to the cause, and George reckons that we ought to make Chrissie so jealous she'll never want to see another Suffragette in her life. Now— (Grabs his dustpan and brush swiftly as the door handle rattles and makes absurd pretensions of being busy.)

CHRISTABEL (sharply): What, haven't you finished yet?

HERBERT: Shan't be long, my dear. (Picks up the two cushions and starts to arrange them on the settee. Puts them in opposite corners fussily

and then changes them, turns them over, and fiddles about. CHRISTABEL walks to the side-table and helps herself to whisky. HERBERT looks round and watches her with his head on one side. She glances at him and he becomes terrifically busy again. She adds soda to the whisky and HERBERT pauses again to watch her. Lifts his head and opens his mouth in imitation as she swallows the draught, then smacks his lips. CHRISTABEL lifts up the tray and carries it to the side door. HERBERT follows in haste with his hands held out. The door is slammed in his face and he turns and rolls his tongue round his lips. There is a loud ring at the door-bell. He throws off his apron hastily, pitches the dustpan and brush under the settee, and puts on his coat.)

(Enter FLOSSIE FRILLKINS by middle doors, a young and pretty girl, gorgeously dressed.)

HERBERT (bounding forward with outstretched hands): Flossie!

FLOSSIE: Hallo, Bert! How are you, old boy?

(HERBERT fusses round her admiringly, puts his hands on her shoulders, chucks her under the chin, wriggles and shows generally that she is a favourite of his.)

HERBERT: I say, Floss, you do look a peach!

FLOSSIE (graciously): Hands off, Bertie! You're a married man, now. Please don't forget it. I'm here strictly on business, remember. (Smiles sweetly.)

HERBERT (glancing towards the side door and rubbing his hands): I say, Floss—er—how do we begin?

FLOSSIE (relapsing on the settee): Why, I'm a Suffragette, of course, and I've come to convert you to the cause.

HERBERT: Half a tick. (Walks across the room and gets a rosette with the Suffragette colours, which he fastens on FLOSSIE's breast.) There, now you're labelled.

FLOSSIE: I've come to convert you to the cause and you're to become a supporter at once. You're to make furious love to me. Do you understand?

HERBERT (laughing meaningly and rubbing his hands in anticipation): Do—I—understand? WHAT HO! (Hastily sits by her side as the door opens and CHRISTABEL and JULIA enter.)

FLOSSIE (loudly): I'm sure Mr. Parrett, you are going to become a staunch supporter of the movement. Do you really think we are in the right? (Cooingly.)

HERBERT (gushingly, leaning towards her): YOU couldn't be in the wrong!

FLOSSIE (tenderly): And you are going to help us?

HERBERT (*putting his face close to hers*): I'd do anything for you!

(CHRISTABEL and JULIA have stopped and are exchanging astonished glances. CHRISTABEL coughs loudly.)

HERBERT (*jumping up and bustling towards his wife*): Chrissie, my darling, allow me to present you to Miss Flossie Frillkins. A new recruit to the ranks of your noble army, my dear. Miss Frillkins has called to get my support, and I have given it unreservedly. (*Throwing out his arms in enthusiasm.*) Miss Piccrust—Pikehurst (*turning to her friend*), I am won over—won over! Votes for women! Votes for women! VOTES FOR WOMEN!

(FLOSSIE comes forward and bows to CHRISTABEL and JULIA, who bow in turn.)

CHRISTABEL: Very pleased to meet you. (*Glances over FLOSSIE and then at her husband, whose eyes are on FLOSSIE. JULIA grasps FLOSSIE's hand dramatically.*)

JULIA (*in sonorous tones*): Thrice welcome to our ranks! Thanks for the victim—er—convert (*glancing hastily at HERBERT*) you have secured so quickly. Mr. Parrett (*turning to HERBERT*), I salute you.

HERBERT (*backing away nervously*): Much obliged. My doctor has forbidden me to kiss. (*Takes FLOSSIE by the arm and holds out his hand towards the settee. FLOSSIE seats herself. HERBERT grins and rubs his hands.*) She's bitten it already, Floss. Did you notice how she looked at us?

FLOSSIE (*patting his arm quickly*): You must make love to Miss Pikehurst also.

HERBERT (*with a look of horror*): What?

FLOSSIE: Of course you must, stupid. If we don't win her over she will be my enemy. Begin at once.

(HERBERT groans, looks woefully at JULIA, who is talking with CHRISTABEL, and then turns a pathetic face to FLOSSIE.)

HERBERT (*pleadingly*): Mercy!

FLOSSIE (*sternly*): I insist! Bring her over here.

(HERBERT pulls himself together, thumps himself on the chest to inspire courage, and marches with comic valour towards JULIA.)

HERBERT: Darling! (*Coughs in confusion.*) Miss Piccrust—Pikehurst. May I beg—may I BEG that you will join Miss Frillkins and discuss the great cause, while I do myself the honour of preparing tea for you both? And I trust that in future you will look upon this house as your home. Charmed to have you stay here always. (*Clasps his hands, ogles her, and bends*

low like a shopwalker, turning his back on CHRISTABEL.)

JULIA (*simpering and delighted*): Oh, Mr. Parrett! Really, this is most charming of you!

HERBERT (*holding out his left hand with elaborate ceremony.*): Allow me. (*JULIA puts her right hand in his and he leads her to the settee. Draws table near. CHRISTABEL looks on in disapproval.*) I sha'n't be gone long. (*Turns his head as he goes and smiles upon her again.*)

CHRISTABEL (*sharply*): Tea for three, please, Herbert!

HERBERT: Certainly, my dear; I'll take a cup myself. (*Exit left.*)

JULIA (*soulfully, to FLOSSIE*): Ah, if we only had more men in the cause like dear Mr. Parrett! Such a charming manner!

FLOSSIE: Isn't he a dear? So sympathetic!

(CHRISTABEL throws her head up, gazes at the pair impatiently for a moment, then takes a chair to the table and seats herself abruptly. JULIA and FLOSSIE go on talking without noticing her.)

CHRISTABEL (*with an effort*): I see there was some window-smashing yesterday.

JULIA (*confining her attention to FLOSSIE*): Yes, as you say, so sympathetic. And chivalrous, too, I'm sure.

FLOSSIE: Yes, we shall find him very useful in our work.

CHRISTABEL (*a little louder*): Did you read about that window-smashing—

JULIA (*still ignoring CHRISTABEL*): We must get him to come down to the offices—

(Enter HERBERT with a tray of tea-things. Places it on table by settee.)

CHRISTABEL (*stiffly*): I'll serve the tea, Herbert.

HERBERT (*firmly*): No, my dear. It is an honour for me to wait upon ladies. (*Pours out tea. Hands a cup to JULIA and lifts sugar-basin.*) How many? (*Softly.*)

JULIA (*cooly*): Three, please, Mr. Parrett.

HERBERT (*serving her*): Sweets to the sweet. (*JULIA simpers and glances at FLOSSIE, who nods. HERBERT pours out another cup of tea and hands it to FLOSSIE. Lifts the sugar-basin again; puts one knob in the cup.*)

FLOSSIE (*cooingly*): Thank you so much!

HERBERT (*holding up another knob of sugar with the tongs*): Do have another.

FLOSSIE: No, thank you.

HERBERT: Oh, do! (*Turns to JULIA.*) Do have another!

CHRISTABEL (*who has been fuming through it all, speaking sharply*): When you've quite finished, Herbert.

(HERBERT turns absently, seizes the teapot and pours out more tea, but misses the cup and pours half of it on the tray. CHRISTABEL shrieks.)

HERBERT: Awfully sorry! (Adds milk and puts in lump after lump of sugar, his eyes turned the other way.)

CHRISTABEL: Thank you, thank you! That's enough!

(HERBERT goes on adding sugar, giving his attention to JULIA and FLOSSIE. CHRISTABEL takes the cup away just as he turns the basin upside down. The sugar falls with a clatter on the tray. CHRISTABEL puts her cup down, rises hurriedly, and crosses left. Taps her right foot impatiently on the carpet, and smacks her right fist in her left hand. Her temper is getting out of hand. HERBERT draws her chair forward, sits on it, and gives his attention to JULIA and FLOSSIE.)

CHRISTABEL (aside, keeping her anger down with difficulty): I shall not put up with much more of this. Just look at them (glancing towards the settee). Oh, yes (with a laugh), he's ready enough to support the cause! It isn't the cause he cares about. It's those creatures he wants to flirt with.

HERBERT (thumping his right fist in his left hand): Yes, the campaign must be pushed on at once. We'll get up some new ideas of our own. Look here, you must both stay to dinner.

JULIA: Oh, Mr. Parrett, it's very good of you!

FLOSSIE: I should love to. In your company—

HERBERT (rising and bowing low): I shall be charmed to have you. (Crosses briskly towards CHRISTABEL.) Chrissie, I've invited Miss Pikehurst and Miss Frillkins to stay to dinner. The cause of Woman's Suffrage must be carried on with all speed. If you are to get the vote—

CHRISTABEL (angry): Oh, bother the vote.

HERBERT (in mock indignation): W-W-W-What's that? Bother the vote? (Grins and winks.) Nonsense! The emancipation of women (raising his clenched fist aloft) is the only thing that matters in Britain to-day. The vote! The vote! THE VOTE! (Raises his voice to a squeaky scream and then claps his hand to his throat.) Yes, my dear, we'll have a little dinner to-night to celebrate our conversion—yours and mine.

CHRISTABEL (tragically): Herbert, listen to me—

HERBERT (hastily): All right, my love. I know what you are going to say. Don't you worry about the cooking. I'll see to that. I'll cook the joint, Flossie can peel the potatoes, and

Julia will look after the gravy. We're all brothers and sisters in the one great cause. Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, in fond embrace we'll fight our way to victory! (Hurries back to the guests.)

CHRISTABEL (clenching her fists and trembling with wrath): Oh! Flossie! Julia! In fond embrace! (Looks round, screams, and rushes off, left.)

HERBERT (rubbing his hands and dividing his attention between JULIA and FLOSSIE): I've arranged it all. We'll have such a nice evening.

JULIA (gushingly): You are so forceful, Mr. Parrett.

HERBERT (softly): Call me Herbert, Julia; I'm your brother now!

(FLOSSIE turns away to hide her laughter.)

JULIA (covering her eyes with one hand and patting HERBERT playfully with the other): Oh, Herbert, you NAUGHTY boy!

HERBERT (giddily): Ju-li-a! You puss!

(FLOSSIE takes his arms, swings him round, and pulls him down on the settee between them. HERBERT kicks his legs in the air boisterously as he flops down.)

HERBERT (tearfully joyous): I say, did you hear that story about the Suffragette and the policeman after the midnight raid? It's the funniest thing— (Pulls them both towards him and whispers. The door, left, opens again and CHRISTABEL bounces in. As she enters the three burst into a roar of laughter. JULIA smacks HERBERT'S hand. He returns the compliment. FLOSSIE takes his arm and shakes him.)

FLOSSIE (laughing): Oh, Bertie, you dreadful person!

HERBERT (drawing JULIA and FLOSSIE towards him again as he observes CHRISTABEL in a towering rage): I say, I've just thought of a brilliant idea! (Whispers again, turning his head first to one and then to the other. They draw away and clap their hands.)

JULIA and FLOSSIE (simultaneously): Splendid.

HERBERT (rising smartly and going towards CHRISTABEL): Chrissie, my darling, we've just thought of a splendid idea for you. You can help the cause and cover yourself with glory. All you have to do is to smash a post-office window and get a month in prison. (CHRISTABEL jumps and gives a startled gasp). Grand idea, isn't it? (HERBERT grins.)

CHRISTABEL (with a wild laugh): Oh, magnificent!

JULIA and FLOSSIE (in chorus, rising and approaching hand in hand): We knew you'd say so!

HERBERT (*imitating their feminine walk in an absurdly exaggerated manner and speaking in a falsetto voice*): Yes, we knew you'd say so!

CHRISTABEL (*sarcastically, smiling in spite of her anger, and addressing the two women*): I'm so very much obliged to you!

HERBERT (*walking round in a short circle, hands in trousers pockets, and wagging his head*): Simply topping idea, Chris. And there's no need to waste any time. You can begin to-morrow before breakfast and get arrested straight off! (*CHRISTABEL gives a perceptible shiver.*) Don't worry about my comfort. Some of the dear sisters will come along and look after me (*glancing lovingly towards JULIA and FLOSSIE, who respond sweetly*). Ah, Chrissie, to think of the time you'll be having—

CHRISTABEL (*aside, working her fingers convulsively*): Yes, and the time you'll be having!

HERBERT: Being forcibly fed by wardresses

CHRISTABEL (*aside*): Being tenderly fondled by those creatures!

HERBERT (*growing enthusiastic*): Oh, the glory of it! Why wait till to-morrow? I'll find the hammer now and you can go off and get locked up at once. We'll have that little dinner by our three selves and drink your health while you're on the way to the police-station. Votes for women! Come, my noble-hearted wife; one last embrace.

(*As HERBERT approaches with open arms, CHRISTABEL shrieks, jumps in the air, and raises her two hands with curved fingers, as though she would claw at his face.*)

CHRISTABEL (*shrieking*): Monster! Villain! Keep away from me! (*HERBERT jumps back and shakes in mock terror.*) Oh, I can see through your vile plot, you faithless scoundrel! And I see through you, too, you creatures (*glaring at JULIA and FLOSSIE*). But you shall not get rid of me so easily. You shall not pack me away safely in prison while you carry on your flirtations. Votes for women? Bah! Bosh! Rubbish! (*Tears off her Suffrage rosette, flings it to the ground, and stamps on it.*)

JULIA (*throwing out her arms in horror*): Treachery! Oh, spare me this sight! The badge of freedom trampled under foot!

FLOSSIE (*turning aside and covering her face to hide her laughter*): Horrible! It's an insult to the League!

HERBERT (*feigning to be indignant and speaking in tragic tones*): Oh, Christabel! what have you done?

CHRISTABEL (*seizing him by the collar with both hands and shaking him*): I know what I've done and I know what you've done. I'll give you Suffragettes! (*Punching him.*) I'll give

you Julia and Flossie! (*Punching him again.*) You'll put me in prison, will you, while you carry on with these shameless creatures? (*Shaking him.*) There are going to be no votes here, and no women, and no little dinners for the cause. (*Flings him away from her.* HERBERT turns and makes an attempt to speak. CHRISTABEL picks up his walking-stick threateningly. HERBERT bolts through door, left.)

(JULIA, who has been clinging to FLOSSIE and shaking her head, now breaks away and approaches CHRISTABEL.)

JULIA: Oh, my dear sister—

CHRISTABEL (*in a mild shriek*): Sister? Don't you call me sister, you Suffragette fright! (*JULIA gasps.*) You husband snatcher! You frizzled old flirt! (*She makes a dash at JULIA with each sentence. JULIA as quickly retires.*) I'll give you raids! I'll make a raid on you! (*JULIA squeals and retires behind settee.*)

(FLOSSIE, who has been making a great show of alarm, timidly approaches CHRISTABEL with arms outstretched. At the first show of hostility she gives a shriek and joins JULIA behind the settee.)

CHRISTABEL (*smacking the settee with the walking-stick*): Come out of that! Calling my husband Bertie! (*She makes a dash round the settee. JULIA and FLOSSIE scramble away. As they are running, HERBERT enters by middle doors. He immediately turns tail and bolts again. There is a hurried chase round the room, which JULIA takes very seriously, but which FLOSSIE seems to enjoy. Finally, both JULIA and FLOSSIE dash in turns for the middle doors, each followed by a cushion thrown by CHRISTABEL. As they pass the window both put in their heads and shout simultaneously.*)

JULIA and FLOSSIE (*in one voice through window*): Votes for women!

(CHRISTABEL drops on the settee for a moment and covers her face with her hands then jumps up. As she does so, HERBERT puts his head through middle doors.)

CHRISTABEL (*sobbing*): I—I've done with Herbert. He can have the vote and all the voters. Not another day will I stay in this house! (*Retires in tears through door, left.*)

HERBERT (*entering and looking horribly dejected*): I've done it! What's the programme now, I wonder? What, what, what, what? (*Stamps about the room.*) I can't let her go. I must do something. (*Pulls at his hair, kicks the cushions, drops on the settee, jumps up again, starts to take off his coat, puts it on again, strides across the room, and stops suddenly.*) She's coming down! She's going to clear out and

AN OPPORTUNITY!

Would make Charming and Original Xmas Presents.

Guaranteed Real Osprey of
the Finest Quality.



2/11

In Black, White, or any Shade to
order, 2 11, or a double Picket for
5/6. Other Pickets, longer and fuller,
7/6, 15/-, & 1 lb. up to £10 10s.

Renovations a Speciality.

All Goods post free. Foreign and Colonial postage,
1s. extra. If you are unable to favour us with a
call at our Showrooms, we shall have pleasure in
forwarding any goods on approval on receipt of
remittance or London trade reference.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

From November 24th to December
31st we shall have much pleasure in
presenting a fascinating

PEN - PAINTED THEATRE BAG

to all customers visiting our Showrooms
who purchase goods to the value of 10/6.

Expert advice given, and ladies' own
hats trimmed or renovated for an
exclusive charge of 12/6.

Telephone: REGENT 1639.

THE "REGENT."



12/6

In Black, White, and all the new
Winter Colourings. 17 inches long.
Other Ostrich Feathers, from 2/- to
£5 5s. Boas, Ruffles, from 3/6 to
£16 16s.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO., LTD. (IMPORTERS AND
MANUFACTURERS)

131, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Showrooms on First Floor, over Saxone Shoe Shop. Entrance in Heddon Street.

Costumes for

**"The Marriage
Market,"**

"GIRL ON THE FILM,"

"JOSEPH AND
HIS BRETHREN,"

were supplied

by

B. J. SIMMONS & CO.

Costumes

and Wigs

on hire for

Fancy Dress Balls,

Theatricals, &c.

Telephone:—No. 5563 Gerrard.

Telegrams:—"Hstory, Rand, London."

7 & 8 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOTE.—Only Establishment.

SOFT, DELICATE SKIN

A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms
of matchless whiteness are ensured to those Ladies
who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR



Most curative, healing, and
refreshing. It preserves the
skin from all trying changes
of weather, removes
freckles, tan, redness and
roughness; soothes and
heals irritation and
cutaneous eruptions more
effectually than any other
preparation. Warranted
harmless.

Bottles 2/3 and 4/6

Sold by Stores, Chemists and

A. ROWLAND & SONS,

67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

**Theatre and Modern Boot and
Shoe Makers.**

H. & M. RAYNE,

"La France" Shoe.

49, Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.

And at

115/119, Waterloo Road, S.E.
(Opposite Rly. & Tram Terminus).



As worn by
Miss DAISIE IRVING,
who says:
"Shoes are perfect."

Manufacturers and
suppliers to the leading
London Theatres and
Principal Actresses.

Toe-dancing Shoes
supplied to the leading
Dancers, Teachers
and Academies.

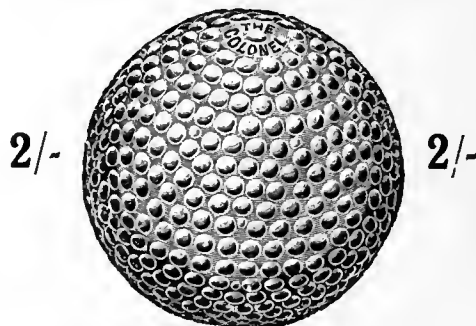
EVERY REQUISITE for the
STAGE

Every Grade of Boots and Shoes for
Ladies' Outdoor Wear at Moderate Prices.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST.

Save Your Money!

BUY THE
'Colonel' Golf Ball



The Colonel is the most durable ball
made, therefore the most economical.

THE ST. MUNGO MANUFACTURING CO.,
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

London Office - - - 37, WALBROOK, E.C.

By Special Appointment



to His Majesty The King.

W. CLARKSON

Theatrical Wig Maker and Costumier

**CLARKSON'S LILLIE POWDER FOR YOUTH
AND BEAUTY**

The Greatest Beautifier in the World.

Three Shades, 1/- per box. Absolutely unrivalled for the
Complexion.

All the Wigs used in
"THE LAUGHING HUSBAND,"
made by Clarkson.

[Copy of Letter.]

"New Theatre, W.C.

"Dear Mr. Clarkson,

"8th Nov., 1913.

"I am very pleased with the work you have done for me; it has
always been satisfactory.

"I shall be most happy to give you any other orders.

"Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) "DAISIE IRVING."

HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION—GOLD MEDAL.

Tel. No.: 612 Gerrard.
(2 Lines.)

Telegrams: "Wiggery, London."

W. CLARKSON, 41 & 43 WARDOUR STREET,
Leicester Square, W.

**HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK**

Malted Barley, Wheat and Milk in Powder Form.

REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, SUSTAINING.

Made in a Moment with Water Only.

NO COOKING.

Served at the Bars in Many Theatres and Music Halls.

Try it when fatigued or depressed.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

THE ERA



For three-quarters of a Century
the organ of the amusement wor'd.

Published every Wednesday Morning

PRICE ONE PENNY

Gives absolutely all Professional News.

Every Playgoer should read "The Era."

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—ON WEDNESDAYS—ONE PENNY.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

leave me! (*Makès a dash for the telephone as CHRISTABEL enters hurriedly. She has on her hat and coat and is carrying a bag.*)

HERBERT (*shaking visibly and speaking loudly*): Hallo? Who are you? Suffragette headquarters? What do you say? Are we in favour of votes for women? CERTAINLY NOT! W-W-W-What? Thought I was in favour? Madam, I favour what my wife favours. Do you hear me? I say I favour what my wife favours and that only. She has disapproved of it, that is enough for me!

(*CHRISTABEL puts down her bag, clasps her hands, and turns a smiling face to the footlights. HERBERT sees her action and winks.*)

HERBERT (*sternly*): Understand what I say. No, we are not in favour of the movement! Don't let another woman come near this house. (*CHRISTABEL moves towards him with outstretched arms.*) Not another woman! Not one! Not half a one! Not a quarter of one! Not—

(*Slams down the receiver.* CHRISTABEL is standing behind him looking up lovingly. He holds out his arms and she slips into them with a grateful sigh. At the same moment the smiling face of FLOSSIE appears at the window. HERBERT waves one hand towards her.)

CURTAIN.

[Applications for permission to perform the above play should be made to the Editor of THE PLAYGOER.]

"If this be so, as yet the glass seems true," are the words of the Duke Orsino in "Twelfth Night." They might be well applied to the new invention called Triplex Safety Glass, which is able to sustain the severest blow without splintering, and yet is quite transparent. The new composition consists of two thicknesses of glass with a very fine layer of xylonite between, the three welded together under enormous hydraulic pressure. The chief cause of injury in collisions on the road arises from shattered glass, but Triplex neither splinters nor breaks, but only "stars." Its value in all circumstances where glass is used is consequently incalculable.

"The Birthdays of Stage Favourites" is the title of a neat little book, compiled by Stanley Morne, who has been associated with *The Era* for more than 12 years. The book contains the birth dates and, in many instances, the birth-places of nearly 700 of the leading lights in the entertainment world, and may be had of the publishers, Hill and Smith, of Raequet Court, Fleet Street, for three penny stamps.

A Fourpenny Theatre.

"All seats 4d." will be the cry of a theatre for the people which Miss Rosina Filippi has in view. In a lecture on the necessity of such a theatre recently, Miss Filippi said it would be run much on the same principle as the cinematograph theatre in every district of London and in every town in the provinces.

Cinemas were not supplying the right kind of drama, however popular they might be. In the theatre she had in mind there would be produced the finest plays, both classical and modern. There was at present only one such theatre in the world, and that was at Milan. The house held 2,300 people, and the charge for any seat was only 4d., neither more nor less. Only the plays of the best dramatists were produced, and the audiences came away with something to think about. They had seen a real play, played by real artistes. Bernard Shaw's "Candida" had proved to be a great favourite, and was given three or four times every season. The popular theatre which she advocated would not be a money-making concern. Money would, of course, be required to start it, and it must be endowed. If rich people supported hospitals, why should they not also support theatres, which were necessary for the physical and mental well-being of people?

Miss Filippi fully appreciated the difficulties which such a theatre would encounter in starting. No Government had ever been called upon to subsidise a theatre, and a Government grant was out of the question. It was also very doubtful whether any County Council would make a grant for such a purpose, and the money required would have to come from private sources. The entire theatre, company, working staff, plays, costumes, and other necessary expenses for upkeep for two years was exactly the sum recently paid for a single film for a cinema theatre. Her proposal was that the first theatre should be in the Chelsea district, and it should be built to seat from 1,200 to 2,000 persons. The acting must be good from the very first, and keep good. Her idea was to have a students' theatre and a people's theatre which would form a combine. The salaries would not be more than £3 or less than £1 per week—much the same as the supers earned at some of our theatres.

"The Future of the Theatre," published by G. Bell and Sons, is by John Palmer, dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review*. In this forecast of dramatic history, critics, producers, long runs, the Lord Chamberlain, and the speculative manager all disappear, and a theatre national and redeemed is portrayed.

SAMUELS

(3 Depots)

STRAND, W.C.

High-Class Stationery and Printing.

POSTCARDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

of all Theatrical Celebrities; Authors; Musicians; Statesmen; English and Foreign Royalty; Gallery Pictures, etc. Plays, including "False Gods," "Sir Walter Raleigh," and "The Blue Bird." Military Caricatures a Speciality.

The largest selection in London. New Cards every day.

ALL ONE PRICE (Real Photographs)
1/- per packet of 6. (Post Free.)

Postcard Depots	{	150 STRAND
		84 STRAND
		197a REGENT ST.

*Real Photographs at new depot, under Hotel Piccadilly—
27, PICCADILLY, W.*

Join our "Approval" Club. New cards sent on approval as published, post free. Send Name and Address.

Lowther Arcade, 371 Strand

A large and up-to-date selection of Toys and Fancy Goods for presents at all prices. "TEDDY BEARS" a Speciality (brown or white), from 6½d. to £3 each. Also Aeroplanes (guaranteed to fly) from 3/6 to £2/2-.

The Playgoer & Society Illustrated

Vol. IX. November-December, 1913. No. 50.

NOTICE

All communications should be addressed to the department to which they respectively relate, as below:

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing Offices—5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" can be obtained from the principal newsgagents, and at all railway bookstalls, or will be sent direct from the office on the following terms:

TWELVE MONTHS	UNITED KINGDOM.	s. d.
"	By post, packed in cardboard	8 0 prepaid
"	or for SIX MONTHS, half the above price.	4 0
	Single copies 6d., by post 8½d.	

TWELVE MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	8 6	"
SIX MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	4 3	"
Single copies, 6d., by post 9½d.		

Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to the Kingshurst Publishing Company, Ltd., and crossed "London County & Westminster Bank."

In case of difficulty in obtaining a copy of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" please communicate with the Publishers at the above address. Postage will be refunded.

THE KINGSHURST PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.
5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

PARIS: 56 Rue de l'Université.

Tel. No.: Regent 1914.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

The Publisher,

"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

5 Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me each month "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" formonths. I enclose herewith..... value.....

Name.....

Address.....

Rates of Subscription:—Twelve months, 8/6; Six months, 4/3.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" will be sent post free at the above rates to any part of the world.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

IMPORTANT.

Back numbers of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" are valuable.

Any of the back numbers may be had at the following prices:—

EACH				EACH			
No. 1	"FALSE GODS"	..	1/-	No. 25	"MAN AND SUPERMAN"	..	6d.
" 2	"SIR WALTER RALEGH"	..	9d.	" 26	"THE MOUSMÉ"	..	6d.
" 3	"THE BRASS BOTTLE"	..	6d.	" 27	"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"	..	6d.
" 4	"THE BLUE BIRD"	..	2/-	" 28	"THE MIRACLE"	..	1/-
" 5	"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"	..	6d.	" 29	"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"	..	6d.
" 6	"THE TENTH MAN"	..	6d.	" 30	"THE 'MIND THE PAINT' GIRL"	..	6d.
" 7	"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"	..	1/-	" 31	"THE PINK LADY"	..	6d.
" 8	"THE ISLANDER"	..	6d.	" 32	"AT THE BARN"	..	6d.
" 9	"TANTALIZING TOMMY"	..	1/-	" 33	"PRINCESS CAPRICE"	..	5/-
" 10	"THE SPECKLED BAND"	..	1/-	" 34	"FIND THE WOMAN"	..	6d.
" 11	"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"	..	5/-	" 35	"THE WOMEN OF FRANCE"	..	6d.
" 12	"KING HENRY VIII."	..	1/-	" 36	"DRAKE"	..	6d.
" 13	"COUNT HANNIBAL"	..	1/-	" 37	"LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN"	..	6d.
" 14	"MRS. SKEFFINGTON"	..	6d.	" 38	"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"	..	6d.
" 15	"THE FOLLIES"	..	1/-	" 39	"DOORMATS"	..	6d.
" 16	"INCONSTANT GEORGE"	..	2/6	" 40	"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"	..	1/-
" 17	"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"	..	6d.	" 41	"THE HEADMASTER"	..	1/-
" 18	"THE POPINJAY"	..	6d.	" 42	"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS"	..	6d.
" 19	"LADY PATRICIA"	..	6d.	" 43	"DIPLOMACY"	..	2/6
" 20	"KISMET"	..	2/6	" 44	"THE CHAPERON"	..	6d.
" 21	"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"	..	6d.	" 45	"8d. A MILE"	..	6d.
" 22	"POMANDER WALK"	..	6d.	" 46	"WITHIN THE LAW"	..	6d.
" 23	"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"	..	6d.	" 47	"THE MARRIAGE MARKET"	..	6d.
" 24	"MACBETH"	..	6d.	" 48	"LOVE AND LAUGHTER"	..	6d.
				" 49	"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"	..	6d.

Postage 2½d. per copy extra (packed in cardboard).

Address—

Publisher, "PLAYGOER & SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

Telephone: REGENT 1914.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers



De Reszke

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes



Patent Application Pending

ALTHOUGH you may not know it, the price of Turkish Tobacco has been higher for the past two years than for twenty years previously. The Balkan War has caused the loss of Tobacco crops, and Manufacturers have been faced with the problem of using inferior Tobaccos or raising their prices. Some Manufacturers have "cut" the quality. Others now have the Cigarettes machine-made instead of hand made, thus effecting a saving of 20 to 60 on every thousand Cigarettes. Not one Manufacturer has raised the price.

OUR immense reserves of Tobacco enable us to assure smokers that "De Reszke" Cigarettes will in the future be what they have always been in the past—the highest quality the world produces. "De Reszke" Cigarettes are still made by hand, and are guaranteed to be of the same superlative excellence which has won for them the largest sale amongst smokers of discrimination and refinement. If you have noticed that the brand you usually smoke has not been so good lately—get a box of "De Reszke" Cigarettes. You will appreciate the difference.

Two Kinds ONE Quality only—THE BEST.

Turkish—Tenor (Large)	10 9d.	25 1 9	50 3 4	100 6 3	American	10 6d.	25 1 4	50 2 8	100 5 3
-----------------------	-----------	-----------	-----------	------------	----------	-----------	-----------	-----------	------------

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores or post free from
J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 41), 86, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.



WIDOW'S WEEDS

FREE OFFER This "Rilette" poster will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to above address, a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps (for postage and packing), mentioning picture No. 13. This picture is free of advertising matter, and is printed in colours on art paper in a size suitable for framing. Pictures published previously can also be obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps for each picture required. Please mention picture number when sending. No. 1, "Signing a Cheque." No. 2, "Punting." No. 3, "Motoring." No. 4, "At the Seaside." No. 5, "Canoeing." No. 6, "All that there is between them." No. 7, "A Christmas Eve." No. 8, "Puffs." No. 9, "The Light of His Life." No. 10, "A Matchless Smoker." No. 11, "How Happy I could be with either." No. 12, "A Study in Red." To avoid delay please quote Dept. No. clearly.

Printed by L. P. & W. MASON, LTD., Dane Street, High Holborn, W.C.1, and Published by The Proprietors, The Kingshurst Publishing Company, Ltd., 1, Abchurch Lane, W.C.1, to whom all communications must be addressed. Wholesale agents for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, &c. (South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.)

"People I've Met at the Play." By F. J. RANDALL. See page 95.

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY

ILLUSTRATED

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED 'THE THEATRE.'

"MARY GOES FIRST" SOUVENIR.



IX PENCE

MONTHLY

VOL. 9
NEW SERIES

Miss MARIE TEMPEST.

No. 51

Owing to heavy cost of production, this magazine is sold to the trade on terms admitting of no discount on published price of 6d. nett.

AMERICAN LINE

Southampton — Cherbourg — New York Service
United States Mail Twin Screw Steamers

ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL



NEW YORK
Philadelphia

SOUTHAMPTON to NEW YORK every Saturday
at noon, calling at Cherbourg
Special Trains from London and Paris on morning of sailing.

AMERICAN LINE

Canute Road, Southampton	9 Broadway, New York
Cockspur Street, London, S.W.	N. Martin, Agent,
38 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.	9 Rue Scribe, Paris

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE

THE **Popular**
Pioneer
Line to
Canada

EXPRESS SERVICE from
Liverpool, Glasgow,
Londonderry,
London and Havre
Special facilities for Theatrical Parties,
Through rates to all parts, Shortest
sea passage to Canada and Western
States, Wireless Telegraphy.

Apply **ALLAN BROS. & Co. U.K. Limited**

Liverpool—19 James St.	London—
Glasgow—25 Bothwell St.	14 Cockspur St., S.W.
Londonderry—	103 Leadenhall St., E.C.
50 Foyle St.	Also at Paris

TRAVEL IN LUXURY TO
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT, COLOMBO
and
AUSTRALIA
by
Orient Line



New and Palatial
12,000-ton Steamers

Fortnightly Sailings
From LONDON

Managers.—**F. GREEN & CO.; ANDERSON
ANDERSON & CO.,**
Fenchurch Avenue, LONDON, E.C.
West End Office - - 28 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

WHITE STAR LINE

TRIPLE-SCREW R.M.S.
“**OLYMPIC**,” 45,324 Tons
IS THE
Largest Steamer in the World

ISMAY, IMRIE & CO.
NEW YORK, LONDON and LIVERPOOL

UNION CASTLE LINE

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

Weekly Service via the Cape
Monthly Service via the Suez Canal

Calling also at Madeira, Canaries, Ascension, St. Helena
and Lobito Bay. For all information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO.,
Managers, London & Southampton.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool,
Manchester and Glasgow.

**THE ABERDEEN DIRECT
LINE OF STEAMERS**

LONDON TO NATAL, DELAGOA
BAY AND BEIRA

SAILINGS EVERY TEN DAYS.
FINE ACCOMMODATION
CHEAP FARES
HIGH-CLASS CUISINE

For full particulars, apply to—
Owners:—**JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO.**
4 EAST INDIA AVENUE. Or Agents.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE.**

The Best Known

CHINA TEA

in the World

"TÉ CELESTIAL"

Costumes for

"The Marriage Market,"

"THE GRAND SEIGNEUR"

"JOSEPH AND
HIS BRETHREN,"

"QUALITY STREET,"

were supplied

by

Costumes

and Wigs

on hire for

Fancy Dress Balls,

Theatricals, &c.



Telephone :—No. 5568 Gerrard.

Telegrams :—"History, Rand, London."

7 & 8 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

NOTE.—Only Establishment.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE PLAY OF THE MONTH		AMATEUR THEATRICALS	105
"Mary Goes First" - - - - -	83-94	A FIRST NIGHT IMPRESSION	
Story of the Play. By The Editor -	84-85	FROM THE GALLERY	
PEOPLE I'VE MET AT THE		By Victor E. Cope - - - - -	106
PLAY		A STUDENTS' THEATRE - - - - -	107
By F. J. Randall - - - - -	95 96	THE VARIETY THEATRES	108-109
GADABOUT'S GOSSIP - - - - -	97	THE PICTURE PLAYGOER - - - - -	110-112
THE PLAYGOER'S GUIDE - - - - -	98	PLAYS FOR PLAYACTORS	
PLAYGOERS' MORALS		"A Cruel Sell." By Henry	
By Polonius - - - - -	99	Stannard - - - - -	113-116
DRAMA OF THE MONTH			
"Are You There?" "A Place in the			
Sun," "The Pursuit of Pamela,"			
"Magic" and "Geminæ" - - - - -	100-102		
IN THE BOUDOIR			
By M. E. Brooke - - - - -	103 104		
		With Presentation Silhouette of Miss	
		Maric Tempest.	

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



YOUR HAIR NEEDS 'WARNOL.'

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris, 1912.

WRITE FOR MR. WARNER OLIVER'S BOOK--

"THE HAIR: HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH AND TREAT IT IN DISEASE.
HOW IT GROWS AND HOW TO GROW IT."—(Sent post free.)

OUR HAIR SPECIALITIES FOR THE PUBLIC AT STORE PRICES.

"WARNOL."
An unrivalled Hair
Lotion for general
hair disorders.
Named after
Mr. Warner Oliver.
1/-, 2/6, 4/6.

**HAIR
LUBRICANT.**
A wonderful
substitute for
the
natural oil.
9d. and 1/6.

LIQUID SOAP.
Delightful
for
Shampoo
or Bath.
1/6.

**SHAMPOO
POWDER**
(used with water).
An excellent invigo-
rating antiseptic
cleanser.
2d. & 1/- Pkt. 1/6 Bot.

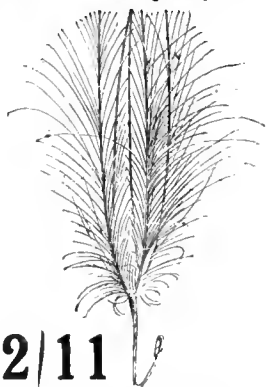
**SHAMPOO
POWDER**
(used without water).
Delightful for dry-
cleaning the hair.
2d. Pkt.
7 for 1/-.

All Chemists, or post free from **WARNER OLIVER, Ltd.**, 4, Holles St., Cavendish Sq., London, W., Consulting
Specialists on the Hair. Call for one FREE SAMPLE and BOOK, or by post 3d.

AN OPPORTUNITY!

Would make Charming and Original Xmas Presents.

Guaranteed Real Osprey of
the Finest Quality.



2/11

In Black, White, or any Shade to
order, 2 11, or a double Picket for
5/6. Other Pickets, longer and fuller,
7/6, 15/-, £1 1s. up to £10 10s.

Renovations a Speciality.

All Goods post free. Foreign and Colonial postage,
1s. extra. If you are unable to favour us with a
call at our Showrooms, we shall have pleasure in
forwarding any goods on approval on receipt of
remittance or London trade reference.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

From November 24th to December
31st we shall have much pleasure in
presenting a fascinating

PEN - PAINTED THEATRE BAG

to all customers visiting our Showrooms
who purchase goods to the value of 10/6.

Expert advice given, and ladies' own
hats trimmed or renovated for an
inclusive charge of 2/6.

Telephone: REGENT 1659.

THE "REGENT."



12/6

In Black, White, and all the new
Winter Colourings. 17 inches long.
Other Ostrich Feathers, from 2/- to
£5 5s. Boas, Ruffles, from 3/6 to
£16 16s.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO., LTD. (IMPORTERS AND
MANUFACTURERS)

131, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Showrooms on First Floor, over Saxone Shoe Shop. Entrance in Heddon Street.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY *ILLUSTRATED*

Vol. IX. (New Series). No. 51

Published on 15th of each month

"MARY GOES FIRST."

Comedy in three acts and an epilogue, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Produced at the Playhouse, London, on September 18, 1913.



Photo.]

Foulsham and Banfield.

Ella Southwood (MISS MARGARET BRUHLING): "What's the matter?"

Richard Whichesto (MR. CHARLES V. FRANCE): "Mary's going to let me in for a law-suit with the Bodsworths!"

"Mary Goes First."

By

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Produced at the Playhouse, September 18, 1913.

The Story of the Play. By the Editor.

THE highly respectable town of Warkinstall was in a ferment. A state of war existed between the two leading families merely because one lady had referred to another as an "impropriety."

Mary Whichello was one of the best-hearted persons in the world, but Lady Bodsworth, whose husband had just secured a knighthood, got on her nerves. Moreover, her ladyship's rank secured her precedence in the social functions of the town, and she was taken in to dinner by the head of the house.

Lady Bodsworth was a little more than plump and had false hair and aggressively-painted face. She took her newly-acquired dignity very seriously, and when, listening behind the curtains, she heard Mrs. Whichello, referring to her personal appearance, declare that "with her powdered cheeks and yellow hair she looked like an impropriety," that dignity was outraged.

An apology was demanded by Lady Bodsworth, and her husband seconded the demand with all the pomposity that a bloated town magnate could command. Mary said she was sorry, but

that was not enough; the apology must be in black and white, and Sir Thomas commissioned his solicitor to draw up the document in full legal form. Mary flatly refused to sign it, and brought dictionaries to bear witness that the word simply meant "unseemliness."

Lawsuits were threatened, and Mary bid her opponents do their worst. Not so her easy-going, peace-loving husband, a leather merchant, who had long since succumbed to the lure of the links. Sending Mary into an adjoining room, where he begged her cousin Felix to keep her quiet for a few minutes, he sought to effect a compromise. He invited Bodsworth and his solicitor out to dinner at the club, but they declined with virtuous indignation. Then he went so far as to offer to withdraw his opposition to Sir Thomas over the question of tramways on the local council if he would keep the case out of court.

Mary, on the other hand, was eager for the fray. Whichello's cries of distress had little effect on her, and she went on playing bridge serenely. She briefed her friend Felix, a struggling barrister, to act as her legal adviser,



Photo.]

[Fouisham and Banfield.

The Author and the Leading Lady.

threatening to withhold her consent to his engagement with her ward Ella if he failed to get the better of the Bodsworths. Meanwhile, the young couple in their simplicity marvelled how such things could be.

Mary was likewise determined to make an assault on Lady Bodsworth's social supremacy, and went about it in a novel way. Sir Thomas had secured his knighthood through giving a sanatorium to the town; Whichello should give a crematorium and stand for Parliament, in order that a baronetcy in the family long since allowed to lapse might be revived.

Whichello was not enthusiastic over the proposal. So long as he got his golf it was a matter of supreme indifference to him who "went first" in Warkinstall. He gave way to his wife's persuasions, however, and though he was in favour of tariff reform provided the leather trade got a look in, he consented to turn Radical in order to win the seat from the Government, and thus gain the baronetcy.

He made feeble speeches and won the contempt of a colleague—a very Boanerges of an orator, and was ignominiously denounced as a deserter in the local papers. The consequence was that he refused to be "Boanerged" into Parliament, and threw up his candidature. Coaxing, entreaties, and tears were all in vain; he resolutely declined to change his decision. It is the first recorded instance of the wheedling of woman failing to achieve its purpose, but Whichello remained firm.

What did Mary do? Did she accept defeat and settle down to a secondary position in society? By no means. She simply handed over

the Parliamentary responsibilities to her friend, Felix Galpin, who accepted them with alacrity, and made her husband contribute a sum of money to the Party sufficiently large to secure him the baronetcy. There was some haggling over the proposal, for a merchant and his money are not easily parted, but he gave way eventually, and Whichello's smile when he was told that he might go off and play golf till after the election was beautiful to behold.

Lady Bodsworth had by this time begun to show the white feather, and after an attempt by her wily solicitor to exact a much-modified form of apology from Mary, which met with no success, Lady Bodsworth definitely threw up the sponge.

Mary's triumph was now complete, but the victor did not press her advantage. The enemy, having capitulated, at first feigned indisposition in order not to face her opponent, and when they did meet there was a profusion of tears from the vanquished. All ended well, however, for when dinner was announced Lady Whichello gave her arm to Lady Bodsworth, and they went in together.

Peace was proclaimed, and the whole assembly, from the butler to the baronet, rejoiced.

The foundations of the story are laid in the following extract from Fettleworth's "Credentials of

Merit" (1764) (Chapter on Titles), with which the author prefaces his play.

"Thus it appears that the Honours and Dignities adjudged by the State serve often but to varnish the Stratagems and Pretences whereby they have been obtained; and the Claim to Precedency is shown to be the Claim of those who have no other Claim to our Admiration and Esteem."



Photo. [Foulsham and Banfield.]

The Golf Smile.

Mr. C. V. France as Richard Whichello.

The Butler "throws up" the Title.



[Photo.]

Cuthbert (Mr. Horrox Cooper); Sir Thomas and Lady Bodsworth.

[Foulsham and Banfield.]

A Powerful Inducement.



Mary: "Unless you get me out of my trouble with the Bodsworths, I'll stop your marriage with Ella!"



Poorson.

Whichello: "Let's all pop down to the Club."

[Foulsham and Banfield.

A Tall Order.



Photo.]

Whicello; "Keep Mary quiet for five minutes."

[Foulsham and Bosfield.]

A Compliment to the Candidate.



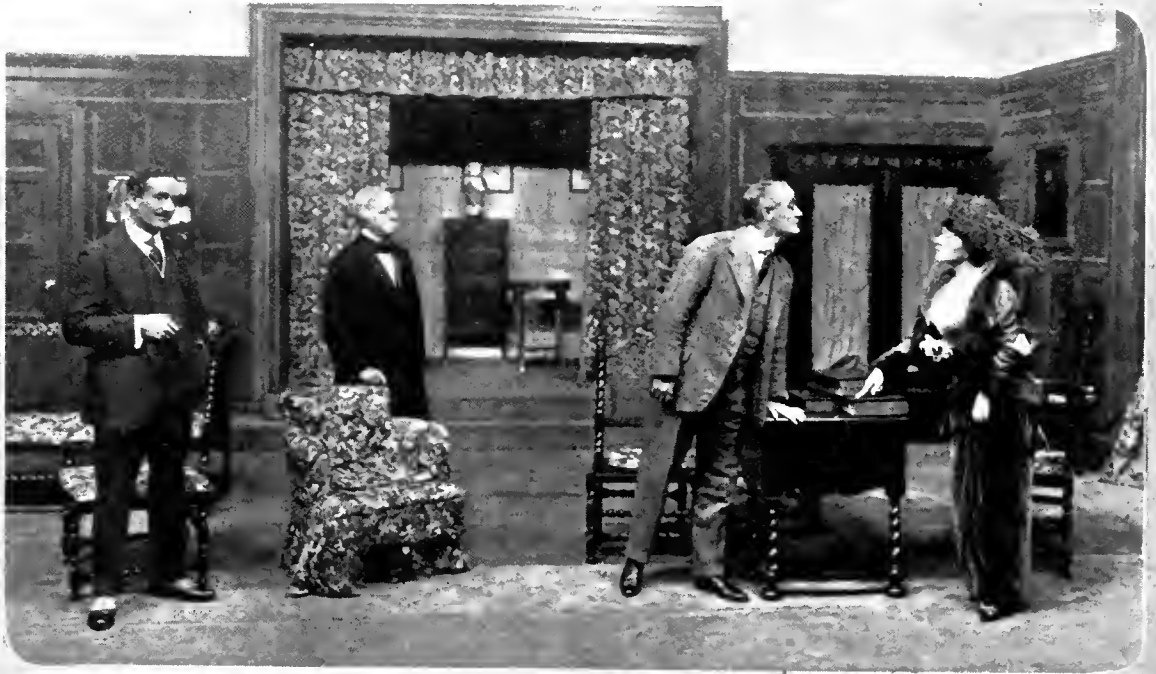
Felix Galpin (MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE) (reading from the local paper): "Every true-hearted patriot will rejoice at his leaving The Honest Party."



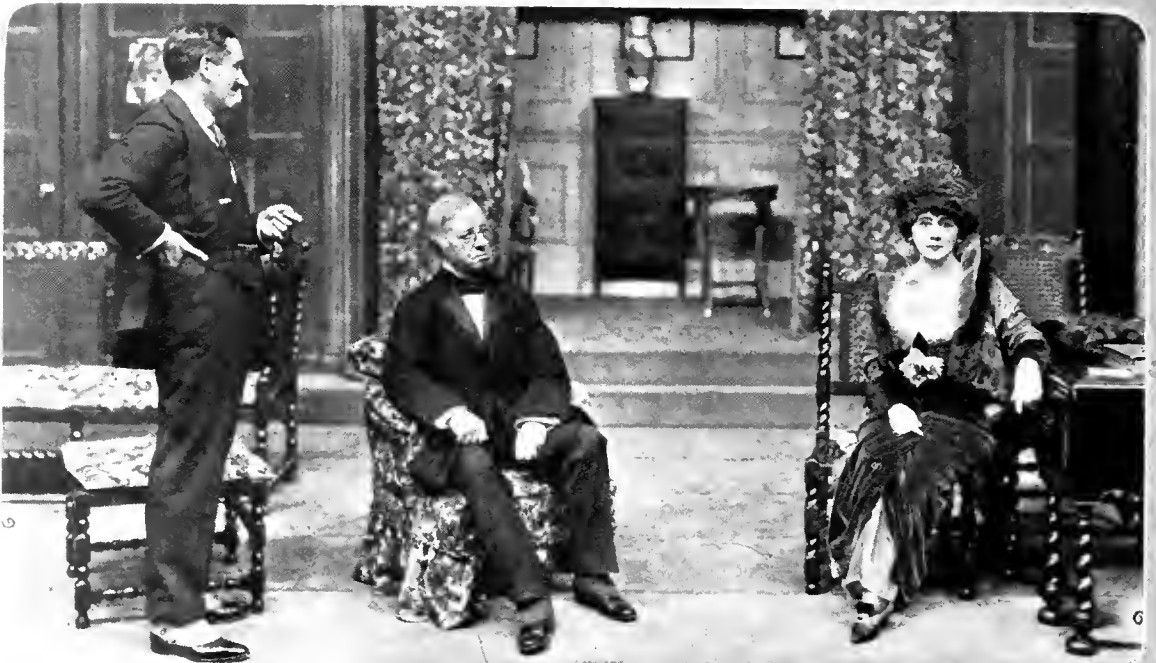
Photos.

Whicello: "Will you kindly keep out of this? If I am to be fleeced I'll know how much." *(Fountain and Bangs)*

A Family Jar.



Mary: "Mr. Galpin and I have decided upon a course of action."
Whichello: "Have you? Then *I* have decided upon a course of action."



Photos.]

Mary: "I won't apologise."
Tailman (MR. GEORGE SHELTON): "Then we shall take it into court."

[Foulsham and Benfield.]

An
Appalling
Prospect.



Ella :

"How awful it would be if when we were married we got to rowing each other like ordinary married people!"

Felix :

"How *can* they do it! How *can* they do it!"



[Photos.]

Mrs. Tudman (Miss CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT) : "I am so sorry Lady Bodsworth is not coming to-night."

[Foulsham and Bunfield.

Felix : "Not coming!"

Lady Bodsworth's solicitor tries to beguile an apology from Mrs. Whichello.



Photo.

Tadman: "I have made it quite easy for Mrs. Whichello, I think this will suit the case."
Feliz: "I don't think so, Tadman. Tell Sir Thomas we will fight it out in court."

Paulsham and Boufield.

Miss
Marie Tempest



in one of her
choicest gowns.

Lady Bodsworth weeps with vexation.



Photos.]

[Foulsham and Banfield.

*Sir Thomas Bodsworth (MR. KENYON MUGRAVE): "Please take no notice.
She's a little overcome by the heat."*

An Amicable Ending.



Photo.]

Mary takes Lady Bodsworth into dinner.

Foulsham and Baufeld.

People I've Met at the Play.

By F. J. Randall,

Author of "The Harbottle Stories."

III.—THE TRIGGS OF TOTTENHAM.

AN accident brings me into contact with the Triggs. I have left it late and found the pit nearly full. A young man obligingly puts his overcoat under the seat and intimates that there is just room for me at his side. My thanks are due to him and he gets them.

"Bit of a scramble unless you get here early, ain't it?" he says.

"The first come the first served," I remark inanely.

He squares his shoulders and views a couple of old people on his left. The first is a very old man, who sits low in his seat. His toothless mouth is agape, and his weak eyes blink in the lights; he is a picture of patient docility, with knotted fingers clasped before him. He is grey-haired and grey-whiskered, wears a big overcoat of rakish cut, that was surely never made for him, and is almost enveloped by a bowler hat of a bygone shape.

"How are you, dad; can you see all right?" asks my friend.

"All right, George, my boy," says the old man, his eyes brightening as he wakes up and nods briskly. "All right, thank-ye!"

"How are you, mother; got a good seat?"

The old woman is a fit mate for the old man. She nods and smiles, and her face is aglow with wonder and anticipation. She is bent in her seat, with rounded shoulders, and a bunched up cape of black satin is her chief adornment. She wears black cotton gloves and a small bonnet with some startling bows in it, and she clutches tightly at a home-made reticule on her lap.

With some satisfaction Mr. George Triggs shifts his hat to the back of his head, displaying a plastered slab of lightish hair turned over in a curl, and coming rather low on his forehead. He is not handsome, his eyes are small, his nose insignificant, and his mouth large and irregular. In addition to some spots on his face he has a small straggling moustache. For all that I am grateful to him for a tolerable seat.

"That post will interrupt your view, I'm afraid," I observe.

"Don't matter, old man." He consults a silver watch held by a chain that comes through the armhole of his waistcoat, nods towards his parents, and closes one eye. "As long as the old

people see that's all right. Fed up with this kind of thing myself long ago."

"The Girl in the Tramear" is billed to appear, and my personal opinion is that it will appeal to George much more than the elder members of the family. But his glance at the programme is indifferent.

"Like to give the old people a treat once in a way," he says, tucking his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets. "No change to me. Seen too much of it from the wings myself."

I am interested and make it obvious.

"In the profession yourself, perhaps, eh?"

"You couldn't tell me much about the stage." George smiles. "I dare say, now, that I know the Lane better than I do my own house. Ah, and a good many more houses, in London and out."

"What sort of stage have they got here?"

"Never been on this one in my life!" he admits readily. "I'm not going to deceive you; I'll admit that I've never been on it."

Before any further admission can be made the curtain goes up. We are greeted by a burst of song, and a score of gaily clad girls glide rhythmically to and fro. The scene is a gorgeous interior. At the end of the song a buzz of conversation and some clapping announce the entrance of one of the principal comedians. He is loud-voiced, blatantly confident, and labels himself immediately as a humorist. Mr. and Mrs. Triggs are craning their necks, both open-mouthed. The old lady wears a set smile of expectation, the old gentleman, now bareheaded, is expressionless. George coolly ignores the play and watches his parents like a benevolent keeper in charge of a couple of imbeciles.

A comic waiter now enters with a tray, trips, and upsets the contents. By a dexterous manœuvre he catches them and marches off again in triumph, much to the amazement of the company on the stage.

Triggs senior chuckles prodigiously and nods his head. He turns for a moment and catches the approving eye of his son.

"That was good, George," he chuckles. "Ay, that was very good!"

I observe that incidents of this kind invariably move Triggs senior to mirth; his aged partner showing a stronger partiality for the sentimental scenes. George himself does not deign to look at the stage much, except occasionally to view something with a sternly critical eye.

Being parched I hurry off at the close of the first act in order to reach the refreshment room before the crush comes. On my return George is absent.

My attention is drawn a little later to a commotion at one of the doors. The sounds of angry voices in altercation reach me.

"What d'y'mean?" says one, that I recognise as belonging to George. "Can't go through with what?"

I turn, and observe that George is carrying a glass of beer in each hand.

"You 'card!" is the sarcastic retort, coming from an official in uniform. "You can't go through with that. Not allowed. Your friends'll have to come to the bar."

There is a heated colloquy, carried to unnecessary lengths, and remarkable for the iteration of certain statements, George demanding to know why he can't supply the old people with refreshments in their seats, and the official stolidly repeating that "It's not allowed."

"Not allowed, eh?" says George, caustically. "It's allowed everywhere else but here. It's allowed in houses better than what this is."

The official stands with arms outspread to bar the passage of Mr. Triggs, and endeavours to mildly hustle him back.

"All right, old man," says George, aggressively, "there's no hurry. I've met your sort before. I know a bit more about this game than what you think."

The eye each other like a couple of pugilists, and I am half expecting George to douse the official with one of the glasses of beer he carries. However, the danger is averted by his retiring slowly and placing the glasses on the bar.

The Triggs are now summoned from their seats by George with severe politeness. He is excessively courteous when I arise to allow them to pass, thanking me in a loud and stern voice. On passing through the swing doors he takes no more notice of the official than if he had been a slab of granite. I am relieved when they all re-occupy their seats without any disaster.

"There's only one thing they want in a place like this," says George to me pointedly, "and that's a few more people with a bit of sense. There's too many fat-headed dummies about in brass buttons!"

He catches the eyes of the official, and stares at him offensively. The light goes down suddenly, and we are once more plunged into the play.

The views of Mr. George Triggs are now sombrely coloured by the treatment he has received, and he criticises the production with slashing severity. He has never before seen anything put

on in such a slipshod manner. The cast is all wrong, and he tells me the actors who ought to have been selected for the parts, which makes me think he is all wrong himself.

I am a little puzzled how to place George. That he has some intimate knowledge of the stage and actors is certain. He might be a low comedian. But even low comedians are not low in private life. They do not bring their parents to the pit! unless, of course, they are wise enough to know that the old people would not be at home anywhere else.

Triggs senior displays a grievance before long.

"George," he says in a plaintive whisper, "when's the tramcar coming on? 'Gal in the tramcar' it's called, ain't it? Why don't they fetch on the tramcar?"

"You sit tight, dad," says George. "You've got to have what they give you here. If you pay for something and don't get it that's your fault for being such a fool as to come."

The second interval takes George back to the bar. He stands close behind the glass doors where smoking is allowed, and puffs offensively from a big pipe, purposely for the annoyance, I am convinced, of his old enemy in uniform, who is fairly successful in feigning ignorance of his existence.

The tramcar doesn't appear in the third act, and Triggs senior is obviously disappointed. However, there is some smashing of crockery-ware that seems to please him. His better half has followed the love story assiduously, and has nothing to grumble about.

"What do you think of it?" I ask George as the end draws near.

"A failure," he says promptly. "Badly staged and badly acted. I know too much about this sort of thing to be mistaken. It's rotten!"

The applause at the end is good in spite of his verdict. The old people are hustled out as the crowd rises, and George inquires blandly if the show was to their satisfaction.

"Well, I dunno as I enjoyed it as much as I might, George, boy," says the old man. "I'm a bit hard of hearing, you know. But I liked the coloured lights at the end, and if the tramcar had only come on it would have been A 1."

"Anyway, it's a failure," says George to me. "I've been too long at this game not to know something about it."

As we drift outside a long door behind the stage opens, disclosing the machinery of the theatre.

"And you're still at it?" I say absently to George.

"Rather," he says, nodding through the door; "that's my game, scene-shifting!"

Gadabout's Gossip.

THE season of goodwill is approaching, and preparations for the Christmas plays are going on in many theatres. The pantomime proper will not be so numerously represented in the West End as formerly, only two houses—Drury Lane, where the absence of a Yuletide annual would be regarded as a national disaster—and the Lyceum being devoted this year to that form of entertainment.

A number of children's plays are announced for matinées, and there will be the usual influx of juveniles, accompanied by their mothers and aunts, from the suburbs. It is good to see the youngsters scurrying along the Strand, their faces glowing with health and rejoicing in the highest spirits.

"Alice in Wonderland" is to be revived at the Comedy, and "Peter Pan" will, for the tenth year in succession, disport on the stage of the Duke of York's.

The only children's play that is new is a fairy fantasy called "The Shepherdess Without a Heart," which will be put on at the Globe on December 22. It boasts a new sensation, namely "the bursting of the villain." I have endured a long course of melodrama during which I have seen the villain meet his end by many various means, ranging from being blown to pieces at the cannon's mouth to falling from an airship, but this is the first time I have known him to explode!

In order that the artistes may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, a new scheme of lighting has been planned at the new St. James's Hall. Lights are focussed on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness, thus shutting out the audience from the sight of the performer. I refrain from saying that it would be as well in the case of some actors I have seen if the arrangement were occasionally reversed!

The power of the Press in theatrical matters has seldom been made so completely manifest as in the case of "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick, where the first-night notices have caused the box-office to be besieged. Unfortunately the pitch has been "queered" by the report of the clerical nominees, who declare that there is nothing objectionable in the play. The thing for the Press

to do if they want to keep people from rushing to see a play is, it seems to me, to say that it is wholesome and fit to see. Then everyone would stay away.

Mr. Henry Ainley enlightened his hearers on an important point in his reply for "The Drama" at the dinner of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. He was informed, he said, that at some remote period in the Dark Ages if actors committed any grievous offence they were pierced through the lobe of the ear. From that time he thought actors began to wear their hair long.

A humorous anecdote was also told by Mr. Harry Nicholls, who responded for the Fund. One night he heard two actors discussing professional affairs. One said to the other, "How is it actors never save? Look at So-and-So! Always having money lent him, yet he hasn't a shilling in the world." "No," said the other, "that is im-providence. He ought to have retired years ago on the money he has borrowed."

Hopes have been expressed that Miss Lillah McCarthy will not retire from the stage now that she has come into the handsome fortune of £50,000 by the will of her father. I don't think there is any fear of that. The accomplished actress is too deeply devoted to her art to contemplate such a step for many years to come.

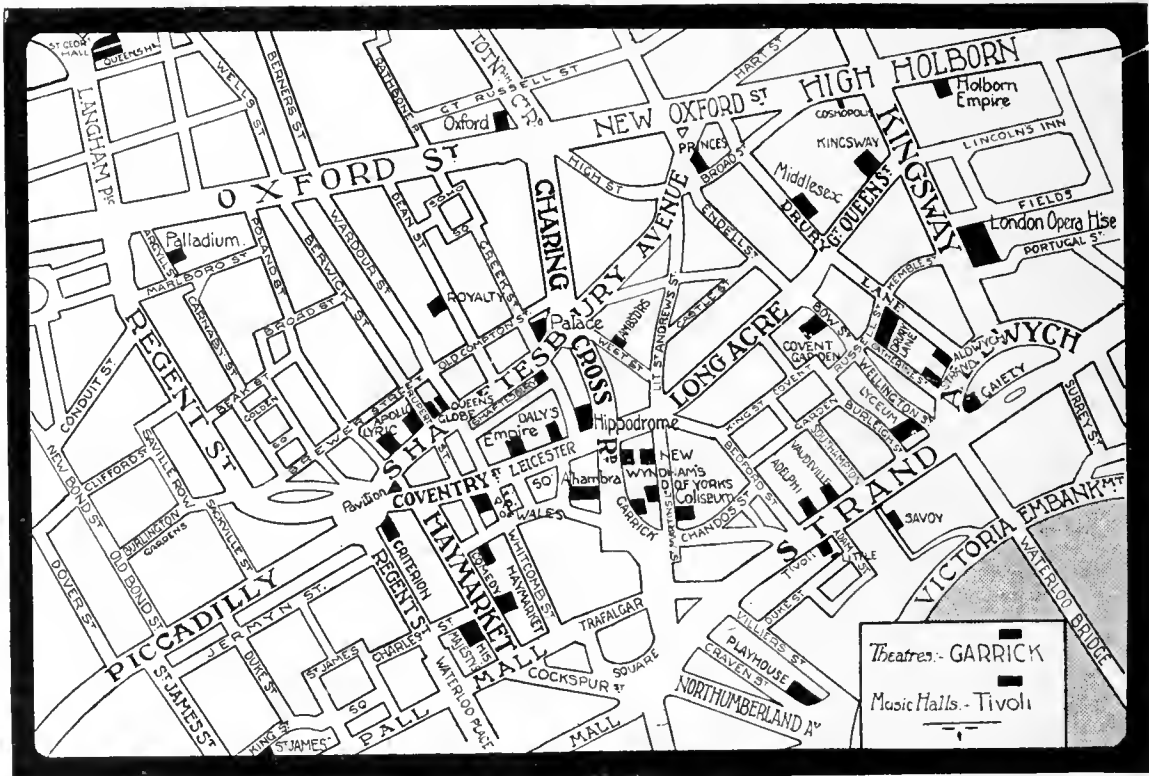
The matinée hat still proves a source of annoyance to audiences. A dramatic critic who found himself behind some large hats and could get no sight of the stage at Miss Italia Conti's children's matinée at the Little, said as much in his notice. Whereupon Miss Conti wrote to say how sorry she was. "It is, as you know," she added, "a perpetual bugbear to all managements. I tried my utmost to avoid it by sending out a request about ladies' hats with all the tickets sold, and the Little Theatre possesses the best accommodation for ladies' hats in London. But still you can't get everybody to fall into line."

The PLAYGOER is welcomed in all parts of the world, in the Far East and West, in remote spots where Christmas puddings fail to reach and where Yuletide festivities can only be celebrated on a very limited scale. Nevertheless, to all readers of this journal, in whatever part of the globe, I say with all sincerity "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

GADABOUT.

The Playgoer's Guide.

Theatres and Music Halls at a Glance.



Current Attractions at the Theatres.

[The exact situation of the theatres in the following list will be found by a reference to the above map]

- | | |
|--|--|
| Adelphi (Strand).—"Girl from Utah," 8.15. | Kingsway (Great Queen Street).—"The Great Adventure," 8.20. |
| Aldwych.—"The Ever Open Door," 8. | Little (John Street, Strand).—"The Three Wayfarers," 8.30; "Magic," 9. |
| Ambassadors (West Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"Anna Karenina," 8.15. | Lyric (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Girl in the Taxi," 8.20. |
| Apollo (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Wife Tamer," 8; "Never Say Die," 8.45. | New (St. Martin's Lane).—"The Laughing Husband," 8.20. |
| Comedy (Panton Street, Haymarket).—"The Thirteenth," 8; "A Place in the Sun," 9. | Playhouse (Northumberland Avenue).—"Mary Goes First," 8.30. |
| Criterion (Piccadilly Circus).—"The Dear Departed," 8.30; "Oh! I Say!!," 9. | Royalty (Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Pursuit of Pamela," 8.30. |
| Daly's (Leicester Square).—"The Marriage Market," 8. | St. James's (King Street, St. James's Street).—Repertory Season. |
| Duke of York's.—"Quality Street," 8.30. | Savoy (Strand).—"The Grand Seigneur," 8.15. |
| Garrick (Charing Cross Road).—"Who's the Lady?" 8.30. | Shaftesbury.—"The Pearl Girl," 8. |
| Globe (Shaftesbury Avenue).—"The Night Hawk," 8.50. | Strand.—"Mr. Wu," 9. |
| Haymarket (Haymarket).—"A Dear Little Wife," 8.30; "Within the Law," 9. | Vaudeville (Strand).—"Between Sunset and Dawn," 8.30; "Great Catherine," 9.40. |
| His Majesty's (Haymarket).—"Joseph and His Brethren," 8. | Wyndham's (Charing Cross Road).—"Diplomacy," 8. |

Playgoers' Morals.

THE cause of cleanliness in our places of amusement is finding champions in the representatives of both Press and Pulpit. The former have condemned a theatrical production that has gained much notoriety by the fact, and the latter claim that their protest was the means of bringing to an end an objectionable performance at a leading London hall.

Such solicitude should be very comforting to the playgoer. But does he desire it? Are not the entertainments at theatre and music hall but a reflex of what the public wants?

Seldom have I heard a protest from pit, gallery, or stalls against suggestiveness, but rather an expression of approval. I recall that on one of my earliest visits to a West-end music hall the audience was extremely apathetic. Some very excellent things were both said and done on the stage, but all of them went without a hand. It was not until one performer made a particularly coarse jest that the house woke up and the hall resounded with applause.

One need not necessarily be a prude to find objectionable features in a variety entertainment. In more than one revue recently running the stage has been turned into a bathing beach in the season rather than a public platform, and I have frequently heard it asserted that in selecting a comic song for private use there is the greatest difficulty to discover one that does not contain an unsavoury verse.

It is incorrect to say that caterers for amusement deliberately pander to vitiated tastes, but when the demand is so plainly indicated the desire for dividends is hard to resist. Artists, too, note the applause that a suggestive line or action can command, and turn on the "blue" business accordingly.

Opinions differ completely on the question of morality. Brown will hold up his hands in horror at a certain act or utterance, while Jones will be equally scandalised that Brown should have found anything to condemn. There are people who shudder at a "wicked word," but laugh with undisguised glee at an indecent joke. The Churchman will retire to the smoking-room after dinner just as readily as the most worldly minded, and appreciate in the clouds of smoke the jokes that will not stand the light of the ladies' presence. This is simply mistaking politeness for purity. Few realise that indecency in thought is just as much an infraction of the Seventh Commandment as indecency in deed.

The remedy scarcely lies in banning a certain type of play or in prohibiting isolated turns.

While the piece dealing seriously with sex problems is banished from the boards the comedy making light of the same subject goes merrily to the chink of the coin in the box-office.

It is with the playgoer himself that the responsibility rests. He ought to enter theatre or hall determined to protest against anything that is calculated to speed the progress of the vice of impurity.

The playhouse is too precious a possession to be dedicated to the prurient minded alone, and those who wish to preserve it should endeavour by every means possible to keep it free from reproach.

OLONIUS.

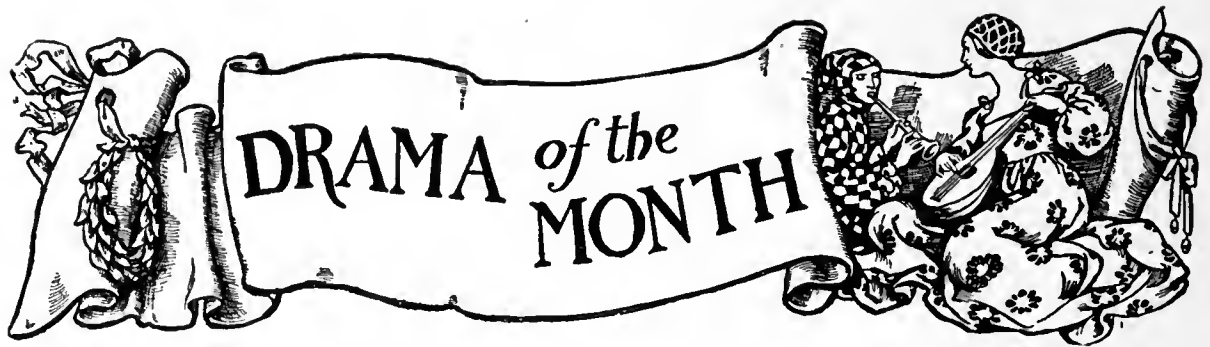
The Justification of "Joseph."

The one hundredth performance of "Joseph and His Brethren" at His Majesty's was made the occasion of a speech by Sir Herbert Tree, who justified his production of the play. The eminent actor-manager said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—When I was called upon to make a speech at the first performance of "Joseph and His Brethren," I refrained from doing so. After the production there was a good deal of discussion as to whether Bible stories were suitable for presentation on the stage, and the merits and demerits of "Joseph and His Brethren" were somewhat hotly discussed. Again I held my peace, as I desired, in treating so sacred a subject—to avoid using controversy as a means of advertisement.

However, to-night we have without any adventitious aid reached the victory of a hundredth performance, and there is no longer occasion for reserve. The presentation of this Bible story, so reverently and so dramatically treated by Louis Parker, has been an important step forward in the history of the stage, and I am glad to know that those who have seen the play have expressed their approval in no uncertain voice. The others are out of court.

I, for one, decline to admit that there is any subject too important, too inspiring, or too solemn for the art of the theatre. The ban which fettered the stage has been removed; the road of enfranchisement is now open. Ladies and gentlemen, I hope we may be found to be worthy of our new freedom.

I will conclude by expressing my acknowledgment to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's office for their enlightened attitude, which enabled us to place this play upon the stage, and to you, the public, who have so bountifully rewarded our enterprise.



"Are You There?"

Music by Leoncavallo, with Interpolations by
Lewis F. Muir.

Book by Albert P. de Courville.

Lyrics by Edgar Wallace.

Prince of Wales's, November 1, 1913.

Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, Mr. Billy Arlington, Mr. Alec Fraser, Miss Veronica Brady, Miss Carmen Turia, Miss Dorothy Fane, Miss Shirley Kellogg, and others.

A chequered career was enjoyed by "Are You There?" a musical comedy to which the celebrated Leoncavallo lent his melodic genius, and for the production of which a producer was imported from America.

The result was not as felicitous as was desired, and the first night audience expressed disapproval in decided fashion.

The star was Miss Shirley Kellogg, who reappeared for the first time since her marriage to Mr. Albert de Courville, the author of the book. She had the character of a young lady who had joined the staff of a telephone exchange in order to find out Government secrets, and by that means obtain a baronetcy for her father. That gentleman himself also obtains a situation in the building as a mechanic in order to further the scheme. Love interest is introduced by the appearance of a young gentleman, who, having heard a sweet voice on the 'phone, comes to find its owner in the exchange and takes her to the Casino at Nice, where singing and dancing prevail.

Echoes of the work of Leoncavallo were only fitful, and the score did not reveal many striking tunes. One there was, however, that caught the ear, and that was "The Roseway," a waltz song with a most melodious lilt. Miss Kellogg sang it as Sylvia, and sang it with sweetness and strength.

The ambitious Gregory Lester was originally played by Mr. Billy Arlington, but was later committed to the care of Mr. Billy Merson, a recruit from the variety theatre, who was able to secure laughs. Mr. Lawrence Grossmith as the

manager of the telephone exchange played the part in agreeable light comedy style, and Mr. Alec Fraser made himself a favourite as the Under Secretary of State. Miss Dorothy Fane as a fair maiden played prettily, and Miss Carmen Turia as her chaperon acted and sang with all her accustomed fire and energy. Humour of a characteristic kind was imported into the piece by Miss Veronica Brady as the manageress of the exchange.

"A Place in the Sun."

By Cyril Harcourt.

Comedy Theatre, November 2, 1913.

Mr. Robert Lorraine, Mr. Lyston Lyle, Mr. Reginald Owen, Mr. Cyril Harcourt, Mr. Gissing Walters, Miss Jean Carendish, Miss Ellen O'Malley, Miss Ivy Williams, and Miss Vane Featherston.

An alliance between a strong play and powerful acting is effected in "A Place in the Sun." The characters are drawn with a firm hand, and one of them stands out quite startlingly.

It is the old tale of caste freshly told with a problem tacked on. The unworthy son of a little less delectable father, Stuart Capel has deceived the sister of the upright young novelist, Dick Blair. When Dick goes to demand that Capel shall marry his sister, the latter calmly but resolutely refuses, declaring that his father, who boasts a baronetcy, would cut off his allowance, and as he could not work and would not beg there would be nothing for it but starvation.

The father bears out the son's assertion only too completely. He has reckoned, however, without his daughter, who is in love with Dick Blair, and in order to force her father to consent to her brother's marriage, goes alone to Dick's flat at night on purpose to place herself in a compromising position.

The story is not denied a happy ending, for Capel unexpectedly decides to marry Dick's sister at all costs, and the baronet, seeing the error of his ways, gives his consent to the marriage of both son and daughter.

The play is remarkable for its picture of a pleasure-loving waster, and Stuart Capel is such a person as one hardly dares to conceive. His callousness and cool bravado are amazing, and all praise is due to Mr. Reginald Owen for his cleverness in realising him so completely. Capel's sister, too, is a remarkable personage, a strong-minded, modern young lady, with a heart of gold. Miss Jean Cavendish acted the part with an indefinable charm and in a manner which proved her to be a valuable addition to the ranks of our comedy actresses. Sir John Capel is a mixture of testiness and dignity, and Mr. Lyston Lyle submitted a sound and capable rendering of the character. Mr. Robert Lorraine as Dick Blair was handsome and manly. His finest scene is in the interview with the inflexible father, and he did it complete justice. The author himself appeared in a part obviously designed to afford comic relief, and succeeded admirably in his purpose, and Miss Ellen O'Malley seemed to weep real tears as the deceived Rose Blair. A gem of character was added by Miss Vane Featherston as a good-natured Society lady.

sence of Pamela, whose husband has meanwhile died of the plague, brings him back to health.

The play is unreal and ill-constructed, but it has many smart lines, and the acting carried it to success. In the title-rôle, Miss Gladys Cooper exercised her charm of personality and skill with irresistible effect, and made the irresponsible Pamela bewitching in all her devious ways. Mr. Dennis Eadie as the frank young Englishman Alan Greame realised the part to perfection, and the dramatic scene of Alan's parting with Pamela was acted with superb effect. Mr. Eric Lewis took full advantage of his opportunities as Peter Dodder, the audience losing sight of some very ridiculous situations in laughter at his drollery. Mr. Campbell Gullan acted with power as the husband, giving every effect to a passionate scene in which he claims his wife, and Miss Eve Balfour acted well in the last scene as a hospital nurse.

The "atmosphere" of each remote part of the world in which the play proceeded was capitally caught, and should prove a distinct asset in the success which it is likely to achieve.

"The Pursuit of Pamela"

By C. B. Fernald.

Royalty Theatre, November 3, 1913.

Mr. Dennis Eadie, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Campbell Gullan, Mr. George Tully, Miss Eve Balfour, Miss Gladys Cooper.

Personality is the chief charm of "The Pursuit of Pamela," which is filling the little Royalty Theatre nightly. A very alluring, if a very mystifying and illogical, person Pamela is. She marries an elderly guardian who had his eye on her inheritance, and runs away a few minutes after the ceremony. The first scene finds her in Honolulu, making love to Alan Greame, who would be equally demonstrative in his affection but for the fact that Pamela tells him quite naively that she is already married, and he bids her return to her husband. Alan goes to Japan, only to find Pamela at his heels, still ardently in love, and she loads him with reproaches because he is considerate of her reputation. Meanwhile the husband, who is curiously kept in the background, has set his brother on the track of the runaway, but, being short-sighted, he is easily deceived, and is even found making love to Pamela in the belief that she is some other person.

It is Alan's turn to take up the running, and he follows Pamela to Hong Kong, only to find her strong in virtue. He accordingly goes off on an Arctic expedition, where he undergoes such privations that he comes back an invalid. He is taken to a sanatorium in Canada, where the pre-

"Magic."

By G. K. Chesterton.

Little Theatre, November 7, 1913.

Mr. Franklin Dyall, Miss Grace Croft, Mr. O. P. Heggie, Mr. Frank Randall, Mr. William Farren, Mr. Fred Lewis, and Mr. Lionel Watts.

A powerful plea for belief in the supernatural is made in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's first dramatic attempt, in which the distinguished litterateur has shown that he has the ability to people the stage as well as the pages of a book. The play is one of dialogue rather than action, but its argument is set forth so convincingly and its characters are so well drawn that the attention is held throughout.

The methods of Maskelyne are called upon to assist the unfolding of the story, wherein the chief figure is a mystic conjurer who excites wonderment in the mind of the youthful Patricia Carleon and contempt in that of her brother. Patricia is able to believe that all that he does is due to the occult, while Morris is equally certain that it is all a trick. Thus, for all the wonders that the conjurer performs the youth has some explanation. It is when the necromancer changes a doctor's light in the distance from red to blue and back again that the boy, unable to give a reason for the phenomenon and refusing to believe that it is due to magic, loses his reason.

The conjurer is besought by the doctor to tell how he accomplished the trick and thus restore the boy to his right mind, but he insists that it

is due to evil spirits. Not only the doctor, but a broad-minded clergyman, a genial duke, and his household are made, in an awe-inspiring scene, to realise the presence of spirits in the air, but they still refuse to believe in his art. In order to bring the youth back to health the conjurer invents a plausible explanation, and, being human enough to fall in love, becomes engaged to the girl who believes in him.

The sense of mysticism was cleverly secured by Mr. Franklin Dyall, whose deep voice as the conjurer aided him in the effort to be impressive. Simplicity and charm marked the performance of Miss Grace Croft as Patricia, and Mr. O. P. Heggie made an unconventional clergyman. As the Duke, Mr. Fred Lewis scarcely ever opened his mouth without securing a hearty laugh, and Mr. Lyonel Watts imparted the necessary nervous force to his rendering of the argumentative boy.

"Magic" was preceded by

"Geminae."

By George Calderon.

Mr. Thomas Sidney, Mr. Guy Leigh-Pemberton, Mr. A. E. Walker, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Faith Celli.

Cupid plays a curious trick in Mr. Geo. Calderon's farce, which is amusing without being particularly farcical. A lover with two strings to his bow is doubtful which to select of two sisters. Unknown to the suitor, one of the sisters inherits a large fortune; but it is on the other that the man's choice falls. Poetic justice, however, is rendered him, for through an exchange of a bouquet he proposes to the rich sister, who accepts him, while his friend, who is well provided with the goods of the world, pairs off with the poorer maiden.

Miss Faith Celli and Miss Helen Brown, almost alike as two peas, acted becomingly as the sisters, and the other parts had efficient representatives.

Noted Dramatist's Death.

A promising career has been cut short by the death at the early age of 32 of Mr. Stanley Houghton, the author of "Hindle Wakes," the play first produced by the Stage Society, which aroused so much discussion. Mr. Houghton was operated upon for appendicitis in July last, and the operation was believed to be successful, but internal trouble recurred in a serious form. Until recently Mr. Houghton was engaged as a dramatic critic on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, at the same time dabbling in the cotton industry. The list of plays from his pen also includes "Fancy Free," "The Younger Generation," "Trust the People," "The Dear Departed," and "The Perfect Cure."

"Joseph and His Brethren" Music on the Talking Machine.

Sir Herbert Tree has been asked by many persons who have witnessed the performance of "Joseph and His Brethren" at His Majesty's Theatre to permit talking-machine records to be made of the ancient airs which Mr. Adolf Schmid, his musical director, has interpolated into the score. Some time ago the required permission was given to a firm of record-makers, and several excellent records have been obtained. Amongst them are the "Prelude," into which the four-thousand-year-old Penitential Hymn, said to have been composed by King David, is introduced, the beautiful caravan song, and the exotic Bacchanale which occurs in the Pharaoh's Palace scene.

The 125th performance will take place on Saturday, December 20, and the first matinée, "specially adapted for children," on Thursday, January 1.

The Leverton Players.

At least one of the three playlets produced by the Leverton Players at the Court Theatre on December 4 should be seen again. The plays mark a great improvement on those shown at previous matinées, "The Human Note," by Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, being the best. This play deals with a young couple who have been married for three years, but are not happy. The husband thinks of little but his business, and in consequence the wife has friends. One of these friends arouses jealousy in the husband, and a quarrel ensues. When he hears from his wife what the true state of affairs is and how he has neglected her, he wavers, and when he learns that he is shortly to become a father he forgives, and is forgiven. This little story is very well told, the author displaying a good knowledge of dramatic requirements. The acting of Miss Carrie Haase, Cyril Hardingham, and R. Carfax Bayley was excellent.

"A Narrow Escape," by John Cutler, K.C., and "The Way Out," by Kitty Ashton, are hardly of the same class as the first play, but met with distinct approval.

"Mary Goes First," the play which we are featuring in this month's issue, is published in book form at 1s. by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. It has for frontispiece an admirable photo of Miss Marie Tempest, and contains an enthusiastic appreciation of her acting of the chief part from the pen of the author of the play. The witty dialogue of Mr. H. A. Jones makes very diverting reading, and the clear type in which the work is printed greatly enhances the pleasure of perusal.

THE "BRITANNIC"

PATENT EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET.

The Queen of Watch Bracelets.

Has made an unrivalled reputation, and is acknowledged to be the best of all.

Safe,
Comfortable,
Durable.

Best
London
Make.



Stocked
by all
Good
Class
Jewellers
Everywhere.

Many Designs. All Widths. Prices from £4 10s.

Its durability has been tested by opening and closing (by machine) 100,000 times. It remained perfect. Its extreme flexibility makes it the most comfortable bracelet in wear.

Before purchasing a Watch Bracelet try on a "BRITANNIC." They are the most durable and will give the greatest lasting satisfaction, and are the best value. The Bracelet is fully guaranteed for five years. In 9 ct., 15 ct., and 18 ct., with watches of various grades. Plain and Gem Set; also in Platinum, and in Platinum and Gold. There are various designs in the best taste. All widths from 1/4th inch.

The most successful Watch Bracelet ever invented.

SEE THAT THE NAME "BRITANNIC"
AND PATENT NUMBER 24395/06 ARE
ENGRAVED INSIDE THE BRACELET.

THE ERA



*For three-quarters of a Century
the organ of the amusement world.*

Published every Wednesday Morning

PRICE ONE PENNY

Gives absolutely all Professional
News. Every Playgoer should
:: read "The Era." ::

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—ON WEDNESDAYS
— ONE PENNY.

By Special Appointment  to His Majesty The King.

W. CLARKSON

Theatrical Wig Maker and Costumier

CLARKSON'S LILLIE POWDER FOR YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The Greatest Beautifier in the World.

Three Shades, 1/- per box. Absolutely unrivalled for the
Complexion.

All the Wigs used in
"MARY GOES FIRST"
made by Clarkson.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST writes:—

"Will you please send me three Boxes of your Beautiful Lillie
Powder (Naturelle). It is delicious."

HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION—GOLD MEDAL.

Tel. No.: 612 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Wiggery, London."
(2 Lines.)

W. CLARKSON, 41 & 43 WARDOUR STREET,
Leicester Square, W.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Malted Barley, Wheat and Milk in Powder Form.
REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, SUSTAINING.

Made in a Moment with Water Only.

NO COOKING.

Served at the Bars in Many Theatres and Music Halls.
Try it when fatigued or depressed.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



These unique
reproductions,
made from the
REAL PEARL,
secure unanimous
praise for their
remarkable beauty
and lustre.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION

If possible, these reproductions should be inspected, when the value offered
will be apparent. If not convenient to call, write for catalogue and mention
this paper.

MACMICHAEL,
48, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



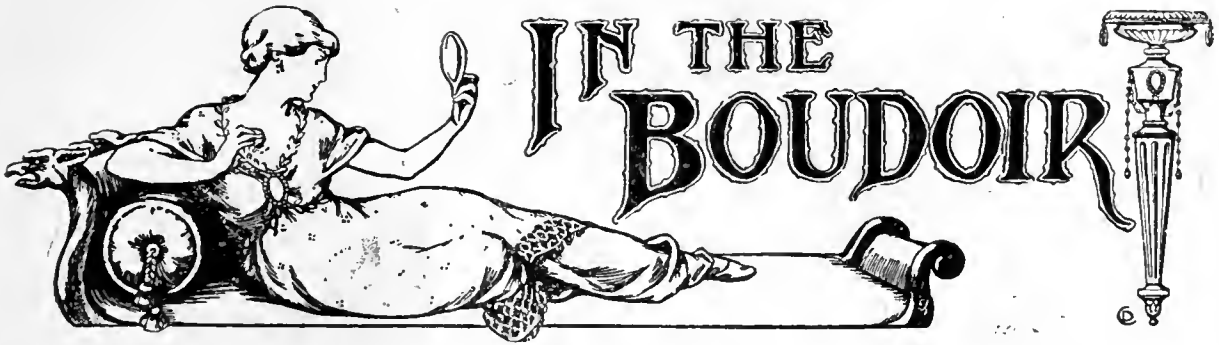
The Great Queen of Comedy & of Fashion Miss Marie Tempest writes with brevity & wit:
"My Beauty recipe: A kind thought.
A kind word
and a pot of Valaze."

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood acts thoroughly & surely for skin purity, for skin freshness, for skin beauty in every sense. Valaze makes the skin daintily intolerant of any ill thing. It stands for freedom from tell-tale lines, roughness, freckles or weather-beaten appearance. All women who know find delight in Valaze.

Supplied in Pots at 2/-, 4/6, 8/6 & 21/- by Mme. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 24 Grafton St., London, W.

Paris address: 255, Rue Saint-Henri

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.



By M. E. BROOKE.

A MERRY Christmas and a very happy New Year is the sincere wish of the writer to all readers of these columns in all parts of the world. Furthermore she does hope that a plethora of pretty frocks, frills and furbelows may be the portion of all devotees of *La Mode*, as there is nothing which makes members—of the weaker sex!—more at peace with the world. As every one knows, Miss Marie Tempest is endowed with the unique gift of wearing her raiment. It places her attire on a plane alone, and all women of understanding endeavour to emulate her in this respect. Never has she been seen in more beautiful toilettes than those on which her choice has alighted in “*Mary Goes First*,” at the Playhouse. She first appears in a dinner dress of black mousseline velvet. The draperies of the skirt are carried up to a point on the corsage, caught with a pastel-shaded flat velvet rose just below the bust, the scheme completed with a black osprey springing from a diamond tube.

A STUDY IN GOBELIN BLUE.

Standing out with special prominence is the afternoon dress worn by this talented actress in the second act. It is fashioned of Gobelin blue velvet, the skirt being of the pannier persuasion; the salient feature is the wide belt of gold tinsel and blue embroidery. The corsage is of chiffon relieved with a large pink rose, the foliage being of an almost magenta nuance. A few words must be said *en passant* regarding the 1830 mantle which accompanies it, carried out in old gold brocade, its charm enhanced with embroidery in which gold, peacock blue and tarragona red divide honours. Neither must it be forgotten that it is bordered with sable and lined with Gobelin blue chiffon, and that a white tuile Medici collar is also *en évidence*. Dust-coloured ostrich plumes are requisitioned for the adornment of the charming toque, as well as black moiré ribbon.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FUR.

Certainly no one could contest the charm of the dress worn by Miss Tempest when she interviews the lawyers. It is of mole-coloured accordion-pleated *charmeuse*. The tunic is hemmed with skunk, the corsage being of *ninon*. The most pronounced characteristic of this gown is the Polarian sash of pomegranate *crêpe de Chine* draped round the waist and over the hips. A cute little coat of *charmeuse* edged with fur is seen in alliance with this, lined with pomegranate-coloured *crêpe de Chine*, the picture completed with a muff to match and a velvet toque embellished with an osprey. Last, but by no means least charming of the gowns is the one seen in the epilogue. It is an evening dress of oyster-white poplin patterned with gold, while falling from the shoulders is a drapery of cream lace, of which the sleeves are likewise fashioned. It will be recalled that Miss Margaret Bruhling is the *débutante* of the piece, and very charming she looks in her gowns. Perhaps the most effective of all is the one of Virginia creeper red velvet relieved with fur, although it must be confessed that the evening dress of *charmeuse* of a Devonshire cream shade is equally becoming to her. It is supplemented with a gold lace tunic and pale blue sash. Her dinner dress is a study in rich malmaison shades.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TANGO.

It is no exaggeration to state that everyone is dancing the Tango, and as a consequence it has a very powerful influence in the world of dress. Madame Paquin was responsible for some very beautiful dresses worn by the *corps de ballet* at the Palace, at the Tango teas there. It will be recalled that on the opening day Miss Kitty Mason was partnered by Mr. George Grossmith and Sadrienne Storri by Mr. Harry Ray. It is well worth noting that the Maison Lewis was

responsible for the head-dresses. One lovely dress was carried out in snow-white charmeuse. The graceful draperies of the skirt were outlined with silver lace, the corsage being of lace supplemented with a soft drapery of ninon, which is carried over the shoulders and then falls in long stole ends, each weighted with a silver tassel. Another exquisite gown was carried out in the palest forget-me-not blue charmeuse veiled with pale pink ninon, the latter decorated with motifs of jet embroidery. Springing from the waist line in front were billows of chiffon, which were brought over the shoulders and caught in at the waist-line. A chin strap and sick-headache bandage of pearls and diamonds were happily united in the head-dress.

A STUDY IN ABSINTHE GREEN AND SILVER BROCHE.

Beautiful indeed is a dress of absinthe green and silver broche with pannier draperies of tulle. The corsage is of flesh-coloured tulle veiled with absinthe green chiffon, its charm enhanced with cable loops of crystal beads. The head-dress in this instance is comprised of a small cone of diamonds, surmounted by two pheasant-tail feathers, while just above the ears nestle two tiny diamond wings.

"WHERE'S THE DRESS?"

Surely "Where's the Dress?" would be an appropriate title for that mirth-provoking play "Who's the Lady?" so much discussion has it aroused. Miss Jean Aylwin as Gobette is first seen in a gown of black charmeuse. The prettily-draped corsage is rounded, the hiatus filled in with snow-white tulle, the salient feature of the skirt being the draped hip yoke. By this time all the world knows that when she is embraced the dress falls off, revealing a shell-pink crêpe de Chine Princess petticoat trimmed with lace and ribbons. It awakens the feelings of the deepest envy in the breasts of the feminine portion of the audience. The rôle of Angeline is assumed by Miss Minnie Terry, who is seen in a dress which has created a furore of admiration. Two flounces of lace posed in shell-pink ninon form the lower portion of the skirt, surmounted with a tunic of Chiné silk. This stands slightly out below the hips, but in the vicinity of the knees it is drawn in by the aid of a broad Empire-green ribbon, and of this ribbon the sash is also made. The "V"-shaped decolletage is edged with velvet, and softened with snow-white tulle, the picture being completed by a large black hat.

"Loveliness
Invisible."



Fashion's Favourite Fragrance.

The sweetest perfume that ever stole upon the wearied senses—soothing, refreshing, a source of unwearying delight. Omar Khayyam is unique in type, and its inspiring influence can only be likened to that of a fragrant summer breeze. The perfume of refreshingly original character.

**OMAR
KHAYYAM**

ORIGINATED BY COURVOISIER, LONDON, W.
21/-, 11/6, 5/-, 2/9, in dainty box.
Sold by all high-class Chemists and Stores.

A New Courvoisier production:

ESS. VIOTTO for the hands, 4/-, 2/- & 1/- per bottle.
A Lotion for beautifying the hands.

Wholesale: H. Bromley & Co., Ltd., London, W.

Amateur Theatricals.

UP to the time of writing the show of the month has certainly been the representation "for the first time by amateurs" of "Fanny's First Play" by the members of the Illyrian Dramatic Club. It rarely happens that a society not quite in the first rank is able to cast a play containing a large number of characters without finding a goodly proportion of square pegs, but in this instance every character was at least adequately played, and no one was of such outstanding excellence as to merit special distinction before his or her fellows. The attitude of the audience towards the show was most cordial, albeit a trifle puzzled, and some of the G.B.S. special brand of humour went quite unnoticed. It would not, I think, be a bad thing to put on the play proper without prologue or epilogue. The jesting is a little subtle, and even a lady journalist who sat next to me—I judge her so because the management supplied her with coffee and cake free—was at sea in placing the originals of the burlesqued critics.

Another notable experiment was that of the Gads—otherwise the Garrick A.D.S.—in "The Voysey Inheritance." This society is nothing if not enterprising, and its failures often deserve to be written up large in letters of gold. Not that Mr. Granville Barker's play was a failure, it was only not a complete success. For once in a way the ladies rather let the show down, and the leading juvenile of the club was hardly up to Edward Voysey. It served as a reminder what a very rare bird is a good amateur juvenile lead. I can hardly think of one. The fact is, if they are good they go on the stage. Mr. C. Lawford Davidson is a case in point. I remember him when he played for quite third-rate clubs, towering head and shoulders above his colleagues; but no sooner did the Wyndham Club secure him than he promptly hypnotised Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie into giving him a contract on the strength of a remarkable impersonation of the name part in "Don." And there are dozens of such instances. Reverting for a moment to "The Voysey Inheritance," one wonders at the remarkable coincidence that prompted two clubs to select it for performance and play the same within a week of each other. It is a fine play, but it wants a deuce of a lot of acting.

Another first performance by amateurs to be noted is that of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," by

the North London O. and D.S. It was one of the best shows I have seen this society give for some years, despite the united weakness of the ladies of the cast. A capital performance, too, was that of the Kit Marlowe Club in "The Tyranny of Tears," which, of course, was only to be expected with the few characters in the play. Other societies who have made their bow include the Sutton D.C. in "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace," Edward Terry D.C. in "Ann"—a charity performance which really benefited the charity—the Ingoldsby Club in "The Witness for the Defence," Lloyd's D.S. in "The Man From Blankney's," and the Baltic D.S. in "The Headmaster"—another first performance—while the Sydenham and Forest Hill D.S. have shown us with "The Professor's Love Story" that even the magician Barrie must age.

The end of November and beginning of December is, of course, the time when operatic societies—who require so much more rehearsing than the dramatic clubs—begin to give out the results of their labours, and the last week or so has seen the production of quite a number. The Nondescripts have given us a capital rendering of "The Mousmé," and the Croydon Stagers with "Iolanthe," and the West Norwood O.S. with "Ruddigore" have kept alive the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition. The Norwood Free Lancers in "Tom Jones" scored an emphatic success, and two other amateur societies filled the bill for the whole week at suburban theatres. No wonder the professional actor has taken to cinema work.

PHILISTINE.

Sir Herbert Tree has given practical expression to his appreciation of the value of elocution by instituting the "Sir Herbert Tree" Elocution Scholarship at the Mayfair School of Music. The scholarship provides for one year's tuition with Mr. Bassett Roe, a member of the school's professional staff, and one of the leading members of the company at His Majesty's.

In response to many requests from intending visitors to London during the Christmas week. Sir Herbert Tree announces a special matinée of "Joseph and His Brethren" for Boxing Day. Since the memorable première, three months ago, no fewer than 150,000 persons have witnessed the performance; and the play's popularity shows no signs of abating.

A First Night Impression from the Gallery.

By Victor Ewart Cope.

Outside the theatre everything is bustle. Motor-buses and a plethora of other vehicles rush by, while a ceaseless throng of business men and women pass and repass. It is mid-day, and on the gallery steps stand and sit patient waiters—waiting for seven-thirty, the hour at which the theatre opens. These people, although a class by themselves, are essentially individuals. They live in a world of drama, yet not in an unreal world, for the majority of them are what is mysteriously termed “intellectuals.” The drama that is their particular cult is that which teaches and which “holds mirror up to nature.” They know no particular class or creed; they have no standard of age. Here, at the top of the stairs is an old man of about eighty speaking in a slightly French accent to a young “flapper.” Their subject? Why, of course, the drama. They exchange impressions and ideas while every now and then the old man, who looks almost too feeble for a wait of ten hours on the stairs, breaks in with reminiscences. “When Kean played ‘Richard the Second’ at the Princess’, Shakespearean productions were revolutionised,” and with a facility of memory that is amazing he will pass from the famous parts of Fechter, Phelps to Macready, whose Macbeth, he says, created a standard for future generations—and Henry Irving. The “flapper” can boast of no outstanding actors, so she takes to the authors, and talks enthusiastically of them. And so they while away the long vigil; and every now and then the pale-faced youth behind them who is so carelessly dressed, and who has in his hand a volume of Spencer’s Philosophy, chimes in and imparts knowledge on a hazy point.

Just below is a whist party. Two are seated on campstools, while the others sit on the cold, hard stairs. One of the players is a stout woman of about two score years, while the others, who by their faces are undoubtedly Hebrews, are quite young. Thus they sit and the time passes quickly. Still further below is another party of three, chatting. Two of them are obviously clerks; the third sports a silk hat and morning coat. For twenty-two years he has attended first nights—always in the gallery, and the obvious fact that he has risen in the world makes no difference, he still goes in the gallery. Here is no room for snobs.

Three o’clock strikes, and the crowd by this time numbers twenty-five, quite half of whom cannot be of independent means. How they manage to get the time from business to wait here no one knows—perhaps a large number of grandmothers

have conveniently died, or perhaps they have discovered a new excuse—but suffice to observe they are there, whether by hook or crook.

Now the card-party leave together for the purpose of getting tea. In a gallery queue on a first night exists a perfect spirit of cameraderie, for the places of those who leave for tea are kept and they are allowed to take them up again when they return. Then others leave, and this continues until all who desire have had tea, and this without losing their original places in the queue.

Time passes quickly. The crowd is now more rapidly augmented, and already the queue stretches like a long black snake as far as the stage door. Then seven-thirty o’clock arrives, the unbarring of doors is heard, and the public slowly file in and take up their seats. For a time interest centres in the occupants of the stalls, circle, and boxes. All celebrities are instantly recognised. “Look, there is Bernard Shaw!” someone cries. Then there is a roar of applause as Miss Ellen Terry, an inveterate first-nighter and always the darling of the gods, takes her seat. She is as popular with the new generation as with the old; and invariably receives an ovation.

This must be an important first night, for the elite of the artistic and Bohemian world are present. Then there is a hush as the lights go out, and from now on the silence is only broken by a laugh at a particular sally or clever witticism. Very few of the real first-nighters applaud during the play. They give their decision in no uncertain way at the close. The curtain at last descends on the final act amid almost a cold silence. Here and there in the stalls can be heard clapping, but already it can be seen that the play is a failure. Friends of the management applaud now to the full, and the curtain is raised again and again, but amid it all there is the spirit of falseness. Be careful! Ah, it is too late. The gallery is angered at the sham applause and there arises a loud and vigorous boo, and should the curtain rise again the boo is joined by cries of “Rotten!” and “Lights!” Then at last up go the lights, and slowly the theatre empties. In the precincts and around the stage-door are groups of the gallery critics, discussing the play, and finding reasons for its dismal failure. Here, too, can be heard remarkably accurate prophecies of the length of its run. Gradually the groups break up and take their various ways, not a few to the headquarters of the Gallery First-Nighters’ Club in Maiden Lane, and the first night is over.

A Students' Theatre

The Council of the Academy of Dramatic Art are building a theatre for their students to perform in. The Council is a distinguished body, and comprises Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir James Barrie, Bart.; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. E. S. Willard, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Recently incorporated by the Board of Trade as an institution giving technical training in one of the fine arts, the governing body derive no financial profit from the working of the academy. The main portion of the money necessary for the building has been subscribed by them in the form of a debenture fund, and in addition to this the President, Sir Squire Bancroft, has made a free gift of £1,000, a signal and timely act of generosity. The Duke of Bedford has also shown sympathetic and material interest in regard to the terms on which the site has been secured. It adjoins the present premises of the Academy, having a 52ft. frontage on Malet Street, which runs north from the British Museum, and the new theatre has been licensed by the County Council to hold three hundred persons.

A committee consisting of members of the Academy Council, with Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and Mr. Granville Barker, have been co-operating with Messrs. Swan and Norman in regard to their plans for the auditorium and every detail in the equipment of the stage.

The depth of the auditorium from the footlights to the boxes, which are at the back of the circle, will be 58ft., and the dimensions of the stage correspond closely to those of the stage at the Duke of York's Theatre.

The foundation stone will be laid by Lady Bancroft on the 20th inst., and the theatre should be ready for use in October, 1914, just ten years after the foundation of the school by Sir Herbert Tree.

Mayfair, Belgravia, and the Suburbs are represented in "People Like Ourselves" at the Globe Theatre, while the Saturday matinées bring in numerous country visitors. The sumptuous dresses worn in the drawing-room and other scenes have a special interest for the last-named.

The cinema has now attracted Miss Marie Corelli, the famous novelist, who has, for the time being, forsaken her ordinary work in order to write picture plots. She has made a present of her first film-play to her friend, Sir Hubert von Herkomer.

Telephones at Cab-Ranks.

Playgoers should be interested in the experiment which is being made by the Postmaster-General, who has arranged to afford telephonic facilities for ordering cabs from certain cab-ranks where there are no shelters. Several cab-ranks have been connected with the Regent exchange, and subscribers may summon cabs by calling the numbers here given. The St. James's Street—Regent No. 1166; Lower Regent Street—Regent No. 1174; Pall Mall—Regent No. 731. The Postmaster-General cannot, of course, guarantee that a cabman will always be in attendance to answer calls.

Mme. Yavorska is at home when she is in the open air. "Everybody," she maintains, "should endeavour to sleep in the open, with the winds of heaven fanning them. Still, it should be done in reason—I did not sleep on my Welsh hillside when it blew big guns or poured with rain." Mme. Yavorska is a vegetarian and never touches milk, eggs, butter, cheese, or any sort of fish.

Mr. John Lane's recent publications are:—"The Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century," by Charles Bastide (with illustrations); "The Valley of Shadows," by Francis Grierson (with thirteen illustrations by Evelyn Paul); "A Vagabond in New York," by Oliver Madox Hueffer (with illustrations by R. E. Hallings); "Early Days on the Yukon and the Story of Its Gold Mines," by William Ogilvie, D.L.S., F.R.G.S. (with 32 illustrations); and "Bread and Circuses," poems, by Helen Parry Eden.

No profession is so exacting as the dramatic and musical art, and not the least important requirement is the possession of an attractive and well-developed figure. Many have not been endowed by Nature with full development, or, perchance, some illness has reduced the once well-moulded form to comparative flatness. In either instance the action of "Galéguine de Nubie" is beneficial and immediately noticeable. The bust gradually becomes firm and increases in size, the hollows in the neck and shoulders disappear, and the general health and appearance are improved. Galéguine de Nubie can be obtained through any of the West-End stores or chemists or direct from Laboratoire Médical, New Oxford Street, W.C.

A souvenir of "The Ever Open Door" at the Aldwych was issued on the 100th night of that play. It contains a number of capital photographs of scenes from the play, and has also a "Word About Westminster," where the incidents are located.

The Variety Theatres.

A Society Circus.

London Opera House, November 19, 1913.

A few days after the final curtain fell upon that successful revue "Come Over Here," the London Opera House re-opened with an entertainment seldom seen in London nowadays, namely, a circus. The performance was a most enjoyable one, even though we missed the characteristics usually associated with one in the ring. Strictly speaking, it was not a circus, but a collection of animal turns, and lacked the essential fun of the "clown."

Many attractive features, however, were to be seen, notably that provided by the "twenty-five forest-bred lions," from which the audience were protected only by a frail iron fencing which seemed to sway every time it was touched, thereby providing thrills and sensational moments for the audience. The way in which Mr. William Peters managed these "animal kings" was to be marvelled at.

The troupe of sixteen Arab steeds also made an attractive feature of the programme, and performed many graceful movements under the direction of their trainer, M. Escheberger. Mlle. Mariska Reesy, with her two performing elephants, showed to what a high state of perfection the training of animals could be brought.

Among many other pleasing turns were Miss Maude Wolff and her tango horse, who gave a charming exhibition of graceful equestrianism; Jack Johnson, the boxing kangaroo, who caused much merriment by his method of fighting; Les Briatores in a clever juggling and horse-riding act; Hagedorn's artistically conceived and arranged fountains, and the amusing items supplied by "that idiot" of the circus, Daniels. A welcome appearance of Singer's Midgets was made, and these wonderful little people gave many pleasing turns and provided a miniature music-hall entertainment.

The "L.O.H." droll, Charles Hart, was also very much in evidence in his confidential chat; while Oscar Schwarz and Miss Ethel Cadman, also from the late revue, gave the "mysterious curtain" act which proved so popular.

Considering the general excellence of the programme provided, it is surprising to find that it won such small patronage that the management were forced to close the doors of the London Opera House owing to lack of support. We are informed, however, that active preparations are being made for the production of a new piece, and the palatial house will soon be re-opened.

A Tango Revue.

The triumph of the tango may be considered to be complete when it has a revue written round it. That distinction was secured at the Palladium on the afternoon of the 24th ult., and tea was served during its progress.

The scene of the revue was the home of the tango—the Argentine, and several specimens of different nationalities were given. It was a curious mixture, for the changes were rung on classic glances and ragtime, the whole held together by a melodramatic plot. Thus a harmonious rendering of the old part song, "Lord of the Waves we are," was followed by the entry from the auditorium of an embezzler from England who has sought refuge in the Republic. The quayside is invaded by tango dancers, who revel gaily quite oblivious of the struggle going on at the back of the stage between the fugitive and the innkeeper, whom he pushes into the sea. The charms of "Leonora" having been melodiously sung by Mr. Harold Mamey in a rich tenor voice, the Maxixe was danced, and was followed by "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser."

There was more tango in the second scene, which opened with an unaccompanied octet. Then the plot was switched on again, and the villain perpetrates more of his evil before betaking himself to the Casino Music Hall for the sole purpose, we conclude, of adding to the tango turmoil and of giving more songs. Similar revels occur at the Casino, where the evildoer is arrested and given the choice of staying in the Argentine and being tried for murder or going back to England on a charge of embezzlement. There is no hesitation about the choice.

The revue, which was presented by Mr. Howard M. Hartman, was picturesquely mounted. A word of praise should be given to Mr. Richard B. McClellan for his singing, and Mr. Jim Carson showed considerable ability on the violin.

Mr. Charles Gulliver is again presenting Mr. Eustace Gray's Palladium Minstrels at matinées at the Argyll Street house, commencing on December 22. The company will include some of the best known minstrel performers, the comedians being in charge of Johnny Danvers.

The Christmas production at the Palladium will be a revue with the romantic title "I Do Like Your Eyes." The revue has been arranged and is under the direction of Eustace Gray, and will be produced on December 29.

"Cachez Ca."

By MM. Celval and Charley.

New Middlesex, December 1.

Mlles. Eve Névy, Delamercie, Berengine, Monteille, Simmonne May, Mainville, Liliu Declos, Berey, You-You, Gil Duc, Valesco, Daurella, and MM. Debray, Albertot, Delmour, Fortuné, &c.

"Cachez Ca" ("Keep it Dark"), the latest Parisian revue, is, if possible, even more attractive and vivacious than its predecessors, "J'Adore Ca" and "C'est Chic." It loses little by its lack of any connecting plot, as the piece depends mainly for its success upon the pretty tableaux (twenty-four in all), the songs and patter, and, in many instances, the very "daring" dresses—or, rather, to be correct, the daring lack of dress.

For the greater part the revue is comprised of tableaux of various well-known fairy stories—and this should prove attractive among the youngsters. "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," "Hop o' My Thumb," and "The Sleeping Beauty" are the stories which are presented, and each one possesses a large amount of pretty colouring and movement.

The introduction of a brilliantly-acted apache melodrama makes the piece a typical French production—in fact, without it "Cachez Ca" would be hardly complete. It is entitled "Gaby La Rouge." Gaby, now living in luxury, returns to her old haunts accompanied by a viscount. She meets her old lover, an apache named Marcel, and the ardent professions of the past days are renewed. A fight between Gaby and a rival for the affections of Marcel, in which Gaby is mortally wounded, turns the scene into a tragedy. At the moment the whistles of the police patrols are heard without, and Gaby, although dying, finishes out the dance in order to save her former companions. This is the outstanding feature of the second act, and M. Fortuné, who played Marcel, and Mlle. Eve Névy, who impersonated Gaby, were repeatedly recalled for their excellent acting.

Another scene—in which M. Fortuné appeared, and in which he was just as successful in a completely different manner, was the skit on the poison scene from "Lucrece Borgia." This tableau, followed by a parade of the "French Boy Scouts" and a tableau of a sentry who has a vision of France mobilised for war, brings the very successful revue to a close.

On the night of its production "Cachez Ca" received an enthusiastic welcome, and the success it has enjoyed since the first night seems to prove that it will be a well-patronised Christmas entertainment.

Ragtime Revue at the Palladium

The revue, "Hullo, Ragtime!" which did so well at the London Hippodrome, was transferred to the Palladium on the first of the month, with Miss Fanny Brice, Sam Sidman, Chas. Hart, and Morris Harvey in the cast, together with the Hippodrome "Beauty" Chorus.

Miss Fanny Brice and Mr. Sam Sidman were quite at home in their parts, and acted and sang with effect. Mr. Chas. Hart's review of the revue as seen by him from the wings was hugely appreciated, as was Mr. Morris Harvey's recitation of "Queen of the May." The chorus worked hard and showed off the splendid costumes to the best advantage, but their singing left much to be desired as far as the volume of sound was concerned. Still, one must not expect a Covent Garden ensemble in a revue.

Other items in the programme were contributed by The Real McKays, two clever juvenile dancers; the Brooklyn Comedy Quartette with extracts from favourite operas; Miss Hetty King with "The Steward" and "The Poppy Show"; and Mr. George Robey, whose songs, "What might have been" and "The pro's landlady," were quite to the taste of the large audience.

The Question of the Queue.

Mr. Charles Gulliver has decided to carry his appeal in the Palladium queue case to the House of Lords. It will be remembered that Lord Justice Phillimore, who differed from Mr. Justice Joyce and the other members of the Court, said that an obstruction is undoubtedly caused by people using the highway to stand about on for more than a reasonable time; but the police dealt with this, and instead of moving them on took a reasonable course of forming these people into queues, and they were then perfectly orderly. Whether or not the police ought to allow a queue at all was a matter for them, and either the police were or were not doing their duty. If there had been a little more insistence on the part of the plaintiffs and a little more appreciation on the part of the police the action would never have been brought at all. In his opinion there was no objectionable annoyance. The defendants ought to have been put upon an undertaking and ought not to have been made to pay the costs of the action, and the appeal should succeed; but the majority of the Court were of the opposite opinion.

The Palladium is one of the few theatres in London in which every seat may be booked, and at the Palladium Minstrels entertainment last year after the whole house had been sold out, the queue formed merely to get in the theatre for standing room.

The Picture Playgoer.

A NUMBER of big picture productions have been placed upon the market during the past month, among them many of a costly nature. "Parsifal," the picture surrounding the legend of Wagner's favourite opera, was first produced at the West End Cinema on the occasion of the *Evening News* matinée held at that theatre on the 20th ult., from which date it had a successful fortnight's run. The film has been well produced by the Ambrosio Co., of Turin, one notable feature being the way in which the dignity and solemnity of the piece has been preserved throughout. Although it takes only a short time over the hour to unroll, the picture gives the chief incidents in the story of the Holy Graal as contained in the opera. Beautiful settings add considerably to its attractiveness, and the playing of Wagner's own music—even though perhaps the barest outlines are given—provides that "something" which is necessary to hold the audience enthralled. The attraction at the West-End Cinema this last week has been the Cherry Kearton Hunt pictures, supplemented by a well varied programme.

Another religious subject has been treated in the picture entitled "Judith of Bethulia," by the Bioscope Company of America. This tragic story is based upon the book of Judith in the Apocrypha, and on the poem and tragedy from the same source by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. There are many fine incidents in the film, among those most prominent being the siege of the Fort Bethulia, the vain attempts on the part of the besieged to obtain water, the murder of the tyrant Holofernes by the beautiful widow Judith, and the subsequent defeat of the enemy. The subject has been treated with exactitude and reverence, and the setting of the whole piece has been capably handled. The organisation of the magnificent attack upon the walls of the city and the wonderful acting of Judith need to be seen to be fully appreciated. The picture proved a great draw at the Picture House, Great Windmill Street, W.

I hear that "Whimsical Walker," the famous clown whose antics have for so many seasons past delighted the little ones—and indeed the older ones too—in pantomime, is again to take up his part in the Drury Lane piece this year. It will, this time, however, be "by kind permission of Mr. Cecil Hepworth," for "W.W." has been lately working at picture-making for the well-known Hepworth Co.

"Yes," said Mr. Walker, during the course of a brief interview, in which he spoke of the differences in acting for the cinema and on the "legitimate," "I return to my old love at Christmas; I go back to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for the twentieth time, to play in the annual pantomime, under the generalship of my old manager and good friend Arthur Collins."

Mention of Hepworth's brings to mind the excellent picture they have just succeeded in producing from the novel "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade. The many who have read the novel will agree with me when I say that it was necessary to cut out many of the incidents contained in the story. This, at least in one way, is more or less of an improvement, as if the whole book had been filmed, the resulting picture would have been, in all probability, wearying. Great care has been taken in adapting the novel, and all the incidents that matter have been included, giving a well-connected story. The picture has been turned out in the excellent style associated with all Hepworth productions.

I hear of a rumour that the cinema is about to strike out on a fresh course—namely, that of bringing our ancient and esteemed plays up-to-date. The suggestion has emanated, I think, from Dr. Gariazzo, the managing director of a well-known firm, who has a great deal of experience behind him, and who may be able, therefore, to make something of a project which is regarded at present but lightly. A picture of "Romeo and Juliet," or even "Macbeth," with the characters dressed in the latest Parisian fashions and riding in motor-cars—or perhaps aeroplanes?—would, without doubt, have the effect of modernising the well-known Shakespearean play, but whether it would be an improvement or not it is difficult to foretell. Dr. Gariazzo is concerned at present, however, chiefly with his latest production, "The Battle of Leipsic," in which on some occasions as many as a thousand soldiers figure. A dramatic love story runs through the film, which will be screened shortly.

That the cinematograph is looked upon favourably by their Majesties the King and Queen and by other members of the Royal Family was proved by the exhibition of a film on the occasion of the birthday of Queen Alexandra in the ballroom at Sandringham. The film was entitled "The British Army," and was produced by Messrs.

Keith, Prowse and Co During the whole of the summer and autumn this picture has been in course of preparation at the various military centres. It shows the British people how their defenders are trained from the day they enter as recruits up to the day of their life—the battle. Upwards of 25,000 officers and men were employed in the scenes, and each series of groups was taken under the supervision of officers on the Active List. The picture includes scenes of the soldier in peace and in war, and is said to be an excellent representation of Army life.

The cosy New Gallery Kinema in Regent Street has during the past week been exhibiting that wonderful reproduction "Sixty Years a Queen" to large audiences, supplemented by a varied programme of other pictures, which commence in the afternoon and run until eight.

There has been a great deal of talk lately on the subject of preserving films for future reference. New York is to the front, I hear, in this matter, for a film recording President Wilson's facial expressions has been obtained and hermetically sealed by the Modern Historical Record Association. It has been placed in the vaults of the New York Public Library, where it is to remain unopened for a century. Another film is to be buried in the pyramid of Cheops, Egypt!

The annual licensing meeting of the London County Council occupied the whole of the day. The question of Sunday opening came up, and it was moved that applications from certain new halls for Sunday licences should never be considered. From this it appeared that only new halls were to be precluded from opening on the Sabbath, but it was later made clear that this restriction applied only to picture palaces in close proximity to churches and other places of worship.

Strong opposition on the part of the clergy prevented the granting of the Sunday opening licence to the Star Kinema, Wandsworth Road. Similarly, in the case of the Apollo Theatre, Stoke Newington, which is also situated near to a place of worship, the licence was refused. On account of the strong local opposition the Council's decision was reached by 31 votes to 12.

There was an increase of fifty-four applications this year over the last year's figures (544). The Council adopted the method of settling questions of principle on one typical case, then dealing without discussion with all the cases of that class. The proposal of the Theatres Committee, there-

fore, that an undertaking should be obtained from each person whose licence was not over a year old that a music licence should be used "only for instrumental music in connection with picture exhibitions," was fought by Mr. John Bussey, who applied for a music licence for the Brounley Picture Palace, Bow Road. Mr. Bussey pointed out that objection to vocal music could only be based on trade jealousy, and although many singing licences were granted two years ago, not one of the theatres, as was suggested by counsel, had given only a variety entertainment. The Council, however, refused to remove the restriction.

The opposition raised to the erection of a new hall in Rye Lane, Peckham, was overcome, and the licence granted, when the local representative found himself entirely unsupported. The objection was that a great many picture halls already exist in that district. The restriction on Sunday opening, however, was moved and carried, so that only one picture theatre in Rye Lane is not allowed to open on Sunday.

Picture-goers are being well catered for in the way of Christmas films, all the firms having turned their attention more or less to the subject.

An elaborate fairy story of the right kind, in which a bold, bad baron, a young and gallant knight in armour, a beautiful maiden, and quaint old men, women, soldiers, peasants, courtiers, and servants, and all the other necessary characters figure, is to be released by the Kineto Company. It is, in fact, their Christmas special. It was played by children entirely of ages ranging from three months to fourteen years. The story is called "The Fish and the Ring."

Pathé Frères have promised us two good Yuletide films, one of which is entitled "While Shepherds Watch'd." The film has a capital domestic plot, and is eminently suited for exhibition at this time of the year. The principal rôle in this story was played by Miss Constance Somers-Clarke, who was the winner of Pathé's Beauty Competition of 1912, and also of the All-England Show which was held at Folkestone. The firm's other film for Christmas is a PathécOLOR, and is entitled "Psyche." It is the first kinematograph version of the delightful mythological legend produced. The title-rôle has been sustained by Mlle. Napierkowska, and the part of Cupid by Mlle. Andrée Pascal.

"Beauty and the Beast," by the Rex Co., "Dick Whittington," by the Solax Co., and "The Third Christmas" and "A Christmas

Accident," by the Edison, are the names of four other Yuletide films.

I might mention here that "Moths," the famous novel by Ouida, has been filmed, and the sole control for the British Isles is held by the Exclusive Supply Co. This film has been published with the consent of the editors of Ouida's novels.

Mr. St. John Hamund is to be congratulated upon the excellent programme he is presenting at the Scala Theatre. The long and elaborate "film novel" is now demanded at this theatre, in place of the shorter ones. The Pathécolor five-act drama, "The Wastrel," has been holding a prominent position on the bill. "The Wastrel" tells a story which contains many exciting incidents, and maintains its thrill throughout. Pathé's Animated Gazette, Fashion Pictures, and Kinoplastikon comprise the rest of the programme. A "star" variety bill, which should attract the people alone, is given on the Kinoplastikon, and includes George Robey, Phyllis Monkman, Joseph Hollman, Dan Leno, junr., and George Graves.

Miss Ethel Bracewell, well known to theatre-goers as one of the principals of the Lyceum Theatre company, has, I learn, consented to act for the B. and C. Company. Miss Bracewell's experience of dramatic productions and great personal charms should stand her in good stead in the forthcoming picture pieces in which she will play under the direction of Mr. Batley.

Another film version of Alphonse Daudet's great novel, "Sapho," has recently been produced by the New Majestic Company, in which Miss Florence Roberts, who is famous for the part in America, plays Fanny Legrand. The high standard of acting which has been attained places the film amongst the best yet produced. The book has been followed very closely, and the effective mounting deserves great praise. There are many elaborate scenes—to mention one, the fancy dress ball at which Jean Gaussin first meets Fanny Legrand—and many others which are extremely beautiful.

The management of the Picture House, Oxford Street, maintain their reputation for excellent programmes. On the night of my visit I found a very strong and attractive list of pictures, chief among which were "Max to the Rescue," a Pathé comic; "The Desperado," a thrilling drama; "A Glorious Scar"; and a number of comedies and scenic dramas.

I was agreeably surprised when, upon visiting Terry's Cinema, in the Strand, last week, I found that an exhibition of the real Argentine tango was to be given during the course of the evening by Mlle. Andree and Mr. Wilson. Terry's is a first-class place for good films. The management have lately featured there "Self-Convicted" and the "Stolen Treaty," both strong dramas, the first being in two parts. The two tango dancers, by the way, appear three times each day.

Speaking of the tango reminds me that the Hepworth Co. have just produced a remarkably novel and successful tango film. It is danced by Pété and Pétita, who are generally admitted to be among the best representatives of this kind of dancing at present in England. It shows first how the tango should not be danced, and illustrates the mistakes which most beginners fall into. Then the Parisian tango is exhibited, and finally a perfect display of the tango as it should be danced in English ballrooms and drawing-rooms to-day is given. By a very simple method the orchestra are enabled to keep in perfect synchronisation with the dancers without there being the slightest fear of the musicians getting out of time.

Owing to the numerous complaints in regard to the ventilation defects in certain picture theatres it is suggested that the London County Council shall appoint a sub-committee to investigate all places where films are shown with a view to the proper safeguarding of the health of the thousands who are regular film patrons. Converted shops are apt at times to have atmospheres which approach the denseness which used to be so apparent at times on the Underground railway prior to electric traction.

A Paris correspondent states that a French cinematograph firm has just signed a contract with the Government under which it has obtained the sole right to take cinematograph pictures at the Chamber of Deputies. The company proposes to make a feature of films showing the Chamber actually at work, but it is precluded under the contract from recording any incidents in the nature of "scenes in the House." Among the members the innovation is regarded as likely to be of great value as a means of giving their constituents visible proof of their devotion to their Parliamentary duties. The sum to be paid by the company to the State for this novel privilege is £480 per annum.

ARIEL.

Plays for Playactors.

"A Cruel Sell."

A SKETCH IN THREE SCRAPS.

By Henry Stannard.

CHARACTERS.

Snoggie Bilclier }
Whiney Bill } Dock Labourers
Teddy Talker }
A Publican.

(Curtain lowered momentarily to represent divisions of time.)

SCENE.—A tap-room of a little public-house near the London docks.

SCRAP I.—THE DINNER-HOUR.

(Scene opens with PUBLICAN behind bar, Whiney and Teddy seated at table talking, beer on table.)

WHINEY: What 'ave yer got on yer, Talkey?

TALKEY: Oh! the same ole lay, on the mump. Ain't yer got none on yer, agin?

WHINEY: Until just now'er absolutely broke. Owt at six, on ther stones. Dark 'un taken on before us. A start at nine. Only came owt wiv fourpence. A pot of ale blowed the lot!

TALKEY: Couldn't yer git a bit orf ther pusher?

WHINEY: Oh, yus! I got a bob, but I want to put a bit on ter-day.

TALKEY: Why? Do yer know anyfink?

WHINEY: Yus! an absolute cert!

TALKEY: Oh, I know yer certs; straight from ther 'orses mouvth, eh? Well, 'ere's a tanner; mind, ony till we're paid.

WHINEY: Aw' right. I shall 'ave enough to pay you and get a soot of clothes owt of it as well!

TALKEY: I've 'eard that bogey before. (Enter SNOGGIE, a very loud-speaking man.) Hallo, here's Snoggie!

SNOGGIE: Mornin', guv'ner (to Publican).

PUBLICAN: Good morning, Snoggie.

SNOGGIE: Mornin', Whiney; mornin', Talkey.

WHINEY AND TALKEY (both): Mornin', Snoggie.

SNOGGIE: 'Ow do'yre stand?

WHINEY: I'm broke!

TALKEY: I got a bit of plush. O' course, 'e's broke, though he got a bob sub and 'ad a tanner from me.

SNOGGIE: Never mind, I stand treat. I'm a bit brassy; 'ad a extra drawer on me overs. What will yer 'ave?

WHINEY AND TALKEY (both): Ale.

SNOGGIE (to PUBLICAN): Three pots of ale, guv'ner. (Landlord serves them. They sit down.

SNOGGIE reads paper. Gets up, shouting excitedly.) I've got it! I've got it! (Points to

paper, at which they also look.) I told yer! I told yer! Ha! ha! ha! It's thumbs!

TALKEY (derisively): Why, yer never said a bloomin' word!

SNOGGIE: Didn't I? Didn't I tell yer at the Widgeons last night. When Smirkey gave me a bit of 'is lip and I laid 'im owt. Didn't I tell yer what my fancy was? (TALKEY nods his head in assent.)

WHINEY: Nower, if yer want a real tip, Arti-choke Billy on ther wool floor was sayin' 'is nephew that got a pal who 'as a boy in Lord Tankard's stables, 'e 'eard Nosey was the 'orse for the big 'un.

TALKEY: There 'e is agin, Snoggie. All 'is certs is still runnin'. 'E always knows a cert, not arf; but its always a cert loser.

SNOGGIE (spreading paper out and looking at it intently): Don't cher be interruptin' me wiv yer jawer. Can't I see these for a sawft bit? Look at 'em! (Reads from newspaper.) Scratchem, Squarem, Codham! Where's a piece of paper?

WHINEY: Scratchem and Codham; I don't like them 'air names!

SNOGGIE: Shut it, can't yer?

TALKEY: I likes Squarem.

SNOGGIE: Look here! I'm on business, so dry up. You've got a bob, Whiney?

WHINEY: Yus; but I don't like yer pick. Now, Nosey oughter be down.

SNOGGIE: Will yer stow it wiv yer Nosey; you've got a bob. Talkey, 'ow much 'ave yer got?

TALKEY: Two og. I must give the ole gal somethink.

SNOGGIE: Oh, that's ore right; I told yer I've 'ad a draw. I'll lend yer a bob apiece, an' I put fourer; that'll make eight, won't it? 'Alf a mo'. (Writes out paper and reads.) Scratchem, three shillings win. Squarem, three shillings win. Up an' down an' two shillings win double.

WHINEY: Not Nosey! We'll lose! Never mind, I'll chance it!

TALKEY: So will I.

SNOGGIE: Ov course yer bloomin' well will. (Strikes the table.) It's a chance of a lifetime! (Wraps up money in paper and takes it up to the Publican.) Guv'ner (winking), just give that to ole Sweeney when 'e calls, will yer? It's a bit I owe 'im.

PUBLICAN: All right. Mind, I don't know what it is. (*Puts the paper with the money in a glass on a shelf.*)

(*Curtain lowered momentarily.*)

SCRAP II.—SIX O'CLOCK SAME DAY.

SCENE.—*The same; bar empty. WHINEY and TALKEY discovered talking.*

WHINEY: Where's the guv'ner?

TALKEY: Gawne to a funeral. Billy's in charge. The beer's a bit orf, so 'e's gawn down the cellar. Seen the *Star*?

WHINEY: No; ole Snoggie's bringin' it.

TALKEY: 'E's chancin' it, ain't 'e? Strike me! that reminds me. One day 'e got a paper in 'is bloomin' 'and an' 'e saw as 'e was 'oldin' it that 'is gee didn't get 'ome, so 'e put 'is 'a'penny in 'is pocket agin, an' said to ther kid, "It's not ther date: I want ter-morrer's."

WHINEY: Don't I wish we'd done Nosey!

TALKEY: O' course, whichever wins, it'll be nose that'll first pass ther post and not tails. Ha, ha, ha! You and yer Nosey. (*Shouts of laughter outside.*) What's that? (*Enter SNOGGIE, laughing.*)

SNOGGIE: Ha, ha, ha!

WHINEY: Don't crack on like that. I feel 'e's laughin', Talkey, because we 'ave gawn down, and 'e's tryin' to 'ide it.

SNOGGIE: Ha, ha, ha! Tryin' to 'ide it. (*Seriously.*) Just arf a mo'. 'Ow much will yer take for yer clawnee, Talkey?

TALKEY: Nothin' I go nap! 'Ole 'og or none's my motter; 'ow 'bout you, Whiney?

WHINEY: I'll stand my corner.

SNOGGIE (*scornfully*): Your corner! What price this! Whiney, you're thirty bob to ther good; so are you, Talkey; and I'm over three quid. (*Shouts.*) Didn't I tell yer. Where's the guv'ner?

TALKEY: Thirty bob. (*Shakes hands with SNOGGIE.*) Giv us yer 'and; you're one of ther best. Thirty bob! Oh, Snoggie, ole sport, I wish I 'ad some of the dust. No trucking wool ter-morrer for me. Thirty bob; good lor, I ain't touched lucky like this for years!

WHINEY: Come 'ome. Yer sure it ain't Nosey what came in first?

SNOGGIE: Nosey, yer piccan, is nowhere. No, matey, it came owt just as the paper said, like clockwork. Now, I'm going to celebrate this bit o' luck. We'll all get a day orf on the strength ov it and 'av a bit of a razzle.

TALKEY: But what about ther ready?

SNOGGIE: Ah! Pity the guv'ner ain't erbout. I 'eard as I came along he'd gorn to brry ole Greasy Ned. (*Shouts.*) Ah, I know. I'll stick this up. (*Takes out his watch.*)

TALKEY: On ther weight of this I'll get ther landlord of the Blue-pot to advance me 'alf a bar!

WHINEY: I'm wid yer; I'll tell ther ole woman ov our luck and git 'er to lend me ther rent!

SNOGGIE: We won't stop 'ere then for another shout. We'll get the ready, go to the 'ot pot, and finish the night with our ole clocks, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Not 'alf!

WHINEY (*cautiously*): I surpose it's all right, Snoggie. Yer see, if it isn't, what wiv pawnin' yer clock, Talkey getting 'is 'alf er james on the nod, and me takin' the ole woman's rent. If, I ony say if—

SNOGGIE (*angrily*): Go to blazes wiv yer "ifs." If yer won't believe what yer sees in black and white! (*Snatches up paper from table.*) Ain't this ther *Star*? Ain't it to-day's *Star*? And 'ere the 'orses—not Nosey, mark yer—what we 'ave chosen.

TALKEY: Let 'im edge, Snoggie; giv 'im a dollar for 'is bit.

WHINEY (*earnestly*): No, no; I believe it's all right. But we're making a splash. Shall we wait till we're paid owt by the bookie?

SNOGGIE: Wait! What for? The bet's all in order. We paid ower money and I'm going to git a bit o' sport owt of it *now*. We shall 'ave enough to do it agin to-morrer!

TALKEY: Ov course! I'm on.

WHINEY: Same 'ere. I surpose it's all right.

(*Curtain lowered momentarily.*)

SCRAP III.—NEXT DAY ABOUT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

SCENE.—*The same. Publican behind the bar.*

(*Enter WHINEY looking very seedy, as if he has had a very bad time.*)

WHINEY: Mornin', guv'ner. 'Alf o' ale, please. (*Takes drink and sits down moodily at table.*)

PUBLICAN: Looks as if you've had a rough time, Whiney.

WHINEY: Yus, I 'ave 'ad a thick time, an' I don't know 'ow I shall face the ole woman!

PUBLICAN: Why? What's the trouble?

WHINEY: You wasn't 'ere when me, Talkey, and Snoggie was 'ere last night, was yer, guv'ner? For I seem to 'ave lost count of every-think!

PUBLICAN: No; I went down to Ilford Cemetery following old Greasy Ned, you know.

WHINEY: Oh, yus, I remember now. Well, guv'ner, you 'ad a cold time, I expect; and, just my luck, I've 'ad a very 'ot time. Got in a bit of trouble.

PUBLICAN: Trouble! What, pinched?

WHINEY: Yus, guv'ner, been owt orl night, and was likely to do a month's stretch.

PUBLICAN: No!

WHINEY: Yus! I'll tell yer. Me, Talkey, and Snoggie thought we'd 'ave a night owt, and by gawd we 'ad it. Where they are now I don't know—lawst sight ov 'em about eleven last night.

PUBLICAN: Well, go on.

WHINEY: Snoggie pawned 'is watch, Talkey borrowed 'alf a bar.

PUBLICAN: Half a sovereign? He's going strong!

WHINEY: 'E is; so that I could stand my corner I went 'ome to borrow the old gal's rent; she was owt, but I found it in a orenimint and 'alf inch'd it.

PUBLICAN: The rent?

WHINEY: Yus, worse luck. Well, we was goin' strong, when Snoggie wanted to slosh a copper. 'E goes for ther rozer, and I 'eld 'is coat. Up came some more roosters, serjent, inspector, an' I bloomin' well fink all ther coppers in ther neighbourhood. In the scrap up they missed Snoggie and lags me. On account of the ole woman I dare not send round fer bail, so I stuck in the station all night. Oh, lor! the ole gal'll go into a fit—fink I'm drowned or killed or semefink—the beak fines me 7s. 6d., or a month. I 'addent more than a few 'apence on me, when a terbacconist who 'ad been let orf for givin' short weight—'e 'ad told ther tale—paid my fine fur lack. That's a friend in need if yer like. (Moans.) What shall I say to the ole woman—six shillings rent money gone—the 7s. 6d. fine I promised back to ther terbacconist, and lawst a day's work in ther bargain.

PUBLICAN: What made you start breaking out?

WHINEY: Don't ask me (*buries his face in his hands moodily*). And the bloke told me last time I broke owt the next would be the finish!

PUBLICAN: Cheer up! Here comes somebody. (*Enter Talkey, very dilapidated, clothes torn, looking quite a wreck.*) Why, Talkey, what on earth have you been up to?

TALKEY: Up to—I'll show yer what I've been up to (*goes up to Whiney in a fighting attitude*). Come on—I'll show yer. Put 'em up.

WHINEY: Now what's ther game?

TALKEY (*dancing sparringly round him, and shouting fiercely*): I'll show yer what's ther game. You nearly getting us all pinched because you wanted to settle three coppers, not satisfied with one.

PUBLICAN (*coming from behind bar*): Stop that! None of that business here. If you want to get up to that get outside.

WHINEY (*surprised*): I hit ther copper? I didn't touch any. I don't remember nofink about it.

TALKEY: Don't yer? Well, I tell yer, scatty.

First, yer pays for a tea in the coffee shop four times more than you can eat.

WHINEY: Did I? Then I must have been drunk, and wiv the ole woman's money, too!

TALKEY: Drunk, guv'ner; why 'e was dead to the wide; mad, speechless, paralytic. Then, after bein' in a boozier comfortable, 'e rushes owt setting about the first copper 'e meets!

WHINEY: Me set about a copper. Look 'ere, is this straight, or are yer coddling?

PUBLICAN: My word, this is a different tale.

WHINEY: No more booze fur me for a month.

TALKEY: Then, to put the kibosh on it all 'is ole woman just now met me.

WHINEY: The ole woman? Gawd 'elp me.

TALKEY: No, me. She sets about me and Snoggie—tore a hump o' 'air off my 'ead, and nearly scratched Snoggie's eyes owt (*puts his fist up*) and I'm going to take it owt o' yoo. Led yer astray, she said. Why, if we 'addent done a guy last night we'd all been pinched. Come on.

PUBLICAN: No, no. Keep quiet. Have a drink at my expense.

TALKEY: Well, jist to oblige you, guv'ner, I will—but him, ther— (*Enter SNOGGIE looking quite as bad as the others, holding his handkerchief to his face.*)

SNOGGIE: Oh! there you are. So you're the poor chap we took from 'is poor wife? Where yer been after ther scrap? You're a good 'un. The copper told me I'd better be careful on being found wiv you. Yer see this (*pointing to his face*), that's what I've got frongh you, and you're going frongh it.

WHINEY: No, no! Matey. Listen. I must 'ave gone right up ther pole. I must 'ave lost me memory. I fought you bashed the copper, and 'e lag me in mistake. Oh! I see it all, I was blindo. Ain't that it, guv'ner? (*to the landlord*).

LANDLORD: Yes. Now boys, it seems that Whiney was a bit free, and you know women's little ways. You're old pals, forgive and forget.

WHINEY: Good luck to yer, guv'ner.

SNOGGIE (*relenting*): We've always been pals. Let's 'ave a drink (*feels in his pocket*). All mine's gone. Ow you, Talkey?

TALKEY (*feeling in his pockets*): Blime, so is mine. You, Whiney?

WHINEY: Me last 'a'penny went in 'alf a 'orn jest nower.

SNOGGIE: Well, guv'ner, you must put a pot on ther slate.

PUBLICAN: So I will, for old acquaintance sake. (*Drawing the beer, sees the paper containing the money still in the glass.*) (*Agitatedly*) Snoggie, here, I want to speak to you.

SNOGGIE (*going up to bar counter*): Yus, guv'ner.

PUBLICAN: Did your horse win yesterday?

SNOGGIE: Yus, that's the only comfort; I'm going up for ther money terday. We shall 'ave three quid ter come after what we've spent.

PUBLICAN (*more agitated*): Good heavens, Snoggie, I'm sorry, both the money and paper are still here. . . Sweeney couldn't have come.

CURFAIN.

[Performing rights of the above sketch, *A Cruel Sell*, may be arranged for on application to "The Era" Sketch Bureau, 5, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.]

A National Old Worthies' Fund.

To the Editor of THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED.

SIR,—The tragic end of the once extremely popular actress Miss Katie James, and the recent cases of Arthur Symons and Richard Temple, of poetic and "Mikado" fame, respectively, remind me of an idea which I have long cherished but have not had an opportunity of placing before the public.

Why should there not be established a fund which, for want of a better name, I will describe as a "National Old Worthies' Fund," with the twofold object of (1) Forming and keeping a record of needy and distressed "worthies," to whom the public are under a debt of obligation; and (2) receiving subscriptions and donations for the relief of such cases?

A short while ago I made inquiry of the work-houses of the country, and ascertained that among the occupants were men and women originally famous in various walks of life who had fallen upon evil times, as a result of which I was enabled to secure practical sympathy and help, including the removal by Lord Roberts from one institution of a distinguished Army veteran.

One has only to sit down and think to recall the names of famous artists, authors, musicians, composers, actors, actresses, music-hall "stars," soldiers, sailors, cricketers, footballers, athletes, etc., who in their day had contributed largely to the country's benefit or entertainment, but who, through competition or misfortune, were driven from fame into obscurity with its attendant financial penalties.

Surely a great nation like ourselves would rally to the aid of these unfortunate people, and the time has arrived when a representative organisation should be formed to deal with the question.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS FARROW.

1, Cheapside, London, E.C.

A Valuable Hair Specific.

The search for the best means of preserving the hair and of stimulating its growth where it is showing signs of failing is rendered easy by the mention of the word "Warnol." Mr. Warner Oliver, the famous hair specialist, for many years, as is well known, only gave special and individual treatment to persons consulting him about their hair, and over 20,000 clients have received this special treatment, but it was so frequently suggested to Mr. Warner Oliver that he ought to prepare a remedy for general hair troubles, and if possible place it before the public at store prices, that after much experimenting the preparation now known as "Warnol" was evolved. Bearing the "hall-mark" of his years of experience as a hair consultant, it combines remedies of indisputable value for strengthening and preserving the hair, promoting its growth and restoring its colour. The active principles of this remedy are detergent, antiseptic, sedative, tonic, and stimulative.

Other valuable specialities for the care of the hair invented by Mr. Warner Oliver are the Warner Oliver Hair Lubricant, which is most beneficial for hair that is inclined to be dry, and used with "Warnol" forms a perfect combination; the Warner Oliver Liquid Soap, which takes away all harshness from the hair and skin, leaving a satiny smoothness, and the Warner Oliver Powder Shampoos, which get rid of all grease and dust, make the hair clean, silky, and soft, with a shimmery lustre and a daintily delicate perfume.

All these specialities are of the highest class, and obtainable from or can be ordered through any chemist, hairdresser, or stores. If any difficulty should arise they will be sent without charge for postage from the firm, whose name is Messrs. Warner Oliver, Ltd., 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Mr. Arthur Roberts is the latest recruit to the ranks of cinematograph actors. A series of pictures depicting this well-known comedian in some of his most famous successes are now being prepared at Hepworth's studios at Walton-on-Thames, where half the leading actors of the London stage have been through a similar experience.

An actresses' stall was a feature of the bazaar held at the Kensington Town Hall in aid of the Hammersmith House of the Poor Sisters of Nazareth. The bazaar was opened by the Duchess of Norfolk. The theatrical stall was presided over by Miss Ida Molesworth, who was assisted by Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and other well-known actresses.

L. & H. NATHAN

*Have provided Costumes
and Uniforms for*

"GREAT CATHERINE,"

"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI,"

"THE WITCH,"

"NAN."

**And other important
productions.**

17 COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY, W.

SOFT, DELICATE SKIN

A beautiful complexion and face, neck, and arms of matchless whiteness are ensured to those Ladies who use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR



Most curative, healing, and refreshing. It preserves the skin from all trying changes of weather, removes freckles, tan, redness and roughness; soothes and heals irritation and cutaneous eruptions more effectually than any other preparation. Warranted harmless.

Bottles 2/3 and 4/6

Sold by Stores, Chemists and

**A. ROWLAND & SONS,
67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.**



atine offers you this

A dainty Testing Outfit—of eight Oatine preparations—containing trial tins of Oatine Cream and Oatine Snow, a full-size 3d. tablet of Oatine Soap, a 2d. packet of Oatine Shampoo Powder, a sample packet of Face Powder, Shaving Powder and Tooth Powder, also a Tin of Oatine Salve and a 50-page book on the complexion.

This Outfit is sent free to all sending name and address and 3d. in stamps (half-penny stamps preferred) to help pay cost of postage and packing.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY

and make the following test of Oatine. Wash and dry the face in the ordinary way, then, after applying a little Oatine, wipe the face gently but firmly with a soft towel, when particles of black will be found on the towel, showing that Oatine brings away dirt and grime from the pores, which soap and water quite fail to remove.

Oatine differs from its many imitators in this all-important fact that it does not stimulate or act on the skin in any artificial way. What it does is to keep the pores clear and fresh and free from dust and grime, and at the same time restore to the skin the oil it needs if it is to be kept soft and velvety. It further feeds the skin and speedily removes wrinkles or ugly lines, for a wrinkled skin is a starved skin.

Remember no other face cream can feed the skin and do this, hence the success of Oatine, which, being free from animal fat, cannot grow hair.

It is also much used by men to allay the irritation caused by shaving.

Oatine is stocked by all Chemists and is supplied in two varieties—OATINE CREAM (1/1½) for cleansing the pores and feeding the skin, and OATINE SNOW (1/-) for whitening the skin, and for use during the day as a protection from exposure.

THE OATINE CO.,

237D, Oatine Buildings,
Borough, London, S.E.



Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

SAMUELS

(3 Depots)

STRAND, W.C.

High-Class Stationery and Printing.

POSTCARDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

of all Theatrical Celebrities; Authors; Musicians; Statesmen; English and Foreign Royalty; Gallery Pictures, etc. Plays, including "False Gods," "Sir Walter Raleigh," and "The Blue Bird." Military Caricatures a Speciality.

The largest selection in London New Cards every day.

ALL ONE PRICE (Real Photographs)
1/- per packet of 6. (Post Free.)

Postcard Depots	{	150 STRAND
		84 STRAND
		197a REGENT ST.

*Real Photographs at new depot, under Hotel Piccadilly—
27, PICCADILLY, W.*

Join our "Approval" Club. New cards sent on approval as published, post free. Send Name and Address.

Lowther Arcade, 371 Strand

A large and up-to-date selection of Toys and Fancy Goods for present at all prices. "TEDDY BEARS" a Speciality (brown or white), from 6½d. to £5 each. Also Aeroplanes (guaranteed to fly) from 3/6 to £2/2/-.

The Playgoer & Society Illustrated

Vol. IX. December, 1913-January, 1914. No. 51.

NOTICE

All communications should be addressed to the department to which they respectively relate, as below:

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing Offices—5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" can be obtained from the principal newsagents, and at all railway bookstalls, or will be sent direct from the office on the following terms:

	UNITED KINGDOM.	s.	d.
TWELVE MONTHS	By post, packed in cardboard	8	6
"	or for SIX MONTHS, half the above price.	4	3
	Single copies 6d., by post 8½d.		

	FOREIGN COUNTRIES.	s.	d.
TWELVE MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	8	6	
SIX MONTHS, by post, packed in cardboard	4	3	
Single copies, 6d., by post 9½d.			

Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made payable to the Kingshurst Publishing Company, Ltd., and crossed "London County & Westminster Bank."

In case of difficulty in obtaining a copy of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" please communicate with the Publishers at the above address. Postage will be refunded.

THE KINGSHURST PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.
5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

PARIS: 56 Rue de l'Université.

Tel. No.: Regent 1914.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

The Publisher,

"THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

5 Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me each month "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" formonths. I enclose herewith..... value.....

Name.....

Address.....

Rates of Subscription:—Twelve months, 8/6; Six months, 4/3.

"The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" will be sent post free at the above rates to any part of the world.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

IMPORTANT.

Back numbers of "The Playgoer and Society Illustrated" are valuable.

Any of the back numbers may be had at the following prices:—

				EACH					EACH
No. 1	"FALSE GODS"	1/-	No. 25	"MAN AND SUPERMAN"	6d.
„ 2	"SIR WALTER RALEGH"	9d.	„ 26	"THE MOUSMÉ"	6d.
„ 3	"THE BRASS BOTTLE"	6d.	„ 27	"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"	6d.
„ 4	"THE BLUE BIRD"	2/-	„ 28	"THE MIRACLE"	1/-
„ 5	"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"	6d.	„ 29	"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"	6d.
„ 6	"THE TENTH MAN"	6d.	„ 30	"THE 'MIND THE PAINT' GIRL"	6d.
„ 7	"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"	1/-	„ 31	"THE PINK LADY"	6d.
„ 8	"THE ISLANDER"	6d.	„ 32	"AT THE BARN"	6d.
„ 9	"TANTALIZING TOMMY"	1/-	„ 33	"PRINCESS CAPRICE"	5/-
„ 10	"THE SPECKLED BAND"	1/-	„ 34	"FIND THE WOMAN"	6d.
„ 11	"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"	5/-	„ 35	"THE WOMEN OF FRANCE"	6d.
„ 12	"KING HENRY VIII."	1/-	„ 36	"DRAKE"	6d.
„ 13	"COUNT HANNIBAL"	1/-	„ 37	"LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN"	6d.
„ 14	"MRS. SKEFFINGTON"	6d.	„ 38	"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"	6d.
„ 15	"THE FOLLIES"	1/-	„ 39	"DOORMATS"	6d.
„ 16	"INCONSTANT GEORGE"	2/6	„ 40	"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"	1/-
„ 17	"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"	6d.	„ 41	"THE HEADMASTER"	1/-
„ 18	"THE POPINJAY"	6d.	„ 42	"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS"	6d.
„ 19	"LADY PATRICIA"	6d.	„ 43	"DIPLOMACY"	2/6
„ 20	"KISMET"	2/6	„ 44	"THE CHAPERON"	6d.
„ 21	"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"	6d.	„ 45	"8d. A MILE"	6d.
„ 22	"POMANDER WALK"	6d.	„ 46	"WITHIN THE LAW"	6d.
„ 23	"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"	6d.	„ 47	"THE MARRIAGE MARKET."	6d.
„ 24	"MACBETH"	6d.	„ 48	"LOVE AND LAUGHTER"	6d.
					„ 49	"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"	6d.
					„ 50	"THE LAUGHING HUSBAND"	6d.

Postage 2½d. per copy extra (packed in cardboard).

Address—

Publisher, "PLAYGOER & SOCIETY ILLUSTRATED,"

Telephone: REGENT 1914.

5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.

Please mention THE PLAYGOER AND SOCIETY when communicating with advertisers.

FREE OFFER

Seaside." No. 5, "Canoeing."

This "Rilette" poster will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps (for postage and packing), mentioning picture No. 9. This picture is free of advertising matter, and is printed in colours on art paper in a size suitable for framing. Pictures published previously can also be obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps for each picture required. Please mention picture number when sending. No. 1, "Signing a Cheque." No. 2, "Punting." No. 3, "Motoring." No. 4, "At the Seaside." No. 5, "Canoeing." No. 6, "All that there is between them." No. 7, "A Christmas Eve." No. 8, "Puffs." To avoid delay please quote Dept. No. clearly.



WE recently received an order for fifty thousand "De Reszke" Cigarettes to be supplied to the Officers' Mess of H.M.S. "Lancaster"—the largest order ever placed for a battleship in His Majesty's Navy.

We mention this because it demonstrates one or two points of interest. It shows that the "De Reszke" has grown in favour with the Officers of the "Lancaster," because the first order we received was for only a few hundred cigarettes.

Naturally, in this gathering of Connoisseurs, Cigarettes are handed from one to another, and the growth in the demand for "De Reszke" Cigarettes can be due only to a greater liking for them. It means that while the "De Reszke" has increased in popularity, other brands have lost favour. And this fact has a meaning which cannot be denied.

The Officers of H.M.S. "Lancaster" are not alone in their preference for "De Reszke" Cigarettes—they are supplied to the Officers of over two hundred ships in His Majesty's Navy—a unanimous verdict in the "De Reszke's" favour.

Two Kinds—ONE Quality only—THE BEST.

			Per 100		Per 100
Turkish	{	Basso (extra large)	8/3	Gold tipped	9/9
In three	{	Tenor (large)	6/3	" "	7/9
Sizes.	{	Soprano (Ladies')	5/3	" "	6/3
American (One size only)			5/3	" "	6/3

Gold tipped—22 ct. gold only used.

Cork tipped at the same prices as gold tipped.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores
or post free from—

J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 41), 86, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.



Printed by LOVE & MALCOMSON, LTD., Dane Street, High Holborn, W.C., and Published by the Proprietors, The Kingshurst Publishing Company, Ltd., 5, Tavistock Street, W.C., to whom all communications must be addressed. Wholesale agents for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, &c. (South Africa—Central News Agency, Ltd.





8.11.15-2-68

PN
2001
P6
v.9

The Playgoer and society
illustrated

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
